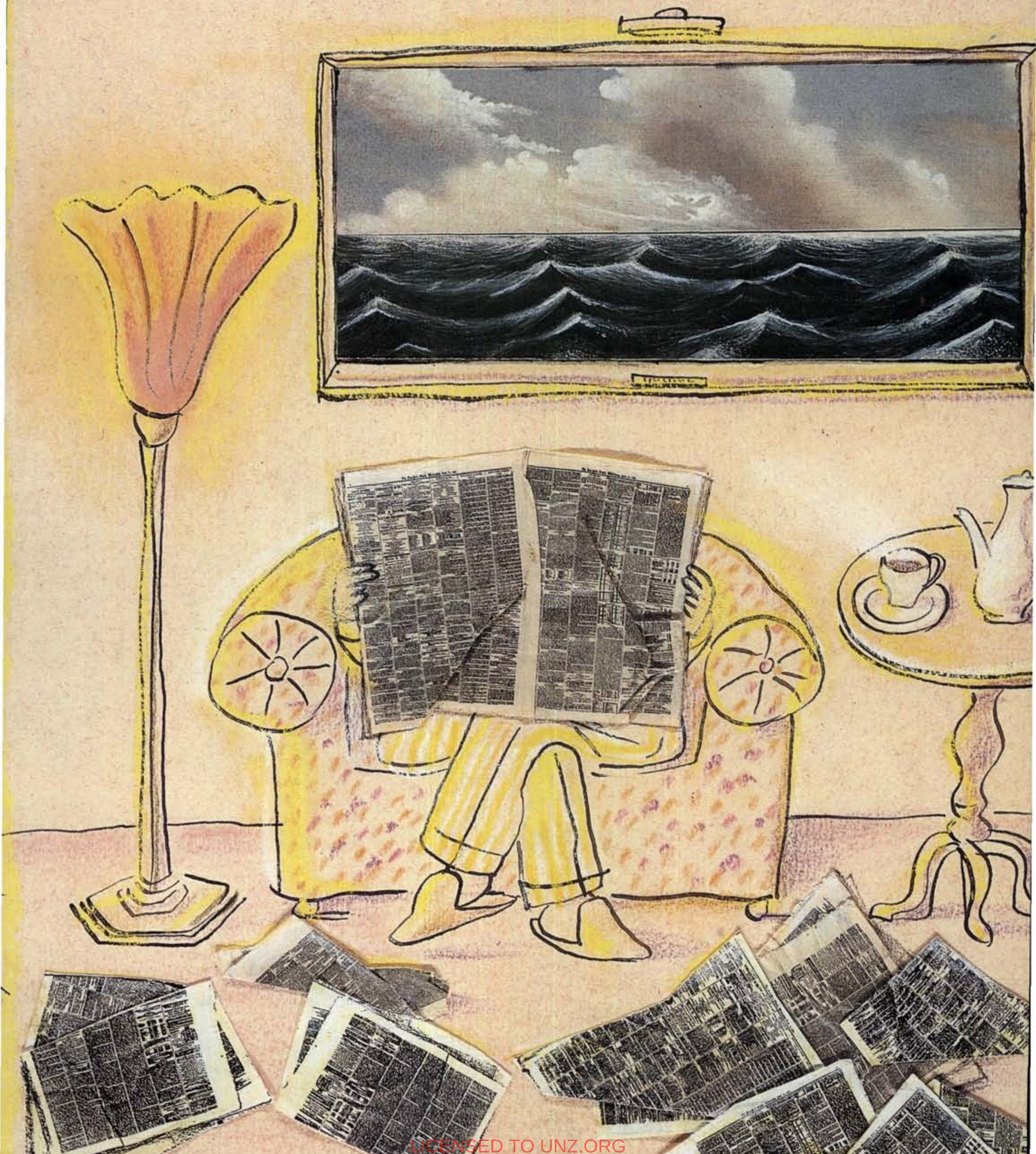
Jan. 8, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75



Some cars are called "new" more by virtue of their date of release than by their degree of innovation. Not so the Lexus LS 400 luxury sedan.

Next, consider that it's arme
a Four-Cam, 32-valve, 250-horse
V8 engine.

For a luxury sedan to hav

Introducing The Lexus LS 40
It's Not A Car, It's An Inventio

If this sounds like so much advertising hyperbole, consider the fact that the automobile you see before you has a long list of patents pending.

much muscle is impressive by itse

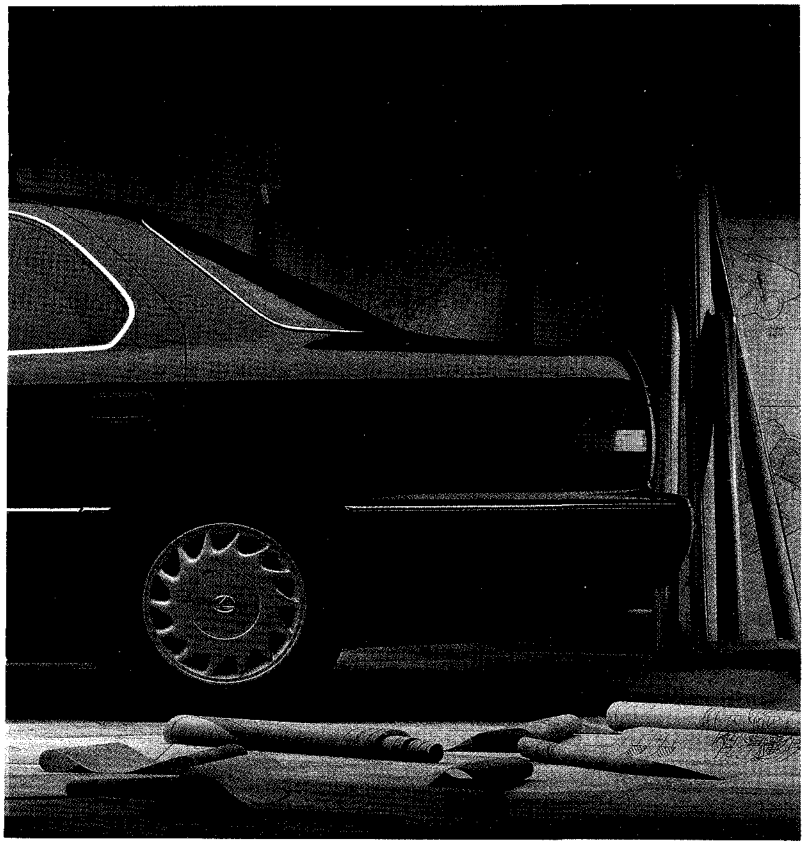
But the 1400 engineers
Toyota didn't stop to be impressed.

Instead they insisted on we

© 1989 Lexus, A Division of Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear sea

id of power to an astonishing level ency. Indeed, the Lexus LS 400 is ed to be one of the only 250-horse- luxury sedans able to avoid the , as well as the cost, of the U.S. zzler tax.*

In fact, no single aspect of the 0's performance comes at the se of another.



For example, while the LS 400 ip from zero to 60 mph in only conds,** our engineers asked them- s what is the good of such swift acceleration if it becomes unusable in foul weather?

Their answer was an engineering breakthrough called TRAC, otherwise known as our new optional Traction Control System.

TRAC can actually sense when the rear drive wheels are beginning to slip on slick surfaces. Within milliseconds, TRAC can limit the wheelspin by throttling back the engine and pulsing the rear brakes.

As for the four vented disc brakes themselves, they're activated by one of the world's most advanced Anti-lock Braking Systems, capable of sensing different levels of traction.

The same degree of ingenuity was reserved for the car's interior as well.

Lavished in California Walnut and optional leather trim and seats, the cabin also features as standard equipment what may be the first power tilt steering wheel in America that combines the comfort of an adjustable telescopic column with the prudence of an airbag Supplemental Restraint System.

And to the right of this same remarkable column you'll find something else of note.

The ignition switch.

To acquire the key for it and to arrange a test drive, call 800-USA-LEXUS for the dealer nearest you.

You'll find that when it comes to new and better ways to serve you, he's as inventive as our engineers.

LEXUS

The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

*peed laws. *Est. 18 city/23 hwy. preliminary 1990 mileage figures determined by Lexus. See your dealer for details. **Estimated performance figure based on manufacturer's test of prototype.*

AUCTIONS AT SWANN

January 11 at 10:30 a.m.
LITERATURE, SETS & BINDINGS
19th-CENTURY LITERATURE
EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED BOOKS
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
COOKERY • FORE-EDGE PAINTINGS
Catalogue $7

January 18 at 10:30 a.m.
EARLY PRINTED BOOKS
BIBLES • THEOLOGY • HERALDRY
FRENCH BOOKS • SCIENCE • OCCULT
Catalogue $7

January 25 at 10:30 a.m.
MODERN LITERATURE
MODERN FIRSTS • LITERARY LETTERS
IRISH RENAISSANCE
Catalogue $7

For information and our Newsletter, please call Swann at (212) 254-4710, ext. 19.

SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Handmade Sterling Silver

Five pc. dinner setting—$685

Keeping an artistic tradition alive, our workshop has been producing outstanding sterling silver flatware by hand for over 400 years. Now, as then, our high standards remain uncompromised. We invite you to see our flatware, to compare its quality, and to learn why our 18 patterns deserve your consideration.

James Robinson INC
15 East 57th Street New York 10022
(212) 752-6166
Catalogue $3.00

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JANUARY 8, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"FOUR POEMS" . . . . *Nina Cassian* 30

"ROOM TEMPERATURE" . . . . *Nicholson Baker* 31

"ABSTRACTION" (POEM) . . . . *Eric Pankey* 38

A REPORTER AT LARGE (SYRIA) . . . . *Milton Viorst* 40

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS . . . . *Connie Bruck* 66

"SOFT FRUIT" (POEM) . . . . *Mairi MacInnes* 70

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 90

BOOKS . . . . *Edmund Morris* 94
BRIEFLY NOTED 99

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Ed Fisher, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Sidney Harris, Glen Baxter, Robert Weber, Peter Steiner, Roz Chast, Donald Reilly, Victoria Roberts, Leo Cullum, Tom Funk, James Stevenson, Arnie Levin, Tom Cheney, William Hamilton, Danny Shanahan, Michael Maslin, Bernard Schoenbaum, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

RECEIVED
JAN 08 1990
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRA
Big Sandy, Texas

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXV, No. 47, January 8, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

PPM & ASSOCIATI

APPUNTAMENT

UOM

ıe very best in Italian Fall/Winter ›90/91 collections are at the /aldorf-Astoria Hotel from Janary 28 to 30, 1990.
alian menswear fashion has choen Manhattan's most prestigious ddress, the address of the élite on ıeir way through the city.
ne most demanding American ıshion trade has chosen UOMOıODA COLLECTIONS for its inrnational business.

ıOMOMODA COLLECTIONS is rganized by EMI, Ente Moda Italı, and promoted by the Italian lothing & Knitwear Manufacturrs' Associations and Centro di irenze per la Moda Italiana.

UOMO
MODA
COLLECTIONS

talian fashion, your best international partner.

UOMOMODA COLLECTIONS is the official opening of menswear fashion presentations in the United States.

The Waldorf - Astoria Hotel
Park Avenue at 50th Street
New York Info: (212)957-9093.

MODA

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

WE have been musing on the meaning of Gratiano's remark "Why, *this is like the mending* of highways in summer . . . ," toward the end of "The Merchant of Venice," and on why, when Michael Siberry utters the line in the current Broadway production, directed by Peter Hall, he brings down the house. The full quotation is "Why, this is like the mending of highways in summer, where the ways are fair enough"—which has a certain logic. But Mr. Siberry, with whom we discussed Gratiano's comment over a down-market lunch at O'Lunney's pub, says he never gets to finish the line, because of the way the audience cracks up in the middle.

Certainly, the audience cracked up at the performance we attended, and, for our part, we nearly fell off our chair. It has something to do with the expressiveness of Mr. Siberry's delivery, coupled with the apparent meaninglessness of the line. Siberry makes it *sound* as though Gratiano expects his comment will somehow make something clear to everyone—a viewpoint, a feeling, the situation in the play. You don't really know what it is you're meant suddenly to understand; you think of quiet summer mornings, sleep shattered by the hammering of a pneumatic drill. But the image has nothing to do with anything. You laugh because Gratiano's expectations are so high and you know you can't possibly meet them.

We asked Mr. Siberry what he thought Gratiano meant by "the mending of highways in summer." He said he hadn't a clue, that he didn't even think Peter Hall knew what the line meant. (This is nonsense; Peter Hall knows what everything means.) Mr. Siberry did say, though, that a friend of his who had seen the production told him afterward that he felt that that line about "mending highways" pretty much summed it up, and from the way Mr. Siberry delivered his friend's remark—head nodding a little sententiously, eyes wide and looking meaningfully into ours—we knew that "it" meant "everything": this play, Shakespeare, life, the whole puzzle of the universe.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Junon and Avos—A rock musical, presented by Moscow's Lenin Komsomol Theatre. In Russian, with English narration. Previews Jan. 5-6. Opens Jan. 7 at 7, and runs through Feb. 4. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Macbeth—Raul Julia has the title role in the twelfth production of the Shakespeare Marathon. Directed by Richard Jordan. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Negro Ensemble Company—**jonquil** is the most recent work in Charles Fuller's cycle of plays about freed slaves. In previews. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

Twenty Fingers, Twenty Toes—Ann Brown and Maura Hanlon play Siamese twins on the vaudeville circuit in this musical by Michael Dansicker and Bob Nigro. Previews through Jan. 6. Opens Jan. 7 at 3. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10			

Robert Morse in "Tru"

NEW THIS SEASON

The Art of Success—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 *comedy by Nick Dear. (Manhattan* Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Jan. 19.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second play of the season is **sunshine**, by William Mastrosimone. With John Dossett and Jennifer Jason Leigh; directed by Marshall W. Mason. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire on Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The dazzling settings were designed by Robin Wagner and lighted by Paul Gallo; the dazzling costumes were designed by Florence Klotz. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extr boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Com merce St. 989-2020.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Georg Osterman's ve sion of the strange case, presented by th Ridiculous Theatrical Company. With M Osterman, Everett Quinton, and Eurek among others. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, On Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meet "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaro Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treat issues like justice, honor, loyalty, and mc rality with the slick, facile smugness of half-hour comedy series, but the perfor mances, by an ace cast under Do Scardino's direction, are wonderful (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th S 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination c Tommy Tune's direction and choreograph and the brilliant scenery by Tony Walto almost make up for the inner vacancy o this show, but not quite. The story an characters are skimpy and the music i undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directe by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightfu —and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crist Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engagin —that we think anyone would be happie for having seen it. One suggestion: don' applaud when Mama Rose comes down th aisle (you'll drown out the first number) Trust Broadway; you'll have ample tim to welcome Miss Daly when she mount the steps and delivers her first onstag line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44t St. 246-0102.)

Juan Darién—A revival of a 1988 Music Theatre Group production, performed by a eighteen-member company of actors, danc ers, musicians, and puppeteers. Conceive by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal (wh also wrote the music), and based on a shor story by Horacio Quiroga. (St. Clement's 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

The Lisbon Traviata—This superb productio of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heal and Nathan Lane) was staged by Joh Tillinger, and originated at the Manhatta Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNall has recast the ending so as to make it mor plausible, less melodramatic. The result i that the serious second half (in which we ge a life-behind-the-façade look at one of th *characters from the comic first act)* no bears out McNally's over-all point, which i something about the unrealistic, contrived and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76t St. 580-1313.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-characte play, with Polly Bergen and Robert Vaughn Jan. 2-7, and with Kate Nelligan and Treat Williams starting Jan. 9. (Edison, 240 W 47th St. 302-2302.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stag version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic o surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west o Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Merchant of Venice—This production, directed by Peter Hall, tries a little too hard to avoid anti-Semitism (by making Christians look awful) and seems more interested in the quality of male bonding than that of mercy. As Shylock, Dustin Hoffman is dignified but ultimately ineffective. Fortunately, the production is about great ensemble Shakespeare rather than about Hoffman's Shylock and would be worth seeing if only for Michael Siberry and Geraldine James. (1/1/90) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

My Children! My Africa!—John Kani, Courtney B. Vance, and Lisa Fugard in the American première of a play written and directed by Athol Fugard. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 14.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting two productions: **the gondoliers** Jan. 4-7 and **the pirates of penzance** Jan. 10-14. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

ROGRESS—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. With Anne Bobby, Joe Mantello, and John Curless. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

OMANCE IN HARD TIMES—Lillias White and Cleavant Derricks star in William Finn's new musical, which is set in a nineteen-thirties soup kitchen. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

WEENEY TODD—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

HE TENTH MAN—An excellent revival, under Ulu Grosbard's direction, of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who brings his granddaughter—perhaps schizophrenic, perhaps possessed—to his synagogue for the purpose of exorcism. The story is strong enough, but what gives the action life is the behavior, mostly comical, of the members of the congregation. Bob Dishy is especially funny as a busy member named Schissel. Phoebe Cates is the girl, Peter Friedman is the recently recruited tenth man (to make a quorum for worship), and Joseph Wiseman, Michael Mantell, Ron Rifkin, Jack Weston, and David Berman are fellow-communicants. (1/1/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

TRU—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco and Tovah Feldshuh are among the members of the splendid cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

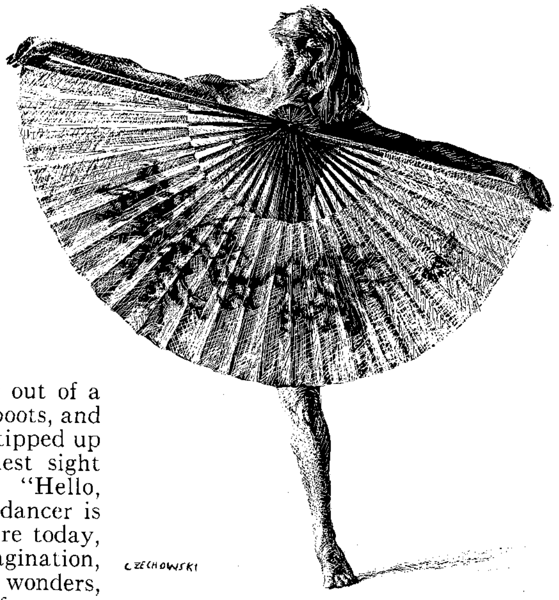
DANCE

IN the midst of the retrospective program planned for American Ballet Theatre's fiftieth-anniversary gala, on January 14 at the Metropolitan Opera House, there will be two and a half brand-new minutes. They come from a twenty-five-minute Twyla Tharp ballet called "Brief Fling," to a commissioned pastiche score by Michel Colombier. The other day, we dropped by A.B.T.'s studios, in the Flatiron district, to get a taste of Miss Tharp's most recent work. We found the choreographer chugging spring water next to a tape recorder, while squadrons of dancers hurtled through one another's ranks. The dancers were wearing their customary layers of rehearsal clothes. Miss Tharp displayed a new variation on her gamine hair style, a gray cashmere sweatercoat, a great pair of legs sticking out of a pair of fleece-lined stadium boots, and her customary profile, often tipped up to support one of the highest sight lines in theatrical dance. "Hello, how're you? Our lead male dancer is Julio Bocca, and he's not here today, so you'll have to use your imagination, but don't worry, you'll see wonders, marvels," she said by way of a greeting. Then she waved us over to a bench and pivoted back to the rehearsal. A dancer asked her about counting a passage. "I'm turning on two, three, and finishing on *four*," he lamented. Miss Tharp looked him in the eye. "Be very fast," she advised.

After watching one rehearsal with most of the eighteen dancers, we can say that "Brief Fling" goes by at warp speeds; that its cast tears into it like gangbusters; and that its alternating vocabularies, drawn from the ballet classroom and Miss Tharp's joints, make it seem bilingual. Immediately following this rehearsal, Miss Tharp supervised one of her well-loved "Nine Sinatra Songs," which the company will perform on tour after the gala. In "One for My Baby," first Shelley Washington, a Tharp specialist, and then Martine van Hamel, a ballerina, tackled the role originated by Sara Rudner. To our surprise, the part accommodated their wildly divergent readings, and we felt a little surge of hope. It was late in the day, freezing and dark. The leaves had faded and gone, but the dancers were dancing.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Jan. 2 at 8: "Serenade," "In the Night," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Serenade," "Echo," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "Echo," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Serenade," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 1: "Danses Concertantes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 7: "Serenade," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: "Mozart Serenade," "In the Night," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 25.)

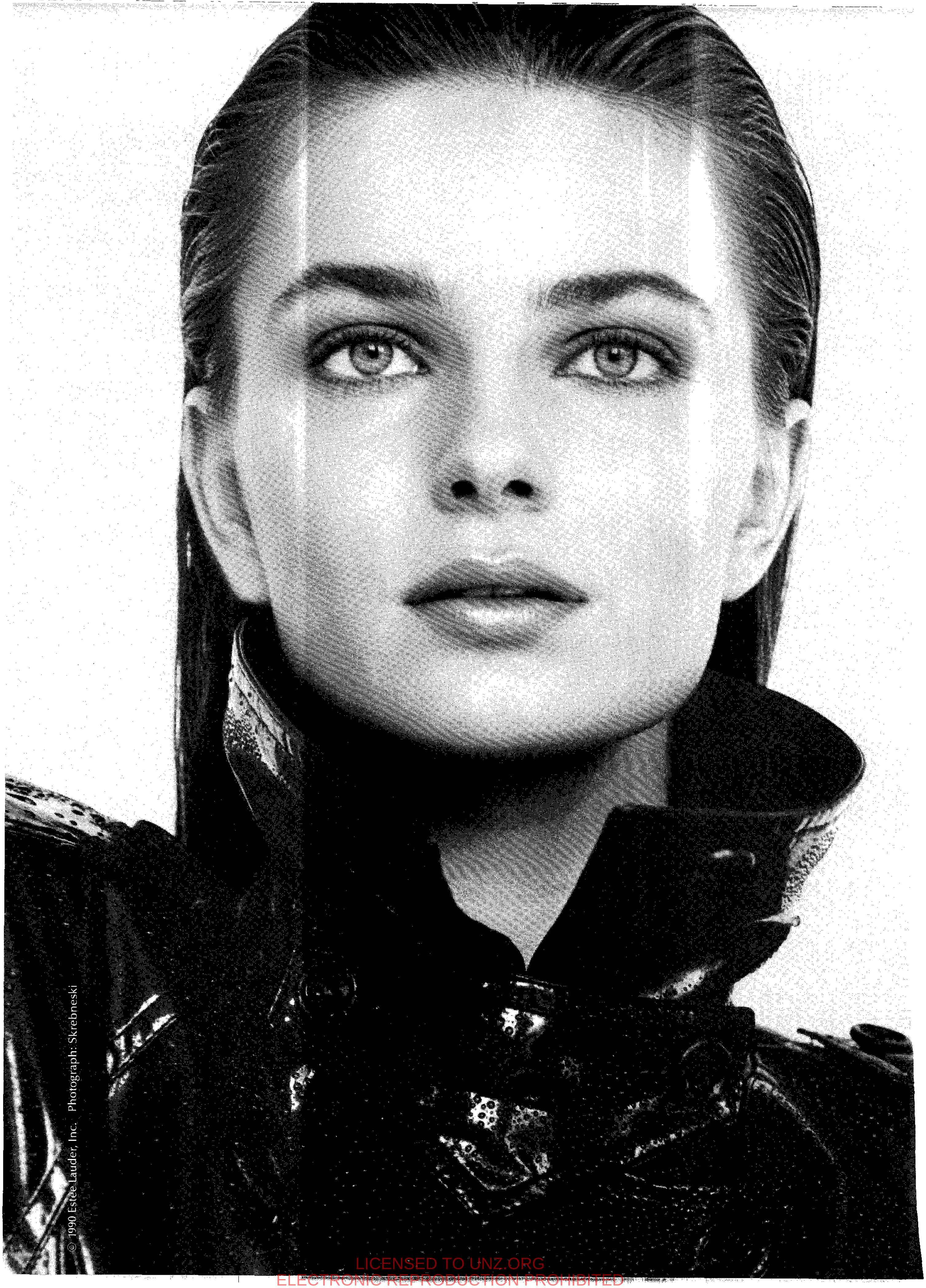
MOMIX—Presenting "Fantasy on a Variation on a Theme" (a new piece) and twelve works from the company's repertory, including "Skiva," "Venus Envy," and "Kiss Off the Spider Woman." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Jan. 2-5 at 8, Jan. 6 at 2 and 8, and Jan. 7 at 2 and 7:30.)



Carolyn Minor of Momix

NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET—In "Dance Roads" and other works. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Jan. 3-5 and Jan. 10 at 8, and Jan. 6 at 2 and 8.)

YOSHIKO CHUMA, TERE O'CONNOR, AND STEPHANIE SKURA—In a joint engagement. Program A: Jan. 3-6 at 8 and Jan 7 at 3. . . . ¶ Program B: Jan. 10 at 8. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Through Jan. 14.)



© 1990 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

Just in time.

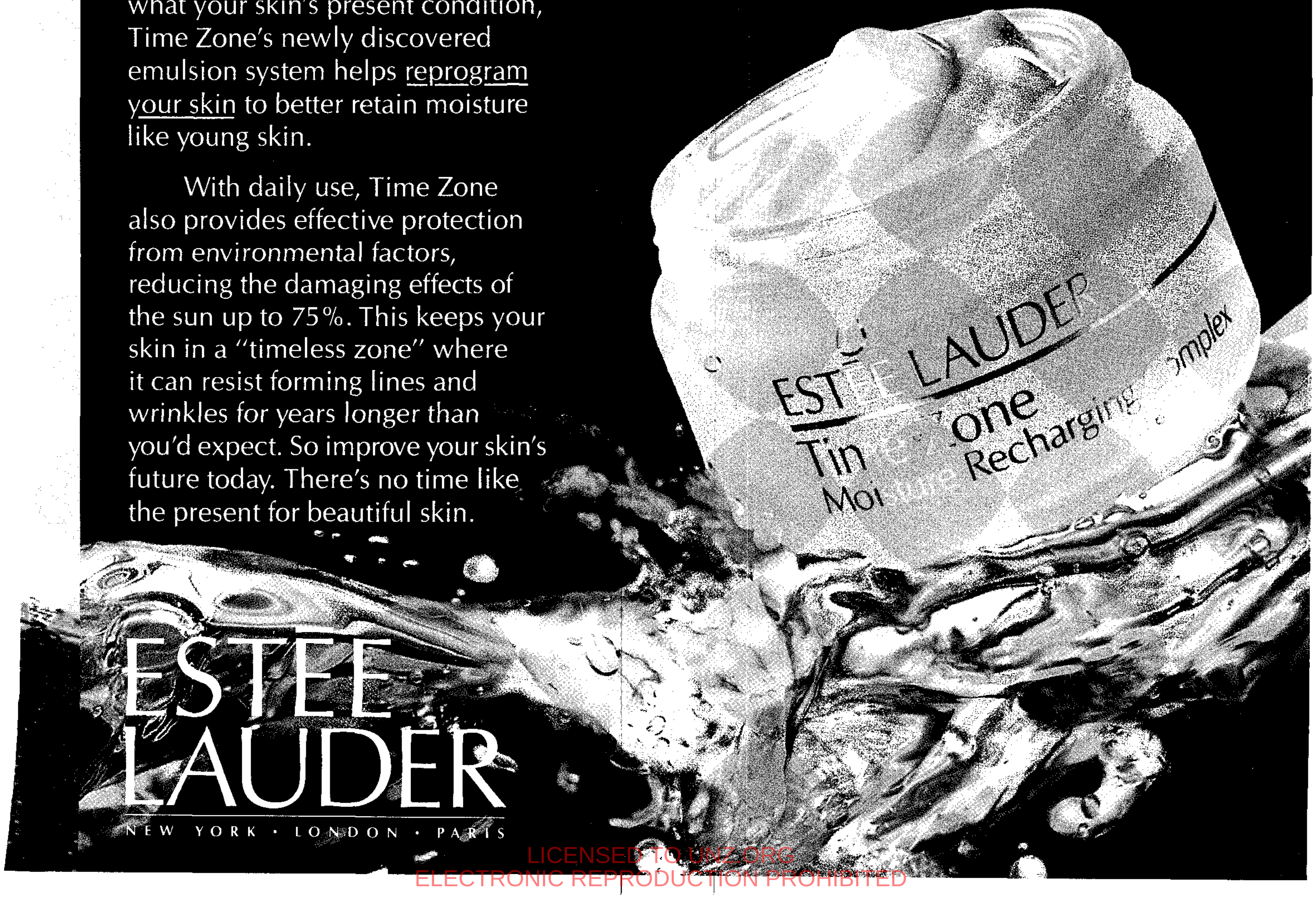
Estée Lauder research
brings you new

Time Zone Moisture Recharging Complex

The rich, soufflé creme so influential,
it can reprogram the future of dry skin.

For every skin that's dry before its time, Estée Lauder brings you Time Zone. In this world of stress, artificial air and ultraviolet rays, "dry" skin is a problem for more and more women, starting at an earlier age. Time Zone is a totally new concept that addresses, for the first time, the multiple, dermatological causes of dry skin—as well as the visible results. No matter what your skin's present condition, Time Zone's newly discovered emulsion system helps reprogram your skin to better retain moisture like young skin.

With daily use, Time Zone also provides effective protection from environmental factors, reducing the damaging effects of the sun up to 75%. This keeps your skin in a "timeless zone" where it can resist forming lines and wrinkles for years longer than you'd expect. So improve your skin's future today. There's no time like the present for beautiful skin.



ESTEE
LAUDER
NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

Modern Jazz Quartet at the Carlyle

NIGHT LIFE

"IT'S been like a little revolution," Michael Dorf, one of the owners of the Knitting Factory, says about the club's first three years of operation. Before the Factory opened, he explains, musicians involved in experimental music, free jazz, avant-garde rock, and other "fringe" styles were relegated "to nonprofit spaces and to Europe." "There were very few outlets for performing," Mr. Dorf told us. "That's why once word got out about this place it seemed almost like a black hole." When Mr. Dorf, a twenty-seven-year-old Wisconsinite, and a partner opened the Knitting Factory, they intended it to be a combination performance space, art gallery, and music venue. But music quickly became the main business. "Wayne Horvitz played here the first week we opened, and he fell in love with the place," Mr. Dorf says. "So he started asking all his friends to play here." Other musicians, too, discovered the new club; within a few months it was booked solid. With such regulars as John Zorn, Elliott Sharp, Bill Frisell, and James (Blood) Ulmer, to name just a few, the Knitting Factory has become the center of a new downtown scene.

In its second year the club took over the lease of its downstairs neighbor, Estella's Peruvian restaurant, and opened a restaurant of its own. "We failed miserably," Mr. Dorf says, though, he adds, "the musicians loved the food, because they only paid half price." After three months, the club owners shut down the culinary operation and remodelled the two-floor space: now there's a bar downstairs, an expanded music area upstairs, and a small adjoining room for poetry readings and such. The Factory is branching out: some shows are now broadcast nationally on radio (WKCR here), and a third album of live recordings is due out in April. Mr. Dorf takes a Zen attitude toward the club's success. "We haven't created anything," he told us. "We've been given a lot of credit, but basically we have been a facilitating force."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Jan. 6: **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** a singer whose heart belongs to the Gershwins and Rodgers and Hart, among others, performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at *nine-fifteen;* **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** starts up at eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ASTRO'S TURF, Second Ave. at 94th St. (289-0415)—A goofy, futuristic theme bar apparently designed by George Jetson. On the ceiling and floor, one finds astronaut dolls playing golf on amoeba-shaped greens; above the bar, a giant green octopus (a sextopus, actually, but who's counting?); and, on Thursday night's menu, a drink called the Woo Woo Wedge. We were in here recently, listening to a Blues Brothers-ish band, and trying to figure out what the hell NASA had to do with golf, when someone informed us that the longest golf drive ever was made on that distant, grassless country club known as the moon. Our informant didn't know if the astronaut in question went on to play every hole. D.j.s are usually on the premises, but there's live music on Mondays after ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. The **MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS,** a trio of street musicians who came in from the cold about ten years ago, perform here through Jan. 6. As of Jan. 9, the wiry young cabaret king **JEFF HARNAR** will be offering "Carried Away," an evening devoted to Comden and Green.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses *sweep by your table bearing shrimp* cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. Saxophonist **WAYNE SHORTER,** who left the Miles Davis quintet in 1970 to co-pilot the seminal fusion outfit known as Weather Report, leads a quartet here Jan. 2-7. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The sixties pop band the **TURTLES** ("Happy Together") will be here Jan. 4-6. Also on the bill are Flo & Eddie, two rocking humorists who were once Turtles themselves. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. A trio composed of saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY,** and bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** holds forth through Jan. 7. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to the venerable **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** (Milt Jackson, John Lewis, et al.) *beginning Jan. 4.* The quartet, which has been around for thirty-seven years, is seldom found in quarters this intimate. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **FRANK OWENS** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker S (982-4052)—Zbigniew Holdys, guitarist an lead singer of the Polish rock band **PERFEC** which will perform here on Jan. 4, is probabl the first former national-election-campaig manager to play CBGB. He's back with hi band again after running Solidarity's victor ous June election effort, and he's been trans lating the lyrics to his funny, passionat rebel-rock songs into English for this gig (Sample: "5-4-3-2-1 ignition/What a perfec demolition/Blast it out without permission!" Perfect has sold more than five million rec ords—not bad in a country of less than fort million, especially considering the band' four-year layoff after martial law was de clared. It will be well worth checking out hov these Slavic inheritors of the Clash traditio sound at the dawn of the decade. Perfect wil come on sometime before eleven, betwee New Creatures and Steel Blue.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677 0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll com across a lot of suspicious characters who'l claim to know you, inside you'll find a pupil dilating, brown-on-brown bar decorated wit an Aretha poster and remnants of a birc tree. The place brightens up considerably a *ten with a variety of live blues, includin* vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924 3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-colla trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer collard greens, and plenty of men who kno how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren enough, the bar-and-restaurant also feature a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload o sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a gian Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox There's live music most nights. Shows afte nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-frie crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and othe exotic Southern fare.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave (924-0275)—On Fridays, in the back roo of this bar, you can drink a tankard of coo stout and listen to traditional Irish music; o Saturdays, you can drink from the cup tha cheers and listen to bluegrass and old-time music. Francis O'Connor, a County Limeric flutist and fiddler, makes a stand on Jan. 5 Music from nine.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533

USED PARTS

A wreath of wrenches, worn-out pliers, welded-together truck springs, and plastic baby-doll arms hangs above the entrance to Scrap Bar, a heavy-metal tavern in the basement of 11 Macdougal Street. The bar's owners are dedicated to resurrecting metal abandoned at dumps and scrap yards. A bulldozer's flywheel has been converted into a table, and old water-gate valves are used as barstools. A fifties hair dryer and the suction end of a Hoover vacuum cleaner become sculptures in the metalscape interior. Here, junked iron and steel objects are referred to as "morsels."

Behind the bar (actually a crane boom laid on its side) are metal tubes that combine to look like an oversized pitch pipe. They are, in fact, a section of a vibraphone, the only remnant of a jazz club that burned down five years ago on this spot. The vibes, given sacred status, are set, shrinelike, into the wall above the bartender, who serves "Scrap Ale." It's a fitting tribute, because the sturdy jazz instrument not only survived the blaze but also is holding up well amid the new crowd of slamrockers, headbangers, and punks talking above the piped-in music. The club's "no snub" policy also insures a healthy quota of suit-and-tie types.

7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. **ELEMENTS,** a jazz quartet including former Pat Metheny sidemen **DANNY GOTTLIEB** and **MARK EGAN,** is in residence through Jan. 7; singer **BETTY CARTER,** who's been known to arch her back and stab the air with her finger to make a musical point, starts up on Jan. 9. Mondays remain in the hands of **LES PAUL,** the guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a plush greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. It's occupied Jan. 2-7 by **DAVE MC KENNA,** a masterful, hard-swinging pianist with a bionic left hand. **BILL DOBBINS** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** begin work on Jan. 9. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place, you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment and do a little redecorating. The restaurant and bar—forested and twilit—are about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **PETER MALINVERNI** (Jan. 2-3), the David Leonhart duo (Jan. 5-6), and **ANDY LAVERNE** (Jan. 9-10).

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A mirror-walled burgundy room that gives one the not unpleasant sensation of sitting in a giant glass of red wine. **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT** performs on Jan. 4, and **BARBARA LEA,** a free-and-easy singer with a whistle that could knock a bird out of a tree, comes in with pianist **WES MC AFEE** on Jan. 5. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill located, with nearby Bradley's, in the piano-bass district. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** heads up a trio Jan. 2-6; pianist **ROY MERIWETHER** and bassist **BARRY CAMPBELL** work together beginning Jan. 9. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. **YO LA TENGO,** an itchy rock trio that features unpredictable vocal wailing and fits of mean guitar work, performs on Jan. 4. A tribute to drummer Ed Blackwell will take place on Jan. 7, from four to about one; performers will include **BOBBY PREVITE, TERRI LYNE CARRINGTON, MARTY EHRLICH,** and **DAVE HOLLAND.** Other events: **JOHN ZORN** & Eye, When People Were Shorter and Lived by the Water, and others Jan. 5-6; Nora York and the David Lapato trio on Jan. 9. Music after nine.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1980" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu, just as varied, is almost always a better bet.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. The **FLESHTONES,** whom a journalist once described as having "put a lot of thought and effort into becoming a mindless party band," will be here Jan. 5-6. Music after nine. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will no doubt give them a boost.

SAVOY GRILLE, 131 E. 54th St. (593-8800)—A little nest off Lexington for young people on their way home from Madison. The restaurant and bar have a yellowish light that's easy on the eyes; a small dance floor, which love-struck patrons dash to between courses; and earnest waiters who stop just short of acting out the menu. The Ken Weiner trio is holding forth for the next two weeks (they get Sundays off). Music after nine.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The schedule for the next week: Cape Verde, a Brazilian group, on Jan. 5; Brazilian Energy on Jan. 6; and Soul Jahz (reggae) on Jan. 9. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SPO-DEE-O-DEE, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A curious mixture of swank and down-home. (The name comes from the 1949 Stick McGhee song "Drinkin' Wine Spo-dee-o-dee," which was Atlantic Records' first hit.) The music is mostly R. & B., and the furnishings include ballroom-size chandeliers, king-size sofas, and green velvet drapes sprinkled with stardust. On Monday nights, Viki Keats and the Women Who Loved Too Much are in charge. Music from eleven.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge, not to mention a jazz photo gallery. Ace piano man **MC COY TYNER** sets foot in here Tuesdays through Sundays, with **AVERY SHARPE** and **AARON SCOTT.** The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The old Tramps, a small Irish pub on East 15th Street, closed its doors in 1988, and this new incarnation, located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), opened early this year. The new place, which is about the size of a roller rink, has the converted-loft-space slickness much in evidence downtown lately, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, singer **MARK MURPHY** and the **BILL MAYS** trio can be found here Jan. 5-6. One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **JACK WILSON,** who sits on a pair of New York City telephone books to get a bird's-eye view of the piano, is at work for the next couple of weeks. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Parker-inspired saxophonist **FRANK MORGAN** leads a quartet through Jan. 7, and bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** brings in a quintet for a week-long engagement that begins on Jan. 9. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad.

ZANZIBAR & GRILL, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees susurrate tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. Fridays are the property of a sextet belonging to swing pianist **ROY GERSON.**

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

WHEN the Saint opened, almost a decade ago, the writer Edmund White called it the "Hindenburg of discos," but, defying fate, gravity, logic, and the requisite fickleness of New York's dancing gay population, the place refuses to run out of gas. The Saint is the club that won't die. No matter that it has lasted so long a generation of East Villagers has no inkling that the converted theatre on Second Avenue and 6th Street was once the Fillmore East. Ignore last year's monthlong extravaganza of finales, which included a weekend-long party that went on until noon on Monday and featured the kind of stewing and boohooing that was never afforded the destruction of Pennsylvania Station. Forget that the lobby now looks as if it had been strafed by the Libyan Air Force and that the fabled planetarium dome is now causing necks to crane in some other, faraway disco with a strange-sounding name. Who remembers that when the joint was sold (and, later, leased by Cineplex Odeon) the ex-owner staged so many Saint-at-Large parties around town that the floating club was soon referred to as St. Elsewhere?

Who cares? The Saint is back. At least temporarily, or temporarily temporarily, because right now Cineplex Odeon is not taking on one more popcorn machine than it has to. And that's good news for the several thousand men who can't wait to get crazy over the same thirty-five disco tunes they've heard in the same order for a decade, and to scream for the same ten disco divas who show up more regularly than potluck dinners on Sunday night in the Hamptons to sing their three disco hits (Sharon Redd, who screeched the first week the Saint reopened, must regard this gig as her annuity), and who don't have to wander around town again like sheep without a meadow, as they did during last year's Saint-in-residence-less New Year's Eve. Had Manderley been built under as lucky a star as the Saint, we would have found Joan Fontaine pushing up daisies before the last reel.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Performances under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes, of course) wind up on Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

MOSCOW PUPPET THEATRE—Presenting Chekhov's "Kashtanka," a story about a stray pup. (RAPP Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-6160. Through Jan. 7.)

"MANA GOES TO THE MOON"—A collaborative piece by Molly Davies (director), David Roussève (choreographer), and Edwina Lee Tyler (composer). (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Jan. 4-7 at 8. Through Jan. 21.)

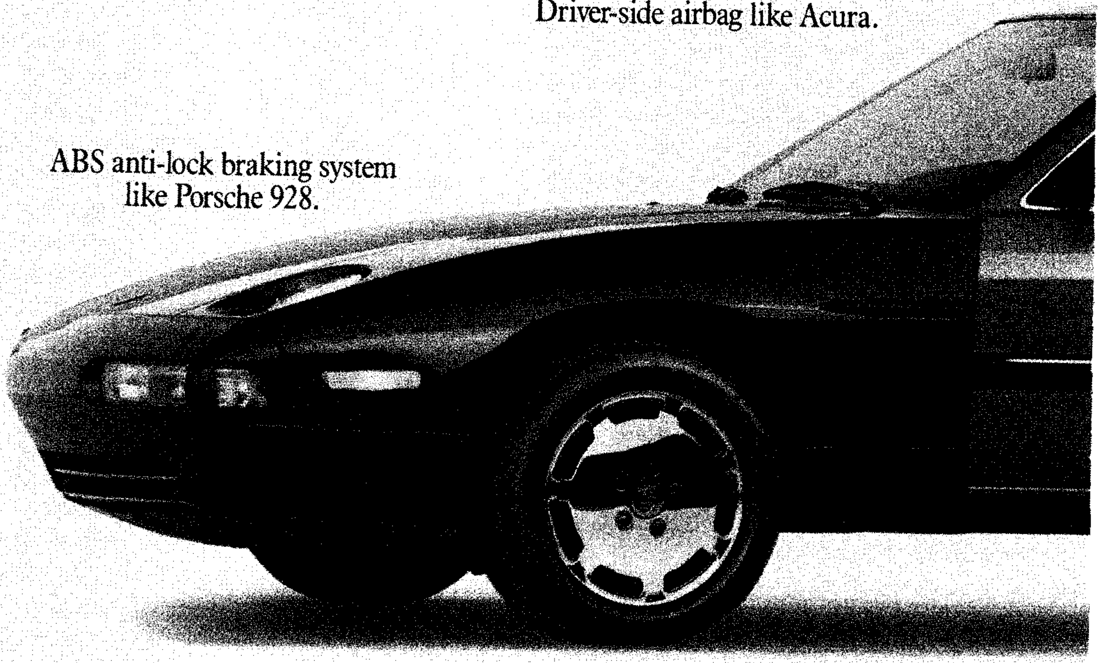
"CHILD"—A program of short videos about children and childhood. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. Jan. 9-10, from 1 to 6. No tickets necessary. Through Feb. 2.)

P.S. 122—Jan. 4-7 at 9:30: "Terminal Hip," written by Mac Wellman and performed by Steve Mellor. . . . ¶ Jan. 5-7 at 8: Bill & Mary Buchen and David Van Tieghem in "Urchin 1." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

This is one way to get t

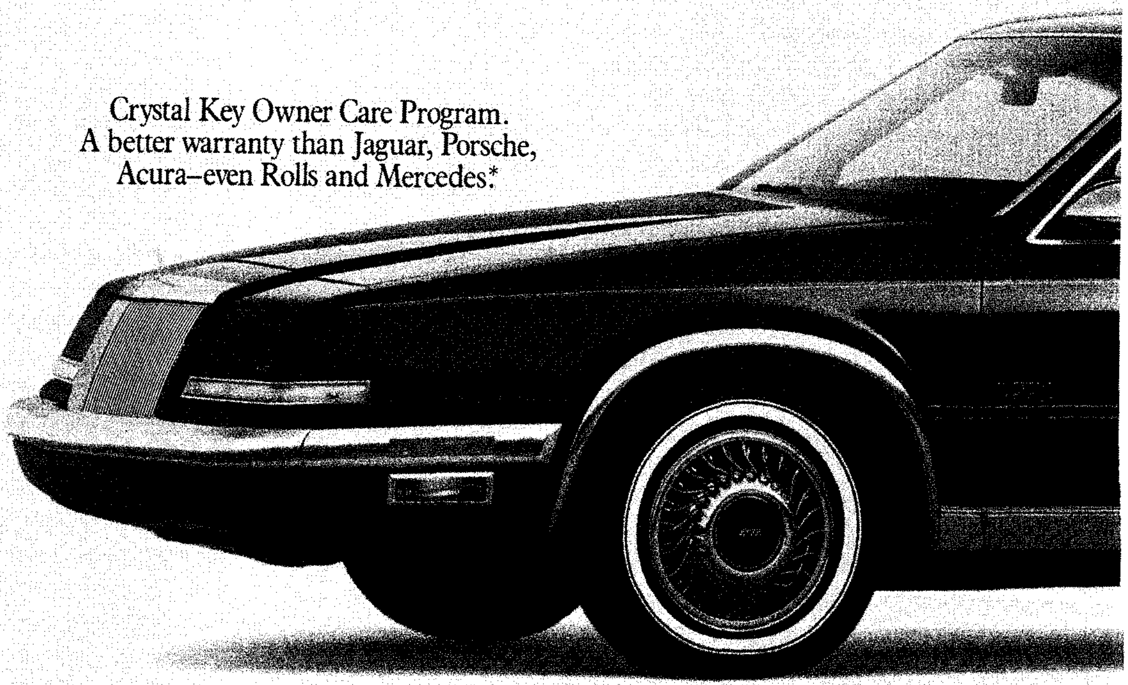
Driver-side airbag like Acura.

ABS anti-lock braking system
like Porsche 928.



This is the way to get it with t

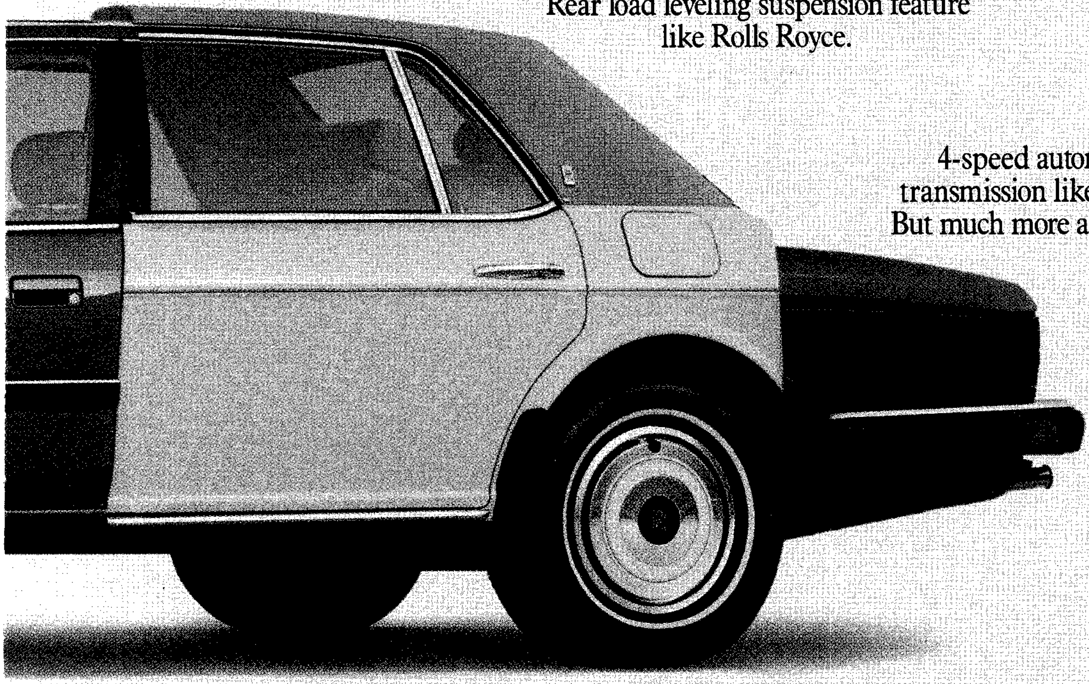
Crystal Key Owner Care Program.
A better warranty than Jaguar, Porsche,
Acura–even Rolls and Mercedes.*



Introducing the new Chrysler Imperial. The

*See limited warranties at dealer. Restrictions a

orld's best engineering.


Rear load leveling suspension feature like Rolls Royce.
4-speed automatic transmission like Jaguar. But much more advanced.

orld's best luxury sedan warranty.

s No Luxury Without Engineering.

7/70

For information, please call
1-800-4A-CHRYSLER
Available at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer.

ed on competitive warranty information at time of printing.

ART

THE sanctified, rather insular world of printmaking has in recent years enthusiastically embraced "novelty" forms. Often the "print" in question is not a two-dimensional impression on paper but a three-dimensional object, or "multiple," that might suggest a party favor or a carpenter's tool, that might be an edition of inflatable toys, whiskey decanters, or backward-running clocks. This free-spiritedness is of course laudable on the whole, and it has stimulated hotter interest in a field that many consider a bit dull. Yet there's a sense of relentless whimsy to all the invention which, at times, can overpower whatever might have been fun. Such is not, however, the case with Not Vital, an artist whose new edition, "Ten Egyptian Noses," is currently at Baron-Boisanté, on 57th Street.

Each of fourteen "sculpture multiples" (nine are on view here) consists of ten bronze noses contained within an irregularly formed alabaster vessel. The set of noses was cast from the faces of live Egyptians, by means of the lost-wax technique, but any single proboscis may vary slightly from number to number in the edition as the artist may have prodded a little differently here, or given an extra pinch somewhere else. (The sculptured alabaster cocoons vary more drastically.) These life-size noses may be removed and handled, like worry stones, or they may be contemplated—an activity that might lead you to conclude that no two noses are alike, or that there's no such thing as an "Egyptian nose," contrary to rumor. They also add up to a punning double-entendre with regard to the isolated body parts in several of Jasper Johns' early "targets." Best of all, "Ten Egyptian Noses" combines an airily highbrow, Dadaish humor with just a faint hint of the vaudevillian's hearty, lowbrow comedy—perhaps Jimmy Durante's.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Napoleon" is the best exhibition the Met's Costume Institute has put on in some time. Katell Le Bourhis, the Institute's talented new curator, worked with Diana Vreeland, and it shows. . . . ¶ The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical (dark and moody) view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Bonnard's graphic work, including his designs for advertisements, theatre programs, and book jackets. Also, illustrated books, drawings, and so on. Through Feb. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural duty, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jenny Holzer illumines Mr. Wright's daunting space with her aphorisms, which are engraved on both red and white granite benches and displayed on a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-foot electronic message unit that follows the contours of the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 11. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A retrospective of nearly ninety paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of seventy costumes from three leading Belle Époque Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ "A Hair's Breadth," a site-specific installation in the lobby, by the Scottish artist David Mach, is on view through March 5. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Crossroads of Continents," a travelling exhibition presented jointly by Soviet and North American museums, focusses on the cultures of Siberia and Alaska, and includes—among five hundred artifacts—kayaks, drums, clothing, and ivory carvings. Through March 25. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918), the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pots "mud babies" and was so full of himself that he gave up his art because the world did not recognize his genius. But first he produced a remarkable body of funny, poetic, and provocative works in austere colors: demure vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes or slithering reptiles or handles that are elongated, angulated, or looped. Other vessels have been dented, pinched, or punched. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude t roasting pans and spatulas. Through Marc 11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admi sion charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays throug Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Seventee uncommonly good Old Master paintings c loan from Fort Worth's celebrated Kimbe Art Museum. Installed in the skylighted Ga den Court, these works, by Fra Angelic Domenichino, Georges de La Tour, Le Nai Poussin, Caravaggio, Tiepolo, and Goy among others, look amazingly young an vital. Through Jan. 14. (Open Tuesday through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Ga dens and Ghettos," an exhibition of mor than three hundred works made by or fc Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of th long period it spans—the Roman Empire t the rise of Mussolini. Through Feb. 1. (Ope Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noo to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admissio charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a things Gilbert and Sullivan, including hanc written librettos, original-cast photograph recorded music, and all the surviving origina scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Throug Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturday 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89t St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitz william Museum, at Cambridge University is an epicure's delight. One of the world' best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliar covers a lot of bases, and objects rangin from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch b the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currentl on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famou Pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England is included, along with a charming rococ genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérar and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There ar a pair of lovely early watercolors by Turne two dramatic and typical "Death" themes b Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of tw male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis d Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor b J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Nor folk." The scene-stealer might just be th almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "He and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at th Chelsea factory around 1755—but there' plenty of strong competition. Through Jan 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with n admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesday through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show o poignant large-scale photographs on canvas with minimal painted interventions, b Annette Lemieux. They depict the "appear ance" of sound—deaf children with thei heads on a piano, say, or a waterfall, th bomb, Edgar Bergen and his wooden other Even the noise from an adjacent screening o Australian videos is somehow silenced b these humbly beautiful works about memor and loss. . . . ¶ A collaborative installation b Martha Fleming and Lyne Lapointe that wa inspired by a poem by Christina Rossetti anc is intended to be about women's pleasures However, with its use of Adirondack rusticit —paintings of bugs, squirrels, and bats, a mosaic floor, log benches, a worn balustrade cozy country floor lamps, and much bark—i looks like an elaborate reprocessing of stick art. Through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Friday and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians —these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

John Lees—These ultra-thick, rutted paintings seem to have so much anxiety loaded into them that they are, paradoxically, soothing —blurred houses and courtyards that have momentarily materialized, like visions. Through Jan. 6. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—Beautiful paintings from 1969, with just about everything one expects from the master of the mark and the scribble. Through Jan. 20. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

"Yoruba: Nine Centuries of African Art and Thought"—The Yoruba are an ethnic group of West African peoples who inhabited the southwestern areas of what are now Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, beginning in roughly the eleventh century. Many objects in this exhibition—a gorgeous bronze head, for instance, from the sixteenth century, whose bulging eyes might make a few viewers think of Ed Paschke's faces—suggest an especially refined aesthetic and perhaps less of a preoccupation with sexuality and fetish than is generally noted among tribal societies. Through Jan. 7. (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gino De Domenicis—The maverick De Domenicis, based in Rome, is obsessed with phenomenology—death, the ephemeral, the perceptual, the literal, the immortal. In the artist's first American show, we find a human skeleton on its back, with roller skates on its feet and a huge, pointy-tipped steel cylinder hovering above one finger. It is presided over by a bizarre relief figure—part Cyclops, part Pinocchio, part Tinker Bell—painted black, yellow, and purple. There are also some beautiful neoclassical drawings. Through Jan. 10. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—The artist has an exquisite sense of light in these large, but not large-scale, bright-colored geometric paintings. They don't have the unusual mixture of contained, sheltering geometry and grand monumentality that marks her best works. Also, a group of modest, strong drawings on papyrus, entitled "Memory of the Light in Egypt." Through Jan. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Julian Schnabel—Broadly theatrical new paintings on red velvet. The red is gorgeous—you get a sense of occasion just being near it. The swooshes and strokes of gesso give you a sense of continual action. These works recall Tachism. Touches of other colors, especially a sky blue, sing out loud. The theme, that "there is no place on this planet more horrible than a fox farm during pelting season," echoes that of Sue Coe's "Porkopolis" show, and confirms that this is a major season for animal pathos—or, at least, for *animalier* themes. The theme sentence turned up on some paper currency the artist was given as change, and it is written, sometimes several times, on each of these paintings. Schnabel's style of concrete poetry works best when writ large. Through Jan. 6. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Cross"—It seems that practically every season has a show of paintings shaped like, or depicting, crosses. This one, timed for the Christmas season, is low on cheer, and also, surprisingly, low on social commentary, religiosity, and mortality. Instead, this exhibition is about modernism, art history, the marriage of the horizontal and the vertical. Among the fine works, those by Jackie Winsor, Frank Stella, and—surprisingly—Joe Andoe are particularly handsome. The eye-opener is a recent Lichtenstein painting, a reinterpretation of Mondrian's plus-and-minus paintings—it's quite beautiful in its own modest way. Through Jan. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**william crozier** and **edvard lieber,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **denny moers,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **grandma moses,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13); **turku trajan,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **not vital,** Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 27).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Don Celender—The artist asked many other artists to identify their fantasy master, someone to whom they would have liked to have been apprenticed. Those cited include Picasso, Michelangelo, and Matisse, although a large number of respondents mentioned nobody. Wittiest response: "Marcel Duchamp. Because there would be no work to do." (Ed Ruscha.) Through Jan. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

David Mach—Five sculptures by this inspired absurdist, including such believe-it-or-nots as a fibreglass hippopotamus head with an actual washing machine wedged into its mouth, and a taxidermic deer's head with a bicycle festooning it. Through Jan. 13. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Gerhard Richter—This show of works on paper, including a group of little oils, painted on postcard-size photos, is really beautiful. Richter's vertiginous segues between heightened, landscape-related realism and "pure" abstraction should put all such false distinctions to rest. The colors alone, whether as tight as Venetian paper dyes or as loose as de Kooning's, induce such oxymoronic states as controlled euphoria. Through Jan. 13. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Colin Thomson—Attractive, somewhat zany surreal-abstract paintings. Through Jan. 13. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Tom of Finland—An artist known for contemporary gay erotica of beefy leathermen, much of it explicit and comical for all its exaggeration, and much of it innocently aesthetic. More serious fuel for the pornography-erotica debate. Through Jan. 6. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Fluxus—A large, crowded, happily chaotic group show of recent works by many of the notoriously scattered members of this epochal, neo-Dada anti-movement, which is currently experiencing a resurgence. Highlights include a steel trash can with a built-in alarm system, by Yoshi Wada, and a vertical row of pastel terry-cloth hand towels, by Jeff Perkins, that are stitched with the names of several important long-standing Fluxites, including Yoko, Nam June, and Carolee. Through Jan. 13. (Emily Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

"The Green Show"—A few years ago, the dominant color in Soviet art was, naturally, red. But when the curator Margarita Tupitsyn visited the studios of younger Moscow artists recently, everywhere she saw green: ergo, the glue for this exhibition of young artists, most in their late twenties and early thirties, all a part of the same circle. Green has many meanings in the paintings and sculptures here—growth, dollars—and much of the work is handsome and in form not entirely alien, although to read the work as if it fit snugly within our system would do it a disservice. Through Jan. 20. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

"Before the Field"—"Color-field painting" has been the punch line to many a joke in the last decade or so, but, brace yourselves, it's back, and, given the art market's exhaustive search, neglected works are likely to undergo reconsideration—or at least that is what this show of paintings from the early sixties is banking on. John McLaughlin's two white bars separated by a black field, Ralph Humphrey's somewhat derivative chalky-gray atmosphere, Larry Poons' dancing blips, and Paul Feeley's liturgical arches all look quite good. Through Jan. 27. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

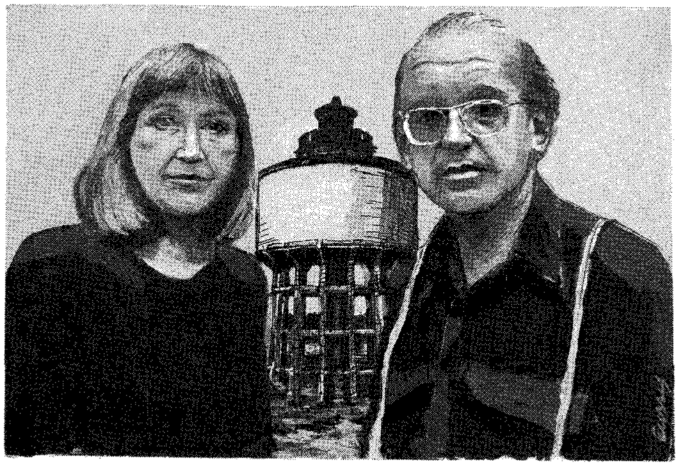
Group Shows—At the **kind,** 136 Greene St.: A great sampling of outsider art, including two watercolor-and-collage fantasies about gun-wielding prepubescent schoolgirls in frilly little dresses, by a hospital janitor named Henry Darger; and a drawing of bizarre animals composed of abundant sexual anatomy, by a Lithuanian prison- and asylum-dweller, Friedrich Schröder-Sonnenstern, who was at various times a thief, a smuggler, and the leader of a mystical sect. Through Jan. 17. . . . **steinbaum,** 132 Greene St.: A show called "Gardens: Real and Imagined" is a mixed bag of undelightful plantings, except for Joyce Kozloff's dazzling watercolors of sexual images lovingly recycled from such validated sources as Persian miniatures and Egyptian wall paintings. Through Jan. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—A very smart exhibition of paintings and numerous related drawings by a former New York City public-school teacher and his high-school collaborators. The show is a glorious sight—brassy and boisterous. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Artists Space—The primal need to leave one's mark shines through in an unnecessarily controversial exhibition titled "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing." It is an eloquent memorial to those who are ill or have died of AIDS, and includes particularly poignant works by Vittorio Scarpati, Kiki Smith, David Wojnarowicz, Tom Chesley, Mark Morrisroe, and Shellburne Thurber. The show and its catalogue compose a portrait of a community of artists who care for each other, mourn their losses, express anger, and seek to convey the reality of the illness to a sometimes indifferent, sometimes ignorant public. Through Jan. 6. (223 West Broadway.)

"Ancien Régime"—The fact that the Kyoto Costume Institute would so meticulously preserve the extravagant, bustle-backed embroidery of eighteenth-century France and England is a curious one. Here are the fruits of such a labor, including an elaborate display of literally breathtaking corsets, dresses wider than the wearers' height, and a mammoth, curlicued coiffure topped by a small frigate. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ "The Historical Mode"—However indulgent the garb of the ancien régime may seem, ours seems more so in a companion exhibition of contemporary fashion that has mined history for its inspiration—from Mary McFadden's pleated Byzantine evening gown to Thierry Mugler's mod bell-bottom updates. Through Jan. 27. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)



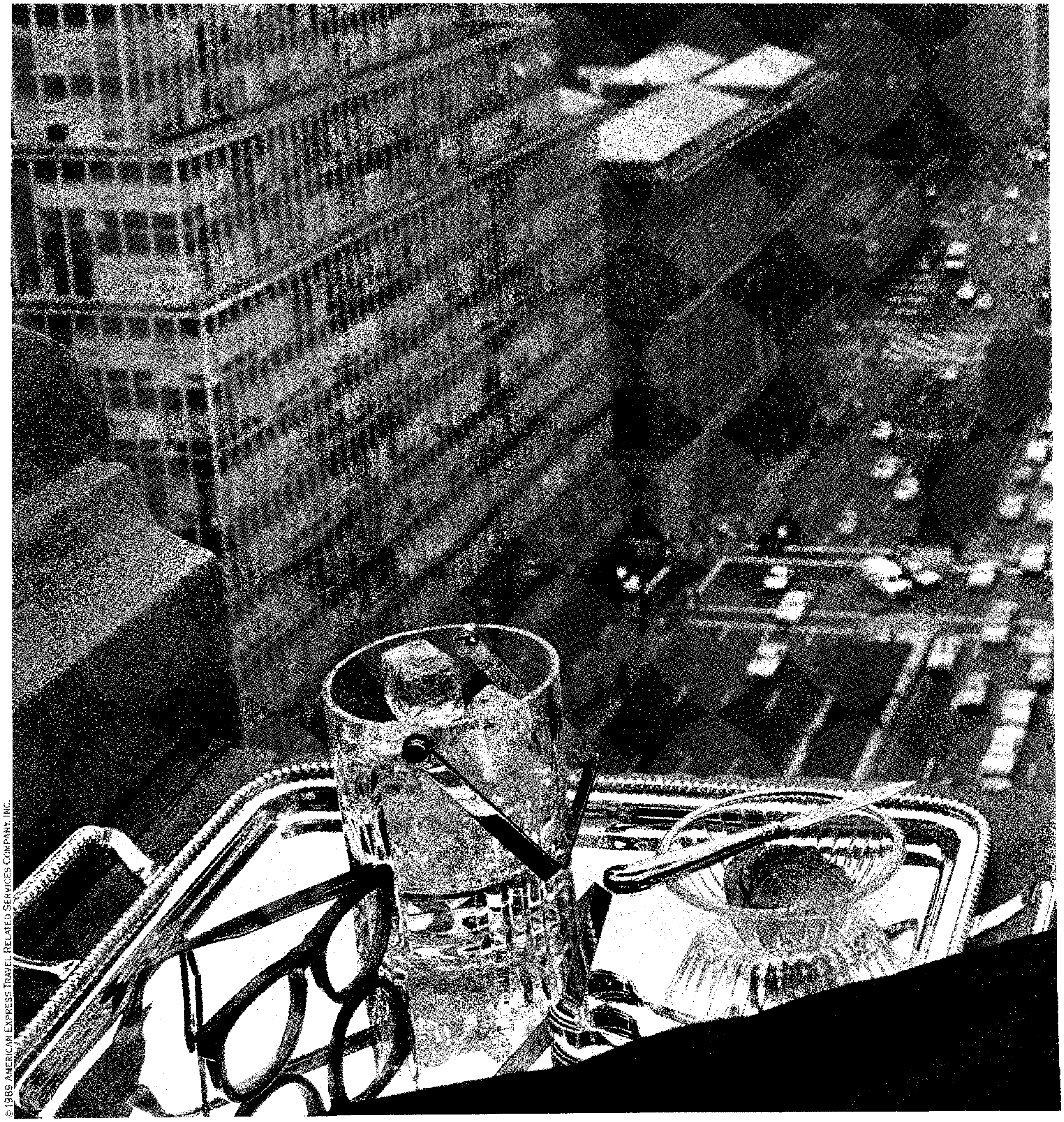
Hilla and Bernd Becher

PHOTOGRAPHY

No question, Bill Eggleston is in a league of his own—he's unrivalled as a colorist. In his latest exhibition, at the Laurence Miller Gallery, you can see how he uses light and the colors of modern life as creatively as a painter, and as calculatedly as an advertising whiz. Almost all of the pictures on view are also in Eggleston's latest book, "The Democratic Forest," a publication that includes a couple of sky photographs that are as emotional as a Turner. The show is too small to demonstrate Eggleston's range, and these images bring to the surface the one problem with his sophistication. On occasion, form rules too much, resulting in content that seems too "arted up"; such is the case with a photograph Eggleston took of wooden beams in the house of General James Winchester.

But it's this very self-consciousness that usually makes Eggleston such a master. For example, the use of color, scale, shape, cropping, and narrative in his photograph "Winston" is what gives the picture its punch. In it, a boy is looking at a magazine spread

Your flight was cancelled. We changed it.
You needed cash. We arranged it. You wanted a summary of your expenses. We provid

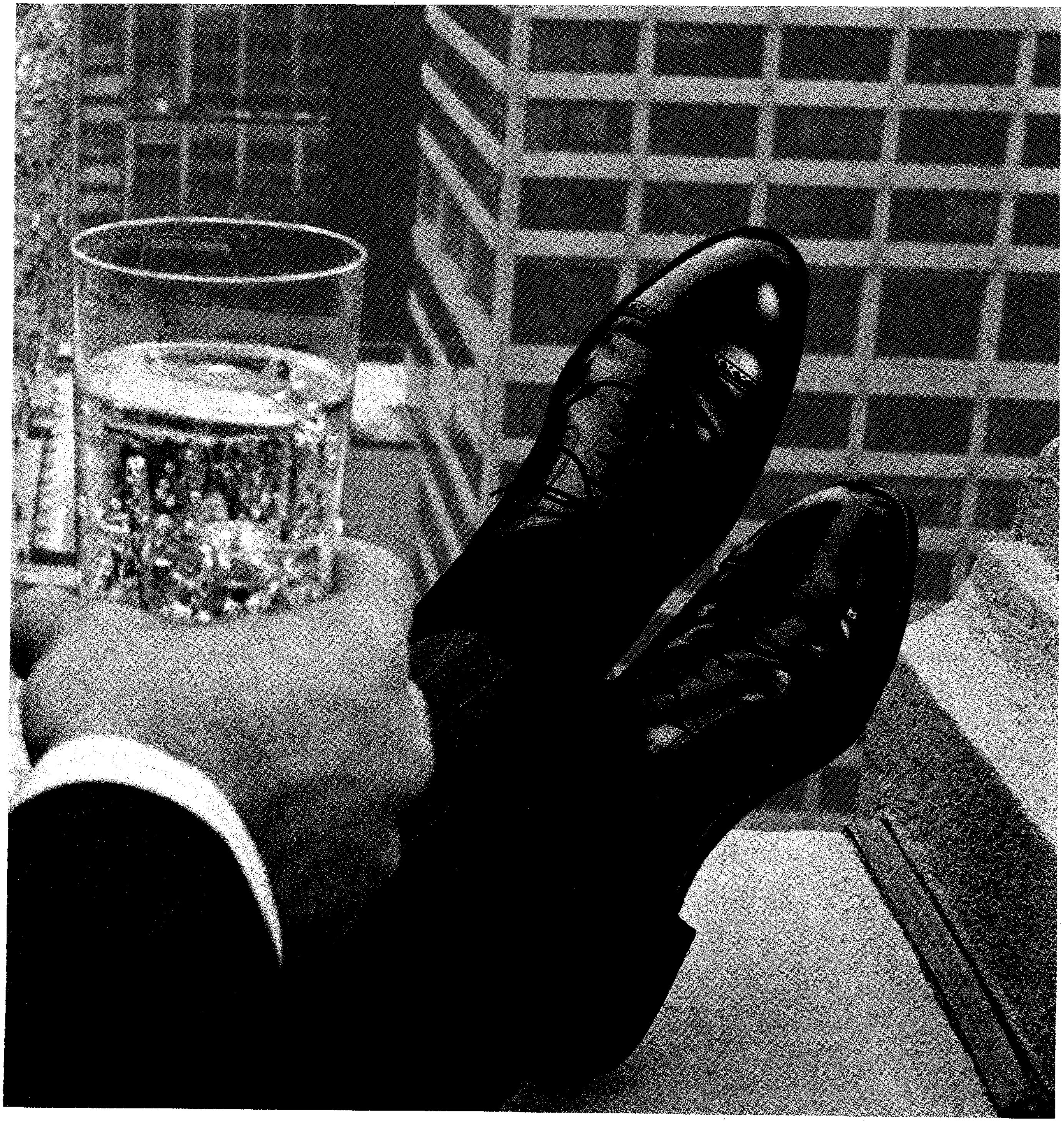


© 1989 AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL RELATED SERVICES COMPANY, INC.

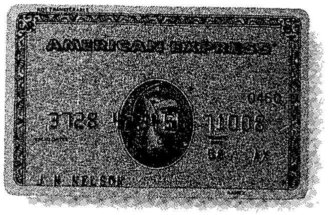
AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

TO APPLY, CALL 1 • 800 • THE • GOLD

used to travel without The Gold Card.® Now you couldn't imagine it.



Worth its wait℠



THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® GOLD CARD

made up of sales information about, and photographs of, guns. We see the magazine pages upside down, which increases the sense of craziness in this image of a boy looking at the hawking of objects of violence as casually as if he were reading kid-packaged violence—a comic strip. This is not the only unforgettable gun image by Eggleston. A picture he took years ago, of a man sitting on a bed and holding a gun, is the clearest depiction of psychological desperation we've ever come across.

Berenice Abbott—Although the photographs on display span five decades, for the most part they're not nostalgic in feeling: Abbott's eye is too tough and unsentimental. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. A couple of these views—of the understructures of the R.K.O. Building and the former RCA Building—make one realize how rare it is to come across pictures that focus on the bottom end of a skyscraper. In these asbestos-blowup days, that's where the action is. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Daniel Faust—Great big, good-looking color photographs of arch-American sights, mainly in Texas, such as L.B.J.'s childhood schoolhouse, the 4-H Club Agricultural Hall of Fame, a cowboys-and-cowgirls song-and-dance act, and cave formations. Deadpan, yet fond. Through Jan. 6. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

"Jazz in Black and White"—There's one picture in this alive and consistently rich exhibition of jazz photography that simply stops the show. It's a portrait of Billie Holiday, by Lisette Model—it's the closest closeup we've ever seen of Lady Day, and it must be one of the last photographs made of her. Model took it at Holiday's wake, but there's still so much emotion in Holiday's face it's hard to believe she's dead. Through Jan. 6. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

New Photography at MOMA—Three eccentric photographers who work in color. Thomas Florschuetz shows hyperreal blowups of details of his hands, his face, and a nail; one of Vincent Borrelli's subjects is the interior of a 1956 Ford whose décor is part disco and part Bible; and Mike Mandel, the most original of the three, fits his subjects with tiny colored bicycle lights that function as strobes—the resulting trails of light enliven such mundane actions as "Emptying the Fridge" and "Having a Talk." Through Jan. 9. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Magnum Photographers—About two hundred prints by the founders of the Magnum cooperative—Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (Chim), and George Rodger. Through Jan. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ "In Our Time," another Magnum-based show, consists of more than three hundred works by sixty past and present members, among them Eve Arnold, Josef Koudelka, William Vandivert, Elliott Erwitt, Ernst Haas, and Inge Morath. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**mac adams,** Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (starts Jan. 4); **bernd and hilla becher,** Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, through June 17); **john coplans,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (starts Jan. 4); **william eggleston,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Jan. 27); **dan graham,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, starts Jan. 5); **jan groover,** Borden, 560 Broadway (starts Jan. 4); **jean kallina,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **sylvia plachy,** Twining, 568 Broadway (through Jan. 27); **herb ritts,** Staley-Wise, 555 Broadway (opens at noon, through Jan. 27); **paul rosin,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through Jan. 27); **andres serrano,** Stux, 155 Spring St. (through Jan. 6); **cindy sherman,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (starts Jan. 6); **hannah villiger,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, starts Jan. 9).

MUSIC

On Sunday afternoon, the 92nd Street Y tilts ahead with its quixotic and noble project of presenting the collected works of Franz Schubert. This year's first offering has the inviting title "Des Teufels Lustschloss" ("The Devil's Pleasure Palace"). It is Schubert's first completed opera; in fact, he completed it twice: first, to take to a lesson with his composition teacher, Antonio Salieri, and then (five months later) to show how he had benefitted from the old man's corrections and advice. There was no real question of its performance in the composer's lifetime: by the time Schubert was in a position to seek theatrical success, he was writing much more advanced music (and even then he had trouble getting it onto the stage). The opera was first done in Vienna in 1879, as a curio, and as such it has since been revived from time to time.

The score is a pleasant mixture of things picked up from various models, with occasional hints of the Schubert to come. The story, meanwhile, echoes and anticipates works ranging from "Fidelio" and "Die Zauberflöte" to "Ruddigore" and "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein." The Count of Schwarzburg, unhappy about his niece's elopement, devises a scheme to frighten off her new husband, or at least to test his worthiness. He arranges to have the young man and his Papageno-like servant lured into a castle where—so the Count's vassals tell the hero, and so their elaborate contrivances in the castle suggest—the Devil is in residence, tempting village folk to their doom with exotic Amazons and such. It all turns out just as one expects; a bit of surprise or sidetracking might have helped. But it is a tuneful and confident first step. Hermann Prey, Carolyn James, and Rodney Nolan are among the singers; Werner Klemperer will play the Count, while narrating the whole. The performance is to be given not at the Y itself but in the larger concert hall of Hunter College, on East 69th Street.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**turandot,** with Gwyneth Jones, Aprile Millo, Vladimir Popov, and John Macurdy; conducted by Nello Santi. (Jan. 1, Jan. 5, and Jan. 9, all at 8.) . . . **wozzeck,** with Hildegard Behrens, Gottfried Hornik, James King, and Graham Clark; James Levine. (Jan. 2 at 8 and Jan. 6 at 1:30.) . . . **die fledermaus,** with Karen Huffstodt, Barbara Kilduff, Brigitte Fassbaender, Richard Drews, and Hermann Prey; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 3 at 8.) . . . With Carol Vaness, Harolyn Blackwell, Brigitte Fassbaender, Neil Shicoff, and Hermann Prey; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 6 at 8.) . . . With Karen Huffstodt, Harolyn Blackwell, Brenda Boozer, Richard Drews, and Hermann Prey; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 10 at 8.) . . . **der fliegende holländer,** a new production, with Janis Martin, Mark W. Baker, James Morris, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (Jan. 4 at 8.) . . . **così fan tutte,** with Margaret Price, Tatiana Troyanos, Jerry Hadley, and Thomas Hampson; James Levine. (Jan. 8 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Jan. 5-6 at 7:30, and Jan. 7 at 2:30.)

Hong Kong Cantonese Opera—The comic opera "The Princess as an Unorthodox Bride," performed by a company from Taiwan, in its first American appearance. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 5 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting works by Haydn, Marc Neikrug, and Sibelius. With Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Jan. 4-6 at 8 and Jan. 9 at 7:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting works by Copland, Chinary Ung, Ezra Laderman, and Richard Danielpour. With André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Jan. 7 at 3.)

RECITALS

Michael Newman and Laura Oltman—Classical guitarists in a program that will include premières by Justin Davidson, Stephen Fink Pearson, and Robert Linn. With the Alexander String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 6 at 8.)

Don Shirley—Piano, with Marisol Espada, cello, and Jenneth Fricker, double bass. The varied program will include works by Schubert and Gershwin, along with gospel numbers and Broadway show tunes. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Jan. 6 at 8.)

"Schubertiade"—Sponsored by the 92nd Street Y. The third year in a ten-year-long series devoted to the chronological rendering of Schubert's works. Jan. 7 at 3: Bruno Weil conducting a concert performance of "Des Teufels Lustschloss." With Carolyn James and Lisa Saffer, sopranos; Mimi Lerner, mezzo-soprano; Rodney Nolan, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; the New York Chamber Symphony; the Schubertiade Chorus; and Werner Klemperer, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. For information about tickets, call 415-5470.)

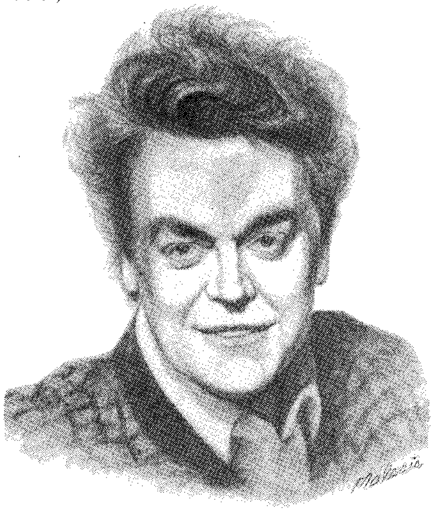
Music Before 1800—Presenting a program entitled "Festival of Lessons and Carols." With Louise Basbas, organ; Susan Winterbottom, violin; Margaret Panofsky, viola da gamba; and the Choir of Corpus Christi Church. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Jan. 7 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Contemporary Music Concert—Igor Kipnis, harpsichord, and Ilene McKeown, piano, performing works by George Rochberg, Ernest Bloch, Manuel de Falla, Henri Dutilleux, and Frank Martin. With the Leonia Chamber Musicians, conducted by Melvin Strauss. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 8 at 8.)

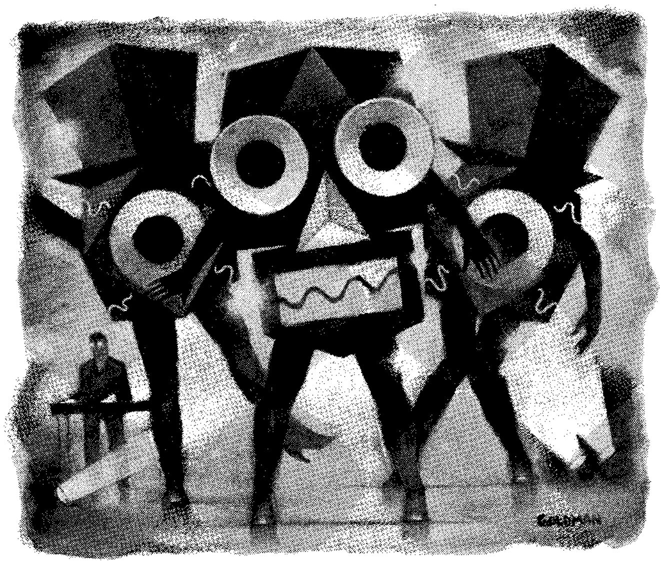
Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord, in a program of works by Carl Czerny, Beethoven, and others. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Jan. 10 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Music Today—Odaline de la Martinez conducting a program entitled "Danzas Exoticas." With Paul Sperry, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Bella Davidovich, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Jan. 10 at 8.)



Hermann Prey at the Met and the "Schubertiade"



The Residents

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

The Residents—The four members of this fifteen-year-old San Francisco-based synthesizer band conceal their identities behind a strict anonymity—they perform wearing enormous bloodshot-eyeball models over their heads—and play snippets, mock jingles, high-pitched metronomelike riffs, skeletal cover versions of pop hits, and long, pretentious conceptual works that satirize religion and Fascism. Federal regulations require that we add the words "devoted cult following" to this listing. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Jan. 5-6 at 7 and 10, and Jan. 7 at 7. Through Jan. 14.)

James Newton, Jin Hi Kim, and Abdul Wadud—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Jan. 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

SPORTS

THE Knickerbockers are on a roll. At virtually every game, our consistent superstar Patrick Ewing, together with a rotating stock company of players, seem to devise new, unusual, and ever more delightful ways of winning. Versatility is essential, since each rival N.B.A. team brings to the Garden at least one flashy athlete, or some distinctive style of teamwork. The Garden is the unofficial Highest Court in the League, so that New York fans become a jury, giving a fair trial to the excellence even of sworn enemies. We've heard fans on ticket lines for this month's games bickering happily over whom they'd pay to watch and judge: showmen Dominique Wilkins, Spud Webb, and Moses Malone (Atlanta, January 4); ex-home-town hero Bernard King (Washington, January 9); heralded rookie David Robinson (San Antonio, January 13); and Magic Johnson (Los Angeles, January 23).

Michael Jordan, the undisputed New York-crowd favorite, returns to the Garden on January 15 for the first Knicks-Bulls showdown of the year. When Jordan was here last spring, outleaping the entire Knicks team and almost single-handedly ending their playoff season (and inspiring legions of New York's summer ballplayers to wear Chicago Bulls jerseys), he paused long enough to tell us this: "I like playing in New York—I think because I don't get booed here. The fans admire hard playing, creativity, dunks—you know, whatever I put into my game. Sure, if I'm on the line and there's no time left in a close game, I'm gonna get some yellin'. But it's different from other places. I get *booed* in Cleveland." Jordan was as generous with praise and advice as any basketball fan buoyed by winning. "The Knicks are a good team. They could be a great team. If I had a center like Patrick Ewing, I'd get him the *ball* more often."

Thanks, Michael. See you on the fifteenth.

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Jan. 10. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Jan. 6. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 10. (Game time, 7:45.) . . . ¶ An exhibition game vs. the Moscow Dynamo is scheduled for Jan. 6 at 7:45.

Knicks—Vs. the Phoenix Suns, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Clippers, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, Jan. 9. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Jan. 3 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Jan. 7 at 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, Jan. 9 at 7:30. (The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The Party's Not Over—Here are two more chances to keep celebrating. The Three Kings Day Parade, sponsored by El Museo del Barrio, starts at 9:30 on January 5, from Fifth Avenue and 104th Street. More than a thousand carolling children, dressed as shepherds and angels, will march through the streets of Harlem, accompanied by three camels, a mule, and several sheep. . . . ¶ The sixth annual Boar's Head & Yule Log Festival, complete with fire-jugglers, tugs-of-war, stilt-walkers, and an enormous mincemeat pie, will occupy the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for two afternoons and two nights. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Jan. 5 at 7:30, Jan. 6 at 3:30 and 7:30, and Jan. 7 at 3:30.)

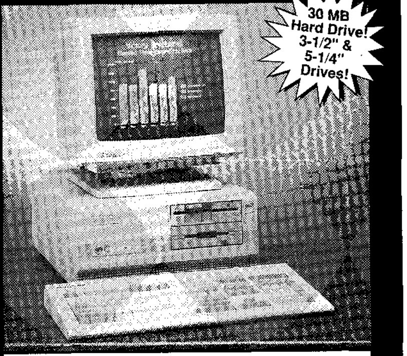
Mulch—Disarm your Christmas tree of lights and ornaments and feed it to the mulch-making machine in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. In return, if you bring your own bag the mulch people will give you free (what else?) mulch. (Third Street and Prospect Park West. Jan. 6, starting at 10. For further details, call 1-718 965-8951.)

A Reading and a Talk—Jan. 8 at 8: Joyce Carol Oates and Richard Ford. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: Leslie Cockburn, an investigative journalist. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

PACKARD BELL
America grew up listening to us. It still does.

PACKMATE 286 COMPUTER WITH VGA COLOR MONITOR

30 MB Hard Drive! 3-1/2" & 5-1/4" Drives!



- 80286 microprocessor (operates at 12 MHz).
- One 3-1/2" 1.44 MB floppy drive.
- One 5-1/4" 1.22 MB floppy drive
- 30 MB hard drive. • 1 MB RAM on motherboard: expandable to 3 MB.
- Includes VGA 14" color monitor & VGA card.
- High res. monitor: 480 x 600, & 256 colors.
- IBM compatible. • AT compatible.
- 8 expansion slots. • *Dual FDD/HDD controller.*
- 2 half height drive cavities exposed.
- 1 half height drive cavity enclosed.
- 2 serial ports. • 1 parallel port.
- System configuration in CMOS with battery back-up.
- Included software: MS DOS 3.3 & GW BASIC.
- 145W Universal power supply.
- Socket for 80287 co-processor on motherboard.
- Zero wait state. • **One Year Warranty!**

FACTORY NEW! FACTORY PERFECT!

Due to a special arrangement, we were able to obtain a large inventory of these computers with color monitors. As a result, we can now offer them to you at **HUGE SAVINGS!**

Manufacturer's Suggested Retail
$3,449.00
DAMARK PRICE:
$1499
Item No. B-1804-132142
Insured Ship/Hand.: $39.00

FOR FASTEST SERVICE CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-729-9000

VISA MasterCard DISCOVER

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC.
6707 Shingle Creek Parkway, Minneapolis, MN 55430
Customer Service • 612-566-4940

Please rush me:____**Packard Bell** Computer(s) @ $1499 each, plus $39.00 s/h each. Item No.B-1804-132142. **MN res. add 6% sales tax.**

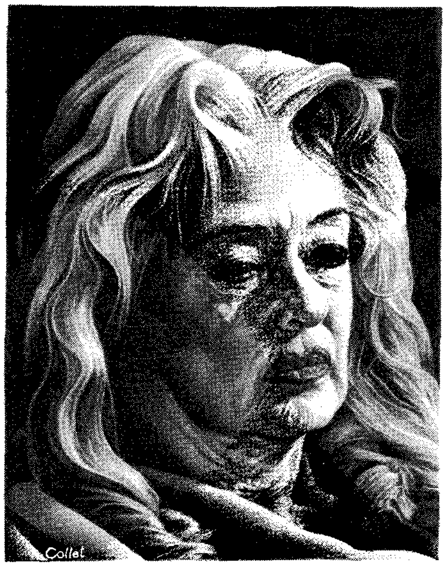
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City,State,Zip ____________________
☐ Check/MO ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card ☐ Discover
Card No. ____________________
Exp. Date ______/______ Ph. # (   ) ____________
Signature ____________________

DELIVERY TO 48 U.S. STATES ONLY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10			


Collet

At the Biograph and Thalia SoHo, Bette Davis in "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Gang of Four" (1988, directed by Jacques Rivette; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Benoit Regent.
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Second Avenue Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (673-4046)
"Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The War of the Roses" (†).
Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 4: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 5: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert DeNiro, Sean Penn, Demi Moore, Hoyt Axton, Bruno Kirby, Ray McAnally, James Russo, Wallace Shawn, and John C. Reilly.
Theatre 6: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blaze" (†).
Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Always" (†).
Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, Demi Moore, Hoyt Axton, Bruno Kirby, Ray McAnally, James Russo, Wallace Shawn, and John C. Reilly.
Theatre 3: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (†).
Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Music Box" (†).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 4: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 5: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Always" (†).
Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro and Sean Penn.
Theatre 2: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 4: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
From Jan. 5: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Apartment Zero" (directed by Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Buchner.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Law of Desire" (1987, Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Maura, Eusebio Poncela, and Antonio Banderas.
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater; and (evenings only) "The War of the Roses" (†).
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Always" (†).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blaze" (†).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 4: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 5: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Always" (†).
Theatre 4: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "Always" (†).
Theatre 9: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Always" (†).
Theatre 5: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 6: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (†).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.
Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (Bruno Nuytten; in French), with Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
(Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Dad" (†).
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (†).
Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 4: "Sand and Blood"

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

(Jeanne Labrune; in French), with Sami Frey. From Jan. 5: "Veronico Cruz."

Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).

Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Always" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, Demi Moore, Hoyt Axton, Bruno Kirby, Ray McAnally, James Russo, Wallace Shawn, and John C. Reilly.

Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Theatre 4: "Roger & Me" (†).

Theatre 5: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Theatre 6: "Blaze" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater; and (evenings only) "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 4: "Valmont" (†). From Jan. 5: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Glory" (directed by Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Theatre 3: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Theatre 5: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 6: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Blaze" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, Demi Moore, Hoyt Axton, Bruno Kirby, Ray McAnally, James Russo, Wallace Shawn, and John C. Reilly.

Theatre 3: "We're No Angels."

Theatre 4: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Theatre 2: "Always" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Jan. 1: "June Bride" (1948, directed by Bretaigne Windust), with Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery, and Fay Bainter; and "Mr. Skeffington" (1944, Vincent Sherman), with Davis, Claude Rains, Walter Abel, and Marjorie Riordan.

Jan. 2-3: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Victor Buono; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965, Aldrich), with Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

Jan. 4: "Front Page Woman" (1935, Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Roscoe Karns; and "The Golden Arrow" (1936, Alfred E. Green), with Davis, Brent, and Eugene Pallette.

Jan. 5-6: "Dark Victory" (1939, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.

Jan. 7-9: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Viva Zapata!" (†).

From Jan. 10: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (1988, Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins, Christopher Lloyd, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968, George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

Jan. 3-4: "Dead Poets Society" (1989, Peter Weir), with Robin Williams; and "If . . . " (1969, Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

Jan. 5-6: "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce, Kim Greist, Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, and Michael Palin; and "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (1989, Gilliam), with John Neville, Eric Idle, Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, Robin Williams, and Uma Thurman.

Jan. 7: "Call Me Madam" (1953, Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, and Vera-Ellen; and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938, Henry King), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Merman.

Jan. 8-9: "Queen of Hearts" (1989, Jon Amiel); and "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day-Lewis.

From Jan. 10: "Innerspace" (1987, Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid, Martin Short, and Meg Ryan; and "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (1989, Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through Jan. 2: "Diva" (1981, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "To Be a Crook" (1967, Claude Lelouch; in French).

Jan. 3-4: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944, Vincente Minnelli), with Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Jan. 5-6: "Comic Book Confidential" (†); and "Batman" (1966, Leslie Martinson), with Adam West and Burt Ward.

Jan. 7: "Summer" (†); and "Pauline at the Beach" (1982, Eric Rohmer; in French).

Jan. 8-9: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Victor Buono; and "Dead Ringer" (1964, Paul Henreid), with Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford.

From Jan. 10: "Goodbye, My Fancy" (1951, Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford, Robert Young, and Frank Lovejoy; and "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 1: "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.

Jan. 2: "The Burmese Harp" (1956, Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); and "The Makioka Sisters" (1983, Ichikawa; in Japanese).

Jan. 3: "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey; and "Queen Bee" (1955, Ranald MacDougall), with Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland.

Jan. 4: "The Rules of the Game" (†) and "Pépé le Moko" (†).

Jan. 5-6: "Look Back in Anger" (1959, Tony Richardson), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Mary Ure; and "The Entertainer" (1960, Richardson), with Laurence Olivier, Brenda de Banzie, Joan Plowright, and Robert Livesey.

Jan. 7: "A Night at the Opera" (1935, Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers; and "A Day at the Races" (†).

Jan. 8: "Antigone" (†); and "Young Aphrodites" (1966, Nikos Koundouros; in Greek).

Jan. 9: "The Petrified Forest" (1936, Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley), with Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.

Jan. 10: "Dressed to Kill" (1946, Roy William Neill) and "Terror by Night" (1946, Roy William Neill), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: Films directed by Vincente Minnelli. Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Father of the Bride" (1950), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), with Tracy, Taylor, and Bennett. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), with Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, and Marjorie Main. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6 and Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Designing Woman" (1957), with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Father of the Bride." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Father's Little Dividend." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "The Long, Long Trailer." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "The Reluctant Debutante" (1958), with Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, and Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5: "The Courtship of Eddie's Father" (1963), with Glenn Ford, Ronny Howard, and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2: "Goodbye, Charlie" (1964), with Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, and Pat Boone. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 5: "The Clock" (1945), with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Goodbye, Charlie." . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "The Courtship of Eddie's Father." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Undercurrent" (1946), with Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor, and Robert Mitchum. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "The Clock."

Theatre 2: Jan. 4 at 3 and 6: "Back to Ararat" (1988, PeA Holmquist), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "Martha Jellneck" (1988, Kai Wessell; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Ice" (1988, Berthold Mittermayr; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30: "Tiger, Lion, Panther" (1989, Dominik Graf; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "Martha Jellneck." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 5: "Paths of Survival" (1989, Uwe Janson; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 3: "Tiger, Lion, Panther." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "Ice."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Jan. 2-6: John Cheever's "O Youth and Beauty" (1979, PBS), with Michael Murphy, Kathryn Walker, Sigourney Weaver, and Edward Herrmann. . . . From Jan. 9: John Cheever's "The Five-Forty-Eight" (1979, PBS), with Laurence Luckinbill and Mary Beth Hurt. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Jan. 2-13: "Monty Python's Fliegende Zirkus" (1973), two specials made for West German television. The English-language special will be shown in its entirety; two segments of the German-language special will be shown, one in German, one dubbed in English. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre: Three different programs of animated short films by Bob Clampett. Jan. 3-5 at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Images and Obsessions: The Cinematography of Vilmos Zsigmond." Jan. 5 at 7:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977, Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Teri Garr, and Melinda Dillon. . . . Jan. 6 at 2 and 6: "Heaven's Gate" (1980, Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt, Sam Waterston, Brad Dourif, and Isabella Huppert. . . . Jan. 7 at 1: "The Deer Hunter" (1978, Cimino), with Robert De Niro, John Cazale, John Savage, Walken, and Meryl Streep. Following the showing (at 5), Mr. Zsigmond will lecture about his use of lighting and composition in the film. . . . Jan. 10 at 1: "Heaven's Gate."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Second St. (477-2714)—Jan. 4-7 at 7 and 9: "Dandy" (1988, Peter Sempel; in German), with Nick Cave, Blixa Bargeld, and Nina Hagen.... ¶ Jan. 6-7 at 5: "Friendly Witness" (1989, Warren Sonbert); and "Permanent Wave" (1967), "Homage to Magritte" (1975), "Sea Travels" (1978), "Manhattan Doorway" (1980), "Loose Corner" (1986), and "One Act" (1988), all by Anita Thacher. Mr. Sonbert and Miss Thacher will be present on Jan. 6.... ¶ Jan. 10 at 7: "The Eye Above the Well" (1988, Johan van der Keuken), a documentary.... ¶ Jan. 10 at 9: "The Spitting Image" (1963, Fons Rademakers).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Jan. 2 at 1:30: "Third Avenue: Only the Strong Survive" (1980, Jon Alpert and Keiko Tsuno).... ¶ Jan. 2 at 3:30: "Casual Shopper" (1981, Judith Barry) and three other short films.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "CBS Reports: The Uncounted Enemy, A Vietnam Deception" (1982).... ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: An episode of "Dynasty."... ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: An episode of "St. Elsewhere" and a videotape of the attempted assassination of President Reagan (1981).... ¶ Jan. 4 at noon: "Herb Schuller Reads the New York Times—712 Pages of Waste: The Sunday Times" (1981), "The Looking Glass" (1981, Juan Downey), "It Starts at Home" (1982, Michael Smith), and "The Live! Show" (1983, Jaime Davidovich).... ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: An episode of "Late Night with David Letterman"; and "Andy Warhol's TV" (1983, Vincent Fremont).... ¶ Jan. 5 at noon: "The Very Reverend Deacon b. Peachy" (1982, Milli Iatrou and Ron Morgan) and two other short films.... ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Special Bulletin" (1983, Don Ohlmeyer).... ¶ Jan. 6 at noon: "Charmed Particles," part IV from the series "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse" (1978, Andrew Noren) and five short films.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" (1975, Jim Sherman).... ¶ Jan. 7 at 1: "The Doctor's Dream" (1978, Ken Jacobs) and four short films.... ¶ Jan. 7 at 3:30: "Network" (1976, Sidney Lumet), with Peter Finch, William Holden, Faye Dunaway, and Robert Duvall.... ¶ Jan. 9 at 1:30: "Angel City" (1977, Jon Jost) and "Mongoloid" (1978, Bruce Conner).... ¶ Jan. 9 at 3:30 and 6: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975, Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.... ¶ Jan. 10 at noon: "Eureka" (1979, Ernie Gehr) and five short films.... ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Deal" (1976, E. J. Vaughn and John Schott).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Jan. 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (1959, Roger Vadim; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Gérard Philipe, Annette Vadim, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Boris Vian.

Japan Society, 33 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 5 at 6:30: "A Visage to Remember" (1948, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese); and "The Cock Crows Twice" (1954, Gosho; in Japanese).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Always—With Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, John Goodman, and Brad Johnson; directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Antigone (1961)—An unjustly neglected version of the Sophocles drama, adapted and directed by George Tzavellas so that the action is lucid and uncluttered, the characters are driven by instinct and passion, and the voices (speaking modern Greek) are eloquent. The commenting chorus (the bane of movie adaptations of classic Greek plays and of many stage versions, too) has been reduced to a minimum. The action moves from the formalized setting of the palace at Thebes to the natural landscape of hills and plains without sacrificing the formal power of the performances, though it may take viewers a little while to adjust to this mixture of stylization and naturalism. The young Irene Papas is the strong yet defenseless Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, who rebels against the kingly authority of her uncle Creon (the great Manos Katrakis); she breaks an unjust law—a law that violates her deepest feelings and her sense of justice and obligation—and is condemned to be buried alive. Papas and Katrakis give splendidly matched antagonistic performances, and there are memorable sequences, such as that of Antigone stealing into the countryside to bury her dead brother, who has been left exposed in the sun, and powerful images, such as that of the blind, decrepit Tiresias in the shocking daylight. The English subtitles, by Noelle Gillmor, are a demonstration that subtitling can be a branch of the fine craft of translation.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8.)

Back to the Future Part II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious, but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/11/89.) (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Worldwide Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin.... ¶ Baronet, and Chelsea Cinemas; through Jan. 4.)

Blaze—The love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed, cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. But Shelton doesn't quite engage with the material; the picture is lame and rhythmless. Still, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." Newman, using the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker, seems an eccentric husk of a man. He begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him. With Robert Wuhl, Jerry Hardin, Gailard Sartain, Jeffrey DeMunn, Garland Bunting, and, in one scene, the real Blaze Starr.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Comic Book Confidential—This documentary by the Canadian filmmaker Ron Mann begins promisingly, with a brisk, hilarious survey of the early days of comic books: the innocent thirties, the superhero-dominated forties, and the bizarre fifties, when comics were widely viewed as a noxious influence on young minds and the publishers started to censor themselves. Both the art and the interviews in this section are strong and vivid, and Mann also includes excerpts from some superbly hysterical anti-comics propaganda films. But when Mann hits the sixties the pace slackens; the movie begins to make its case for the importance of the art form, and it takes on the ponderous rhythm of an introductory textbook. One by one, the artists are paraded before us, from the counter-culture wild men of *ZAP Comix* to the brooding avant-gardists of *Raw*, and each is given a brief, uncritical profile. Mann treats all of them as if they were superheroes of the arts. There are, however, funny segments devoted to Lynda Barry and Harvey Pekar—both of them far too peculiar and marginal to fit into capes and tight bodysuits.—T.R. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 5-6.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews Tower East, Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

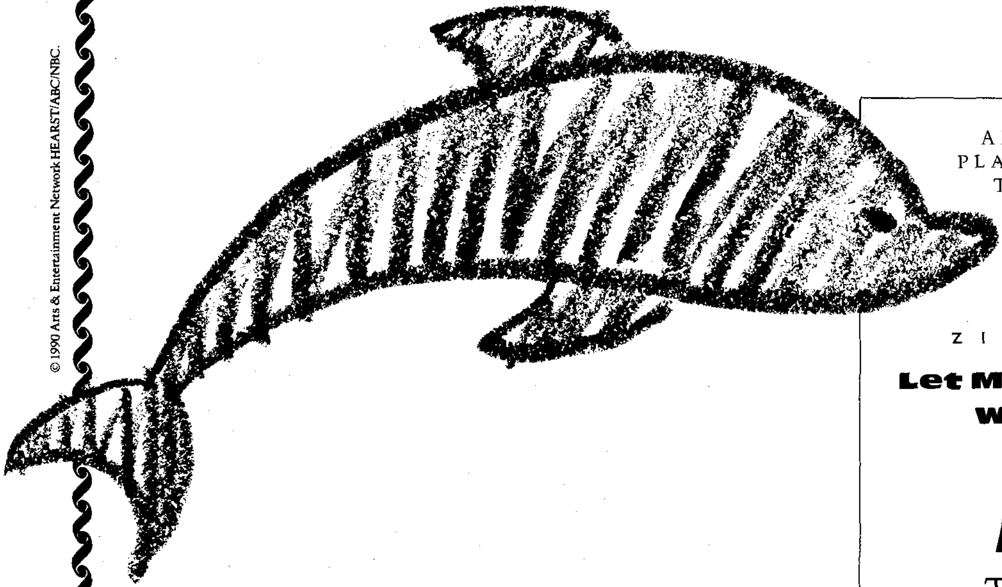
Dad—Making his first movie, Gary David Goldberg, the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties," has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life: he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. Now seventy-eight and retired from his blue-collar job, Dad (Jack Lemmon) is dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis), who does everything for him, enfeebling him. But when his wife has a heart attack and is

Line Noro and Jean Gabin in "Pépé le Moko"

If a dolphin could talk

and Jean Stapleton
had wings,

they both might
escape from
Rue McClanahan.



AMERICAN
PLAYWRIGHTS
THEATER

PAUL
ZINDEL'S
Let Me Hear You Whisper

A&E

Thursday
January 4th
9:00 PM ET

GM A GENERAL MOTORS
MARK OF EXCELLENCE PRESENTATION

© 1990 Arts & Entertainment Network HEARST/ABC/NBC.

hospitalized his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. That's only the beginning; the movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the banker hero's devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. This is a saga: three (television) generations. At the start, Lemmon has vanished almost totally into his role, but soon he's so insufferably perky and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him. With Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey, Zakes Mokae, and J. T. Walsh. Based on the William Wharton novel.—P.K. (11/13/89) (Cinema 3. *Evenings only.*)

"Glory"

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. (Groucho's rendezvous with a big, beautiful blonde—Esther Muir—is *interrupted by paper*hangers. "This is the worst insult I've ever had in my life," she announces. "Well, it's only eight o'clock," replies Groucho.) The total effect is that of highly satisfying derangement; it's not up to "Opera" and "Duck Soup," but it's better than just about everything else they did—though "A Night in Casablanca" has its moments. The Brothers are fortified by Margaret Dumont; the cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Douglass Dumbrille, and Sig Rumann; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge *may be glimpsed among the kids in the* "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number, and the singer is Ivie Anderson. Directed by Sam Wood, from the script by Robert Pirosh, George Seaton, and George Oppenheimer. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 7.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son. With Esther Rolle and Patti LuPone. Cinematography by Peter James. —P.K. *(12/25/89)* (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth *that the viewer is carried along on a tide of* mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The cinematography is by Fred Murphy; the script is by Roger L. Simon and the director. The soundtrack features a klezmer band.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, and Gotham Cinema.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your *bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular* music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the connivings, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's *confident Irishness; he's intensely likable,* with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

The Little Mermaid—*Disney-style kitsch.* It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides *the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89)* (86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and West Side Cinema.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

Music Box—With Jessica Lange, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Frederic Forrest, and Lukas Haas; directed by Costa-Gavras. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's *anguished and locked in yet* excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic melodrama of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all the fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot. But "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare with the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who has seen "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, and Line Noro. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time the commissioner of the Paris police. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

Roger & Me—A documentary, directed by Michael Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Rules of the Game (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio as the Marquis, Julien Carette as the poacher, Gaston Modot as the gamekeeper, Nora Gregor as Christine, Mila Parély as Genevieve, Paulette Dubost as Lisette, and Renoir as Octave. The script, by Renoir, assisted by Carl Koch, was derived from Alfred de Musset's "Les Caprices de Marianne." Cinematography by Jean Bachelet and J. P. Alphen; costumes by Chanel; Cartier-Bresson served as an assistant director. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema Studio.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. At first, we're grateful for Chabrol's matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

John Osborne's incendiary 1956 play "Look Back in Anger" became a rallying point for "angry young men" everywhere—because of the anti-hero Jimmy Porter's high-powered rhetorical attack on the complacency and lethargy of postwar England. Porter, an educated twenty-five-year-old who's stayed close to his working-class roots, verbally demolishes everything from the wheezing vestiges of the white man's burden to hoity-toity book reviews in the Sunday papers. Tony Richardson's 1959 film version (playing at Theatre 80 St. Marks, January 5-6) opens up the script to include the world beyond Porter's one-room flat; what's lost in claustrophobic intensity is gained in richness and clarity. As Porter, Richard Burton bares his fangs and sinks them into Jimmy's gutsy rantings, all the while expressing the man's fear and self-loathing. Mary Ure (as Porter's wife), Claire Bloom (as his mistress), and Dame Edith Evans (as Ma Tanner, a rooted, gritty character only mentioned in the play) offer magnificent support.

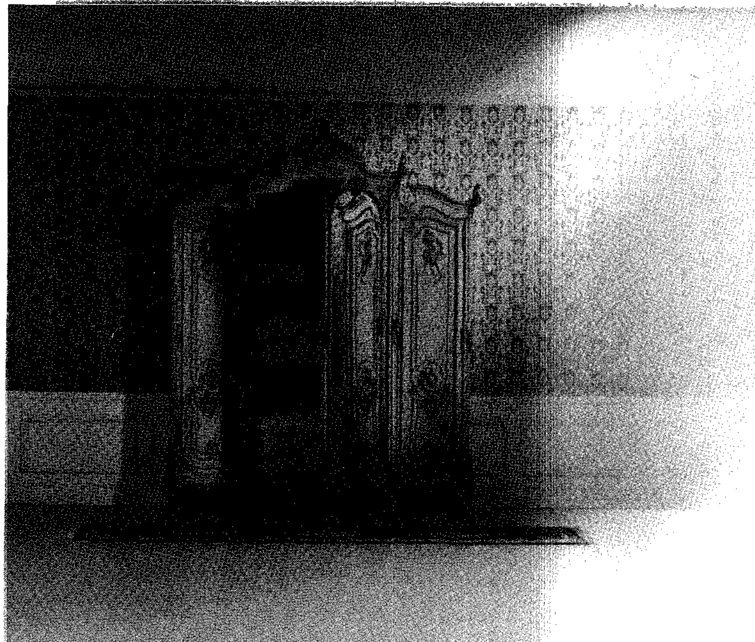
At the same time, across the English Channel, Roger Vadim was consolidating his position in the Gallic subdivision of angry young men by making his clever 1959 modern-dress production of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (French Institute–Alliance Française, January 10). Vadim's cushy brand of rebellion was hedonistic, and his version of the Choderlos Laclos novel remains a disquieting epicurean delight. Jeanne Moreau brings a remarkable tragedy-tinged sensuality to the role of the conniving female, who in this take on Laclos is married to her co-conspirator, Valmont. When Gérard Philipe's Valmont seduces Jeanne Valerie's Cécile with the help of a tape recorder, it plays like a considerably revved-up "sex, lies, and audiotape."

Summer ("Le Rayon Vert") (1987)—In this movie, the fifth in Eric Rohmer's six-part cycle of "Comedies and Proverbs," the filmmaker relaxed his customary iron control over narrative: the picture was made in an on-the-run documentary style, in 16 mm. and with direct sound, and the dialogue, usually chiselled and epigrammatic in his work, was largely improvised by the actors. The heroine, Delphine (Marie Rivière), is a slim, dark, delicate-featured depressive. Since breaking up with her boyfriend, she has become almost pathologically wary of experience: her response to everything is refusal. This woman is comically, absurdly incapable of enjoying herself: she drives us crazy, but she's in real pain, and Rohmer (whose art has always been based on refusal) understands her very well. The movie has the tentative, irresolute rhythm of Delphine's search for a place where she can feel comfortable on her long August holiday. The French title means "The Green Ray," and it refers to a rare visual phenomenon that occurs the instant after the sun drops below the horizon: Jules Verne wrote that it enables whoever views it to "see clearly into his own heart and the hearts of others." When this miracle appears to the wretched Delphine, in the last scene, it's one of the purest moments of happiness ever put on screen. And we feel that Rohmer, along with his heroine, has finally found a way to release himself, to be at ease with the accidents, the scary contingencies, of the natural world. It's a miraculous movie. In French.—T.R. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 7.)

Valmont—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience. With Annette Bening as the Marquise, Meg Tilly as Mme. de Tourvel, and Fairuza Balk as Cécile.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Loews 19th Street East 6. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Jan. 4.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Before the rifles of that infamous concealed regiment get poor Zapata (Marlon Brando), John Steinbeck's script has thoroughly done him in. Land and liberty, the simple slogans of the Mexican civil wars of 1911-19, are transformed into the American liberal clichés of 1952 and phrased in that slurpy imitation of simplicity and grandeur which some high-school English teachers and TV producers call "poetry." The virtues of the production are in Elia Kazan's slam-bang direction: some of the scenes have startling immediacy; the fighting is first-rate; even the phony folklore holds one's interest. And the actors are fun to watch: there's the magnetic young Brando (age twenty-seven) impersonating a great revolutionary leader—an illiterate young titan, a peasant and a thinker (and, in the time-worn actor-peasant tradition, he screws up his face when he has to think). And there are Anthony Quinn as Zapata's older brother; Jean Peters as Josefa; and Joseph Wiseman, acting like some sinister mixture of Judas Iscariot and a junkie, as Fernando the journalist. The film includes Steinbeck's folly: the famouus, supposedly terribly touching wedding-night scene in which Zapata asks Josefa to teach him to read. (To deflower his virgin mind?)—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 7-9.)

The War of the Roses—Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner play Oliver and Barbara Rose, a yuppie couple whose banally "perfect" marriage isn't strong enough to survive their individual mid-life crises. When they decide to divorce, things get real ugly: the Roses' hatred and pettiness keep escalating, to the point of absurdity and far beyond. These successful, eighties-style people are revealed as greedy, self-centered, infantile: they'd rather die than have to sacrifice either their egos or their possessions. (This social observation may not come as a surprise to everybody.) "The War of the Roses," written by Michael Leeson (from a novel by Warren Adler), is one of Hollywood's periodic attempts at black comedy, and, like most of its predecessors, it's not quite black enough and not quite funny enough. The director, Danny DeVito, who also acts in the film seems a bit too pleased with his own outrageousness. The picture has a peculiar, not very satisfying, tone: smugly savage. Also with Marianne Sägebrecht and G. D. Spradlin.—T.R. (Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)



LOUIS XIV. What a closet should be.

A vision of how things should be. It can answer a practical need with a work of art. Or turn the simple act of driving into an extraordinary experience. The Lincoln Continental. One of the world's most advanced luxury cars. You can feel it in the ride of its air suspension. The control of its anti-lock brakes. The reassurance of its driver and right front passenger air bag Supplemental Restraint System. For a free brochure, call 1 800 446-8888. Or visit a Lincoln dealer. One drive and you'll see why most other luxury cars are just ordinary. And why Lincoln Continental is exactly what a luxury car should be.

LINCOLN. What a luxury car should be.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

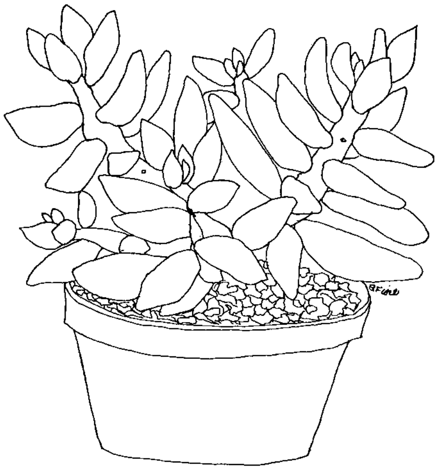
Notes and Comment

LAST December 21st, as the United States invasion of Panama entered its second day, *El Diario–La Prensa*, a New York Spanish-language daily, carried a front-page photograph—under the headline "THE PRICE OF THE INVASION"—of eight bodies on the floor of a Panama City morgue. An article said that the hospitals were in "chaos." One hospital administrator reported, fourteen hours into the invasion, that he had so far taken in fifty bodies, forty-three of them civilian. The same day as the *El Diario* story, the *Times* carried a front-page news analysis concluding that George Bush had completed "a Presidential initiation rite" and had moved into the ranks of "American leaders" who "since World War II have felt a need to demonstrate their willingness to shed blood to protect or advance . . . the national interest." The *Times* said that Bush had thereby erased his image of indecisiveness, and shown himself "a man capable of bold action." That night, on ABC's PrimeTime Live, Colonel Ron Sconyers, the spokesman for the Pentagon's Southern Command, said, "If you have to fight and shed a little blood for democracy . . . it's great." Arthur Davis, the United States Ambassador to Panama, said that the costs of the invasion were justified, because it had "restored dignity to the United States."

On the fourth day of the invasion, Geoffrey Garin, a Democratic consultant, told the *Times* that "Panama was not as clean for George Bush as Grenada was for Ronald Reagan"—a reference not to the Panamanian and American dead but to the fact that General Manuel Noriega was still at large. Once Noriega sought refuge in the Vatican Embassy, even small tactical reservations began to fade from the Washington discussion.

In Latin America, by contrast, outrage was nearly universal, and was especially strong among those governments which Washington had long counted as its friends. Argentina decried the invasion as "a clear violation of the internationally enshrined principle of non-intervention." Peru noted that it had been a longtime critic of "the dictatorial regime of General Noriega," but nevertheless recalled its Ambassador from Washington, on the ground that the invasion "constitutes an outrage against Latin America" and "evidences the most grotesque practices of imperialism."

In Washington, however, little attention was paid to the fact that an invasion ostensibly mounted—as Dan Rather announced on CBS—"to restore democracy to Panama" was being overwhelmingly condemned by the Hemisphere's democratic governments. Guillermo Endara, the man whom Washington installed as Panama's new President, was the apparent winner of the elections there last May, but there is reason to wonder what fate will befall him if he should decide in the future to steer a course independent of Washington's desires. The United States, after all, had helped overthrow elected Presidents in Guatemala (1954), the Dominican Republic (1963), Brazil (1964), El Salvador (1972), and Chile (1973), and Panama itself (1941), and is currently trying to do so in Nicaragua. In 1984, the United States recognized a fraudulent Panamanian election (so described in cables from the United States Embassy in Panama) and sent Secretary of State George Shultz to attend the inauguration of Noriega's handpicked candidate.



That, of course, was when Noriega was still working for the United States. He had been recruited by the C.I.A. in the late nineteen-sixties, while he was a junior officer, and eventually he collected an annual C.I.A. stipend of two hundred thousand dollars. And in 1983, with full United States support, he became Panama's de-facto ruler. Although the 1977 Torrijos-Carter Canal Treaties specified that American forces in Panama could be used only to defend the canal, Noriega in the early nineteen-eighties helped the United States turn Panama into an intelligence, training, resupply, and weapons base for the Reagan Administration's campaigns in Nicaragua and El Salvador. Along the way, he collected a sheaf of letters from the United States Drug Enforcement Administration thanking him for help in the fight against marijuana and cocaine. At no point was Noriega's relationship with our government impeded by the fact that Noriega was a drug trafficker himself. In 1976, after two drug-enforcement officials had gone as far as to recommend that Noriega be assassinated to stop his drug dealing, George Bush, who was then the director of the C.I.A., met with Noriega personally and took no action to remove him from its rolls. In 1983, after Noriega had joined forces with the Medellín cocaine cartel and Bush had become Vice-President and the coördinator of the Reagan drug war, Bush and Noriega met again, and Noriega's C.I.A. contract continued undisturbed.

President Bush justified the invasion as an effort "to combat drug trafficking," yet the cartel had shifted its business to other intermediaries after Noriega was indicted, in Miami, in 1988. The indictment followed a falling out with the United States which began in 1987, for reasons that are still unclear but apparently involved a cooling of Noriega's support for the Contras.

The President also said that the invasion was necessary "to safeguard the lives of Americans," citing the killing of an American soldier at a Panama military checkpoint. But the pre-invasion events claimed one American life, and the invasion itself claimed two dozen. Moreover, at least one American soldier is killed every month in some incident at one of our outposts around the world—often in an allied country—and the United States does not send in the Marines.

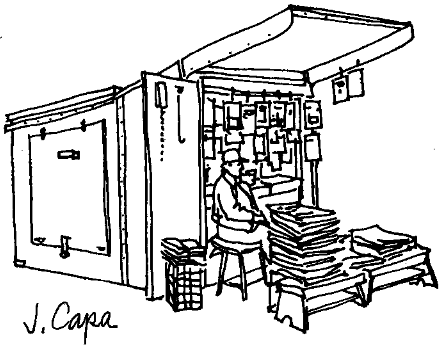
As the troops poured into Panama City, Dan Rather denounced Noriega as being "at the top of the list of the world's drug thieves and scums." Peter Jennings called him "one of the more odious creatures with whom the United States has had a relationship." Yet the uncomfortable truth is that, with the exception of Costa Rica (which does not have an army), Noriega's Panama had for years been the least violent and repressive member of Washington's Central American team. According to Amnesty International, Americas Watch, and the Organization of American States, Noriega's forces had been responsible for perhaps a dozen political killings from 1983 until the coup attempt last fall. In Honduras in the early eighties, just one military unit, the C.I.A.-backed Battalion 3-16, was implicated in at least a hundred and forty-two death-squad murders. The Nicaraguan Contras have murdered thousands, and more than seventy thousand civilians have perished at the hands of the American-trained Salvadoran Army since 1979. And in Guatemala, where in 1954 the C.I.A. overthrew a democracy and put the military in power, the Army, funded and trained by Washington, has wiped out six hundred and sixty-two rural villages, and killed more than a hundred thousand civilians since 1978.

In 1927, Robert Olds, an Under-Secretary of State, explained a United States invasion of Nicaragua (the last of four) by writing that "Central America has always understood that governments which we recognize and support stay in power, while those which we do not recognize and support fall." With the crucial—and, for the Reagan and Bush Administrations, maddening—exception of Nicaragua, that principle has held true to this day. General Noriega lived off the C.I.A. payroll for twenty years but thought that he could somehow survive when Washington told him it was time to go. What Noriega did not reckon on was the price that our government was willing to pay—a price consisting of Panamanian lives and ruined Panamanian property, and of American lives as well—in return for the restoration of American "dignity," and proof that a maligned American President was really a bold man after all.

• •

Oldest Art Form

MOST people who've launched major social movements weren't sewing dresses for their mothers at the same time, but Rosa Parks was different, and Lois Alexander, the founding director of the Black Fashion Museum, can prove it. The dress—a yellow-and-gray print—that Mrs. Parks was sewing on the day in 1955 when she wouldn't budge from her spot on the bus is one of the jewels of Ms. Alexander's collection and a stop on every tour she gives of the museum. "Rosa is a dear friend of mine," she told us when we paid her a recent visit, and she added that she had once appeared as a Rosa Parks on "To Tell the Truth." "Of course, Nipsey Russell had to disqualify himself, because he knew Rosa, but most of the panelists thought I was her, because I was very sedate," she said. "Rosa was just chattering away. You'd certainly never have picked her out as the one. She's so nice you'd think that if a man asked for her seat she'd get up and give it to him."



Before Ms. Alexander, who is seventy-four and whooshes up and down the museum's four flights of stairs in pink sneakers, began spending her days as a curator, she owned an upholstery and tailoring shop in Washington, and then, after moving to Harlem in 1955, two fashion boutiques. She also held down a job at HUD for twenty-three years, and eventually became a community-planning-and-development officer. When she retired, in 1978, she and her husband, Julius Lane, who had been a veteran of the first black paratrooper outfit and then a schoolteacher, bought two adjacent brownstones on West 126th Street, a stone's throw from the Harlem State Office Building. In one she opened the Harlem Institute of Fashion, where for fifteen dollars a year students take as many classes as they like, in such subjects as dressmaking, millinery, and—Ms. Alexander's favorite—fashion-show coördination. A year later, she established the museum in the other brownstone.

Right beside Rosa Parks' mother's dress in the museum's Period Room is a tiny, carefully stitched cotton dress of an unknown slave, and near that is a replica of the purple-velvet-and-Chantilly-lace gown that Elizabeth Keckley whipped up for Mary Todd Lincoln to wear to a New Year's party in 1864. (The original is in the Smithsonian.) Ms. Alexander told us that at one time Mrs. Keckley was owned by a St. Louis family named Garland, who hired her out as a seamstress to support them. Later, she bought her freedom and moved to Washington, and there she designed and made dresses for several political wives, Mrs. Jefferson Davis among them, until Mrs. Lincoln came to town and monopolized her. They became such intimates that Mrs. Keckley was the first person Mrs. Lincoln sent for after the President's death. "There weren't a lot of people who liked Mrs. Lincoln," Ms. Alexander told us, "but Elizabeth Keckley was devoted to her."

A couple of walls are given over to photographs of the wedding of John and Jacqueline Kennedy, because Mrs. Kennedy's wedding dress and the dresses of her bridesmaids were the creations of Ann Lowe, a black designer from Clayton, Alabama. Ann Lowe came to New York as a young woman to attend the S. T. Taylor Design School and was forced to sit in the hall outside the classrooms, Ms. Alexander said. Then, in the forties, she struck it rich with coming-out dresses. (Festoons of appliquéd flowers were her signature.) Ann Lowe actually lost money on the Kennedy wedding, Ms. Alexander told us, because just before she was to take the dresses up to Newport a water pipe burst and ruined them all. She had to duplicate her work, and fast. "Jackie never knew," Ms. Alexander said. "But I think she appreciated Ann. Much later, when Ann was in financial straits and owed a lot of money to the I.R.S.—let me tell you, her life would make a fine made-for-TV movie—a friend let Jackie know, and then *somebody* paid the bill anonymously."

Other highlights of the collection are a headpiece from "The Wiz" composed of straw braids standing straight up, like the hairdo of an astonished Medusa; two fur coats from "Superfly"; and some entries from the Alizé Fashion and Jazz Competition. (For several years, the producer of Alizé, a cognac-and-passion-fruit liqueur, challenged designers to improvise garments inspired by jazz figures, and the results have included a "Miles Davis" tuxedo jacket, which envelops the head of the mannequin like a cobra's hood; a "Nancy Wilson" evening gown, which resembles a gilded iris dangling upside down; and a "Billie Holiday" dress, with two eighteen-inch white organza blooms strategically affixed.) In addition, the Black Fashion Museum is the sole showcase for the works of Lillian B. Head, who in the seventies made a living doing alterations at Saks in Atlanta but would occasionally let loose and, say, invent a hat and purse shaped like the Hyatt Regency and one of its elevators, or construct a diorama featuring a beauty queen made of chewing gum.

Fashion, Ms. Alexander told us, may be "the oldest art form, going right back to tattooing the body." She went on to say that she's a fan of all kinds of art—a lucky thing, considering the rate at which her husband churns out still-lifes and landscapes in oil. They are wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling in both brownstones, and are remarkable for blazing colors (a Lane sunset gives an idea of what global warming would look like if we could see it) and unexpected elements, such as a mugging on the bank of a bucolic pond. Mr. Lane, who is the sort of man who wears wing tips and a beret with style rather than attitude, serves as the administrator of the fashion institute. He's Ms. Alexander's third husband, but she kept the name of her second, because, she says, she didn't want to be known as Lois Lane.

At the end of our visit, Mr. Lane walked to the 125th Street subway station with us and told us how he and Ms. Alexander met. "One night twenty years ago, I went into the Red Rooster, one of the places my grandmother told me not to go, where Adam Clayton Powell used to spend time," he said. "There was a woman in a booth with a bunch of men around her, and I went over to see what they were congregating about. They all seemed affluent, and I wanted her to notice me, so I said, 'Why don't you come with me and I'll buy you a hot dog?' And then we walked through Central Park until it was broad daylight. You see, she was wearing this green dress and a beautiful wide-brimmed hat."

"There goes the 'peace dividend.'"

• •

Signs

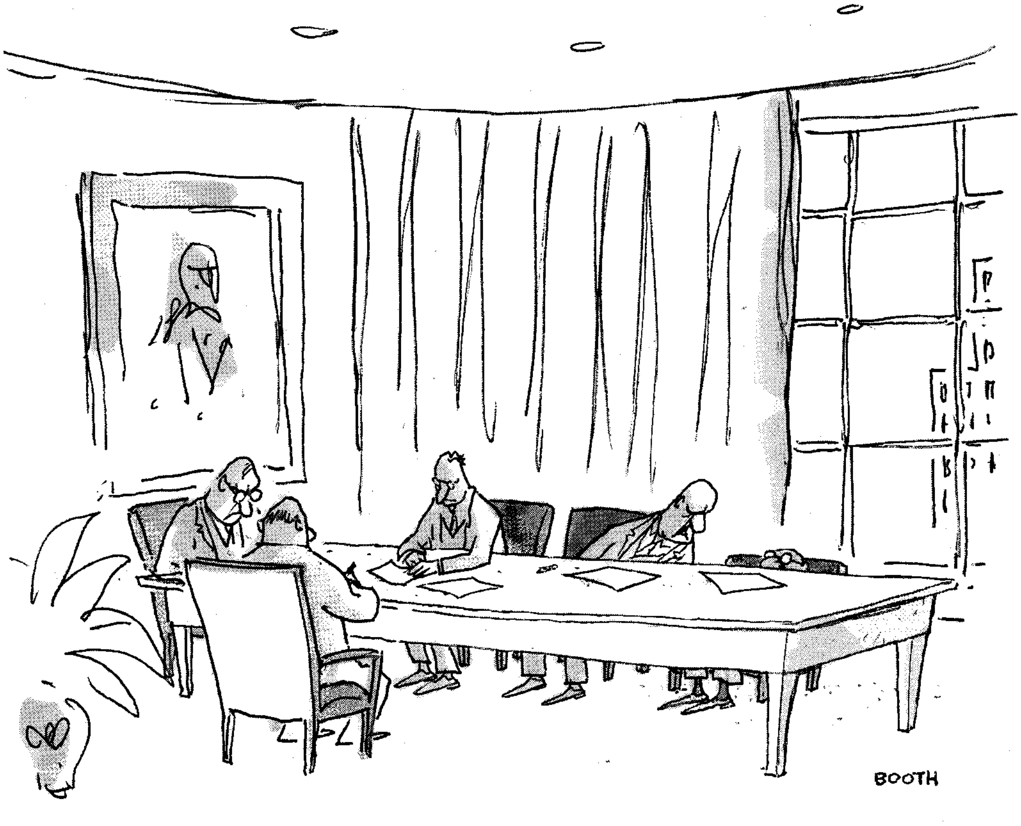
THAT special sense of pleasure your eyes receive as you travel down First Avenue from Eleventh Street to St. Marks Place gazing at the signs above DeRobertis Pastry, Pete's Spice, and East Village Postal, to name just a few locations, is courtesy of Arnie Charnick, the artist, sign painter, and muralist. Mr. Charnick has painted signs in the neighborhood since 1980. Except by a Chinese restaurant named Wing 'n Clam, now defunct, he has never been engaged to paint a sign north of his apartment, which is on First Avenue between Eleventh and

Twelfth. He declines work south of St. Marks Place. Don't even ask. He refuses to work farther from home than he can comfortably carry his ladder.

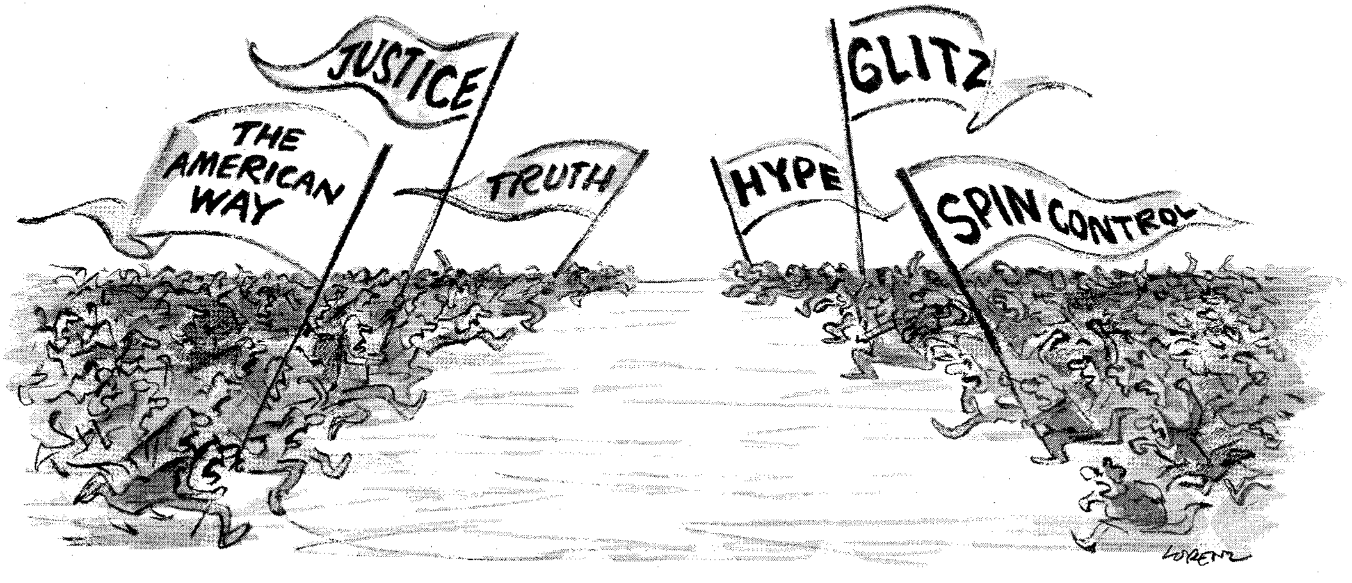
Mr. Charnick is in his early forties. He grew up in the Bronx and went to Cooper Union. If you want to know what he looks like, you can view his painting of himself as a patron of the Yaffa Café, on St. Marks. This painting conceals the gate over the café's window, and hangs next to a mural he painted on the wall of the adjoining building. Mr. Charnick's hair is not that blond, and his nose is not that big in proportion to the rest of his face, and his eyes are not that blue, but there is a likeness. If you prefer a photograph, you can study one accompanying an article, in a Japanese paper, called "Arnie Charnick from East Village," which has been framed and hangs on the wall opposite the cash register of the Veselka Coffee Shop, on Second Avenue at Ninth Street. Mr. Charnick occupies the post of artist-in-residence at the Veselka, and it is for his murals outside the coffee shop that he is perhaps best known. The owner of the Veselka has printed some postcards of two of the murals—there have been three—and also of a sign that Mr. Charnick has painted for the St. Marks Veterinary Hospital. The postcard of Mr. Charnick's second mural, which remained in place from 1983 until last June, has sold fifteen thousand copies.

While Mr. Charnick has painted signs or murals for a number of cafés, restaurants, and stores—and for many of them more than one—his relationship with the Veselka has been the closest and the most intricate and enduring. The arrangement he has with the owner is this: Mr. Charnick paints a mural on sheet metal fastened to a ten-by-twelve-foot frame on the restaurant's outside wall (leaving room in the upper left-hand corner for the air-conditioner), and includes on it the information that the mural is for sale. The owner uses the money from the sale to have a new mural painted. The two parties conceived this arrangement in 1982. Mr. Charnick then painted "Luncheonette Life," a scene featuring the interior of the restaurant, and, boom, within the year it was sold. Next, he did "The Eternal Puddle," a depiction of the corner outside the restaurant, which always seems to have water in the gutter; he used characters from the neighborhood—among others, his girlfriend at the time, a saxophone player, several of the Ukrainian men and women who have traditionally made the neighborhood their home, a few rummies, some mumblers, some people talking politics, a huge central figure of a man who is known in the area for walking on stilts, and a guy on a motorcycle—and it was extremely popular. But it didn't sell. Mr. Charnick eventually decided that it was too large for anyone except a person with a spare hotel lobby, and that the sale of the first mural had been a fluke. Sometime last June, Mr. Charnick woke up in the middle of the night with what he calls a revelation: he would find thirteen smaller paintings in the large one and cut them out. That morning, he went to the Veselka with a pair of metal shears, and while he worked he encouraged passersby to purchase a piece of history, a piece of the "Eternal Puddle" puzzle. Several people bought themselves. The man on stilts was sold to a woman from Long Island for her den. Mr. Charnick made three times the money he would have made if he had sold the painting intact. He painted another—a tabletop with a hot dog and French fries and a piece of blueberry pie and a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup—of which he is not especially proud, and used the money to pay for a trip to Morocco. It has been his habit over the last few years to take a trip (to Thailand, or Belize, or Morocco), produce a series of paintings, and return to New York with enough work to have a show in his studio. He has an affection for schemes and round numbers, so his shows often include, say, fifty drawings, all of them with the same price, usually fifty or a hundred dollars. He throws a party, and all the drawings are sold by the end of the evening, if they haven't been sold even before the show opened.

His trip to Morocco involved him in a peculiarly circular relationship with the Veselka. He spent three days making drawings in the labyrinthine medina of Tangier. His plan was to do fifty black-and-white drawings, sell each for a hundred dollars, and make five thousand dollars. On the fourth day, the symptoms of dysentery appeared. For the next three weeks, he went out each morning with the intention of drawing, and each day wound up, back at the place he was



"While you were on vacation, Zooker, a motion was made and seconded to saw five and a half inches off your chair legs."



• •

staying, with an uncompleted sketch. Finally, he decided that he would have to return to New York, even though once he got here he would be sick, he would have no money and no work and no energy for it, and he would have to wait a month before he could move into his apartment, which he had sublet. In New York, he hooked up with a friend who let him stay at his place, and arranged to start a cure of antibiotics. The evening of his third day back, he found himself sitting on a stoop across the street from the Veselka, trying to figure out what had happened. He felt lousy, he was all but broke, and he missed his daughter, who is nineteen and is a student in San Francisco. On an impulse, he crossed the street to the Veselka and bought a Win-4 ticket for a dollar, using the numbers of his daughter's address, and that night it hit for five thousand dollars. Having the money completely took away his urge to paint. He was, he says, a bum one moment and idle rich the next. He flew his daughter East and they went to a restaurant every night. It was three months before he spent all the money and was able to get back to work.

911

A MAN who lives where SoHo and the Village meet writes:

One night last week, I heard the most awful sound. It was my old friend George yelling from the street. Maybe he was being murdered. I tore down to the front door and found him pointing at a man who was trying to break into my car. I said, "Hey, that's my car. Get away." The man didn't move. I said, "Look, there's nothing in there you want, so go on." It was as if he didn't hear me. I said, "That's *my* car. What are you doing?"

He said, "I'm breaking into it."

I told him I was going to call the police, and went back to my apartment and tried to get 911, but I kept being disconnected. I went downstairs again, and the man was lounging on the fender. Then another man showed up, with a pair of pliers, and the two of them started fooling around with the car door. I said, "What do you think you're doing, anyway?"

The second man said, "You leave him alone."

So I said, "Are you nuts? That's my car you're fooling around with."

Then he accused me of being crazy myself, and said, "Well, if that's your car what's the license number?" I wasn't going to tell this clown anything, so I said, "What's *your* number?" He wouldn't tell me, either. So I said that now I really was going to call the cops. But I still couldn't get through, so I went back and found that George and the two men had all disappeared. I began to worry that the men had kidnapped George. Then the phone rang. I ran back upstairs, and it was my friend Sophie—as usual, wanting to know how I am. I mentioned that George seemed to be missing, but I didn't tell her about the car burglars—that would have taken too much time. (She often doesn't listen, and you have to repeat everything.) After I got Sophie off the phone, I went out to look for George. The two men were there again, operating on my car with their pliers, and no George anywhere. I'd run out of things to do, so I said, "Now I'm really mad. You don't go away till I get back." I went inside to look for something to drive them away with. The fire poker was just the thing. I took it outside and held it up for them to see. It was only fair to warn them.

One of the men clapped his hands to the sides of his face and said, "Oh, I am so sorry"—a surprise, because I didn't think I was looking all that menacing. He pointed down the block to a car exactly like mine. "*That's* my car," he said. "No wonder my key wouldn't fit."

"Yes," I said. "That's how you tell when it isn't your car."

"I'm sorry," he said again.

"Oh, that's all right, forget it," I said.

They went and got in their own car, and I went back upstairs. Just as I remembered about George, he showed up. He had gone to get some milk. I told him that everything was O.K.—that the men had mistaken my car for theirs. But George said he still didn't trust them, because my car had a baggage rack and the other one didn't. We went out to see what the men were up to now. They were at the movie house down the street, hauling out furniture and loading it into the car. That was something I couldn't get much interested in. I mean, they weren't moving furtively, or anything. But I did wonder why, if George had noticed a car like mine down the block, he hadn't said anything. It would have saved everybody a lot of brouhaha.

FOUR POEMS

BALLAD OF THE JACK OF DIAMONDS

Here is the Jack of Diamonds, clad
In the rusty coat he's always had.
His two dark brothers wish him dead,
As does the third, whose hue is red.

Here is the Jack of Diamonds, whom
The fates have marked for certain doom.
He is a mediocre fellow,
A scrawny jack whose chest is hollow
And spattered with a dismal yellow—
No model for a Donatello.

The two dark brothers of this jack,
Abetted by the third, alack
(Who, draped in hearts from head to foot,
Is the most knavish of the lot),
Have vowed by all means to be free
Of him who gives them symmetry,
Making a balanced set of four
Whose equilibrium they abhor.

One brother, on his breast and sleeves,
Is decked with tragic, spadelike leaves.
The next has crosses for décor.
The motif of the third is gore.

The Jack of Diamonds is dead,
Leaving a vacuum in his stead.

This ballad seems at least twice-told.
Well, all Rumanian plots are old.

(*Translated, from the Rumanian, by Richard Wilbur.*)

DEAD STILL

The wheel is not in my hands.
The wheel is over my head;
no one turns it left
or right; the vessel is dead still.
The wheel rests like a spider
fixed on my wooden sky.
What is it doing up there?
It's a helm gone mad.
What could it possibly steer
on the vertical road of the Nowhere Sea?
And why does the helm not move
in this world so rich in helmsmen?
The wind at least could have set it in motion.
Where is the somnambulant bat to give it a turn?
Where is the moon to alter its shape,
lengthen the spokes, and flatten the contour
so that it is more of a fish?
The vessel's voyage must end here:
the helm is insane, it cannot steer.

(*Translated by William Jay Smith.*)

ORCHESTRA

Climbing the scales three octaves at a time,
I search for you among the high notes where
the tender flute resides. But where are your
sweet eyelashes? Not there.

Then I descend among the sunlit brasses—
their funnels glistening like fountain tips.
I let them splash me with their streaming gold,
but I can't find your lips.

Then, daring ever deeper, I explore
the depths the elemental strings command.
Their bows will not create a miracle
without your stroking hand.

The orchestra is still. The score is blank.
Cold as a slide rule the brasses, strings, and flute.
Sonorous love, when will you return?
The orchestra is mute.

(*Translated by Dana Gioia.*)

GREED

I am greedy. Puritans scold me
for running breathlessly
over life's table of contents
and for wishing and longing for everything.

They scold me for feasting
on joy and despair, together
with jugs of sour cream
and hot polenta.

They object to my wearing a tiepin
and a carnation in my hair,
for being sometimes boy, sometimes girl,
and who knows what else!

They rebuke me for not distributing love
according to a plan, for not rationing it,
for having a potter's nimble hands
and now and then solving equations.

Well, that's my way! I'm hungry, I'm thirsty,
I rush through the world like a living sound.
I refuse to walk slowly, to crawl,
or to remain indebted for a kiss.

I'm greedy, I gulp things down, I fly,
and I'm proud that on my small lapel
occasionally a decoration glitters—
call it rapture, that golden rosette.

(*Translated by Stanley Kunitz.*)

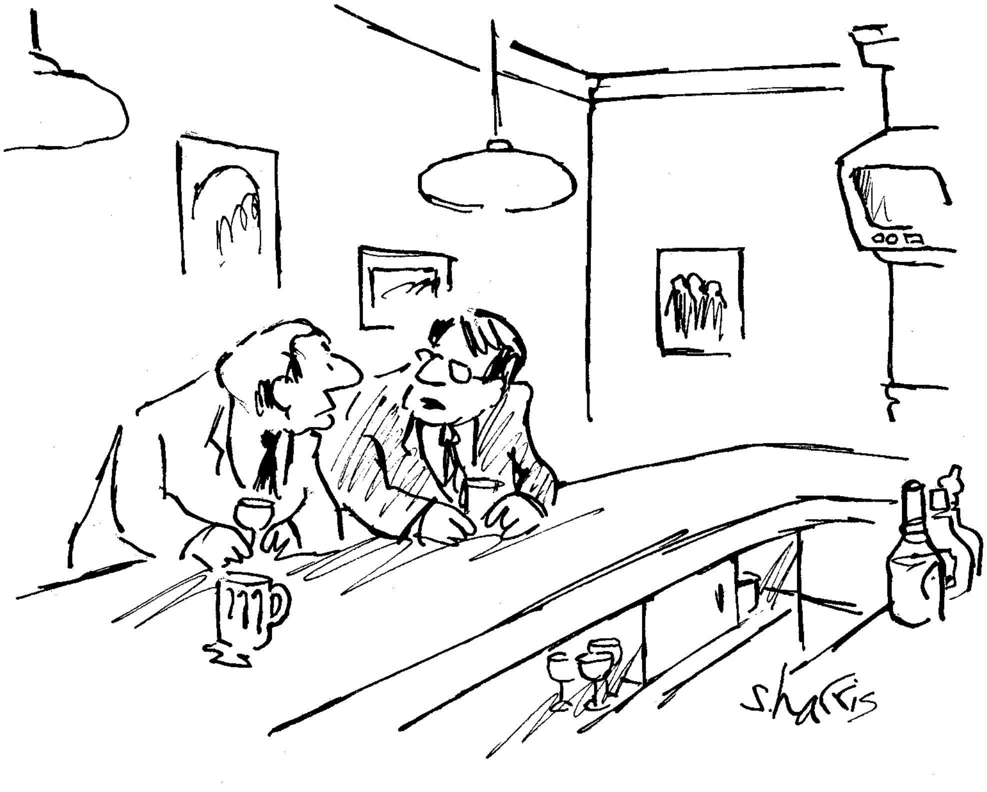
—Nina Cassian

ROOM TEMPERATURE

I WAS in the rocking chair giving our six-month-old Bug her late-afternoon bottle. Patty was at work. I had pulled the window shades halfway down: sunlight turned their stiff fabric the luminous deep-fat-fried color of a glazed doughnut. Still visible from a year earlier was the faint outline in adhesive of one of the lengths of masking tape that we had X'd excitedly over the windowpanes before a hurricane that hadn't panned out; below it, a metal tube of antifungal ointment lay on the sill, its wrinkled tail spiralled back like a scorpion's, its Scotch Taped pharmaceutical torso of typed information so bathed in light now that I could make out only the normally pedestrian but now freshly exotic name of the prescribing pediatrician, "Dr. Momtaz." The shade pulls, rings wound apparently with common kite string, lunetted pieces of the distant horizon for further study: a section of a water tower, a brilliant white sweat sock of steam that was slowly emerging from one of three smokestacks across the water somewhere in Charlestown, and a rotating bun-shaped air vent on the top of a twelve-story old folks' home in North Quincy, whose dents and irregularities sent corpuscles of pewtery dazzlement in my direction. Half a mile away, some dark birds—not gulls or crows, I thought—were on their way toward Boston. Their flight reminded me strongly of something, and as they flapped slowly from the sky under one window shade to the sky under the next, I realized that the movement of their wings as they turned this way and that, negotiating big chunks of wind, was remarkably similar to the flapping of a small dog's ears as it ran at full speed in excited zigzags across a field. I was extremely pleased that the sight of several silent, far-off birds could remind me of the yapping frolicsomeness of a puppy—it seemed a tricky, lateral sort of comparison, in which the two terms threaten to be insufficiently disparate in some respects for the connection to work properly, as if you said that the sun was in some way or other like the moon. Other birds, much farther away, rested stilly against the haze like flakes of ground pepper. The whole outside, in fact (what I could see of it), looked unusually good and deserving of similes today—cleaner, sharper, more richly colored: I had removed the screens from the windows the day before, because the hot weather seemed to be gone for the year.

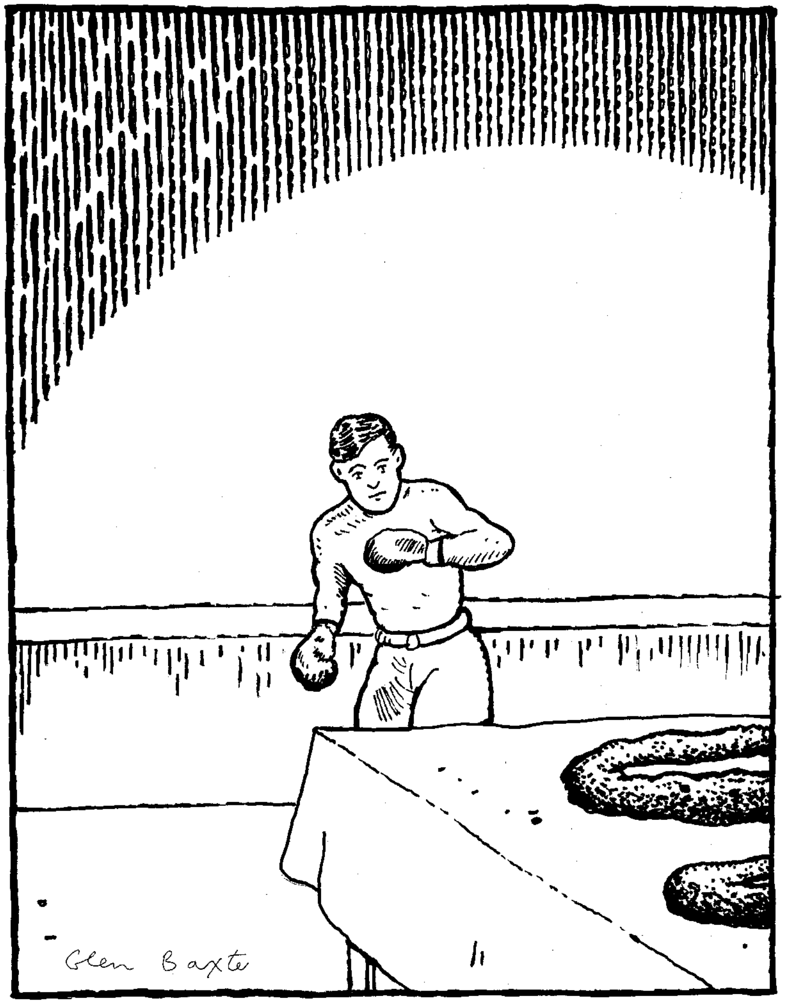
Also as a result of the weather, I was wearing a sweater for the first time in months, one Patty had given me for my birthday: a brown monster stout with various fugal inversions and augmentations of the standard cable-knit, and consequently glutted with insulational dead air, its corona of lighter outer fibres frizzing out three-eighths of an inch or more from the slubbed and satisfyingly clutchable weave that formed the actual structure underneath, so that the sweater, along with me, its wearer, appeared to fade without a demonstrable outer boundary into the rest of the room, as tuning forks or rubber bands will seem in their blurred vibration to transform their material selves into the invisible sound they generate. It was a machine-made sweater, but manufactured apparently with Xenakisian lurches and indecisions programmed into the numerically controlled needles, which, unlike the chain flayings and bleaching stains used in production lines to antique new furniture, gave it to my eye an attraction distinct from the irregular grandmotherly alternations between close attention and indignant abandonment at historical-preservation meetings prominent in handmade knitwear. Patty had ordered it for me from a catalogue. When I shifted my weight slightly in the rocker, the sweater's mute woolly bulk made me feel particularly fatherly and head-of-householdish, though in fact it was Patty, working three days a week at an advertising firm to my two as a technical writer for a medical-imaging company, who got us health insurance. I was pleased to see how comfortable the Bug looked with her head in the crook of my arm, unaware through the loft of all that yarn of my elbow tendon tautly supporting her.

Like a screech trumpet player, she held her bottle with one hand; her other hand roved in search of textures—my sweater's, of course, but also a wrinkle and the nipply bump of a snap on her own striped outfit, her hair and ear, and especially the raised ounce and cubic-centimetre demarcations that were molded into her Evenflo bottle's plastic, like the fractions of a cup that



"It equals out. I pay alimony to Laurie and Denise, and I get alimony from Brenda and Suzanne."

had once been molded into glass peanut-butter jars, so useful for practicing your fingertip-reading skills on while you ate. The raised outlines of the peanut-butter jars' “⅓”s and “¾”s would act, I recalled, as lenses, focussing light, projecting secondary images (not shadows) of themselves through the thickness of glass and onto the browner inner cylinder of the peanut butter, images that were often easier to read than the molded markings themselves, which were only partially defined by highlights. My mother once told my sister and me that when she was breast-feeding us she ate peanut butter straight from the jar with a tablespoon, and perhaps because of her own maternal craving she didn't mind later when, as a boy, I took a full jar and a silver spoon upstairs with me while building my plastic airplane models. (I used to “chop” models by gluing out-of-scale chrome-plated halves of engine blocks and exhaust systems from my model funny cars and dragsters onto the wings of warplanes.) The taste of the peanut butter was sharp enough to make my eyes water, and the glottally claustrophobic sense of being repeatedly on the verge of choking on several overlarge gouges was appealingly risky, although I sometimes preferred to work a single spoonful down very slowly, setting it aside on the newspaper for a moment when I needed two hands (in order, for example, to detach one half of a ram-air induction scoop from the molded parking-lot grid of engine components to which it was linked by twisting it back and forth until the plastic finally whitened and gave way). Each time I withdrew the spoonful from my mouth, my upper lip left a freshly aerodynamic shape on it that sharpened my already fierce appreciation of the plane's swept-back airfoils and cockpit canopy. And when I had finished hybridizing the model—when the last McPherson strut was glued prominently to the side of a jet nacelle, where its ornamental usefulness was not lost, as it was when hidden in the uninteresting stock car's body whose components I was using—the remnant of peanut butter in the back of my mouth allowed me to simulate more convincingly the fricative roar of a rib-crushingly tight turn on the test flight above the “Golden Encyclopedia”; and this in turn contributed to my sense of the fitness of the name “Skippy”: “k” sounds came very naturally to the mouth during and after a major spoonful. And then, eighteen or so years later, not long after Patty's urine had pinkened conclusively in the vial, she asked me if I could maybe pick up a small jar of peanut butter on my way home from work. Absolutely! Before that day, I had never heard her express even a mild interest in peanut butter. I'd stopped eating it myself. I jabbed a tablespoon vertically into the new six-ounce jar I had chosen for her and left the arrangement in the middle of the kitchen table for her to find when she got out of her shower; and then I thought better of this overpreparation and pulled the spoon out and smoothed out its C-shaped intrusion and tightened the lid again so that she might think that the seal had never been broken, because she might want (as I certainly had wanted years before) the pleasure of being the first to dig into the lunar surface herself. She probably would want to use a knife and make a sandwich anyway, I thought. I put the spoon in the sink. But half an hour later I found her flipping through an in-flight magazine with the jar open on the arm of the couch and a teaspoon upside down in her mouth. Tears came to my eyes. “Straight from the jar, baby!” I said. Soon she had a stomach profile as smoothly Bernoullian as my model-building Skippy spoonfuls, and I, perhaps influenced by that anecdote in Shakespeare about the votaress who got pregnant and grew, like a sail, “big-bellied with the wanton wind,” began to visualize her lying with her legs strapped down in a wind tunnel and wearing a shiny leotard, giving teasing effleurage to her dome, calling for a technician to apply some Chap Stick to her lips from time to time, while I, a promising young engineer at work on the next generation of airbus wings, evaluated the inexplicable magnitude of lift her Bug mound aroused in the moaning tunnel's air by pumping luminous gases through the smoke rake and watching their streak lines veer upward and interlace, laminarity disrupted by the brief



IT WAS FRANK'S SECOND ENCOUNTER WITH BALKAN CUISINE.

fuss of her pubic hair, shedding into elaborate lasso shapes and beehives of induced flow that after only a few minutes of flight-speed wind made the entire research installation knock and shiver with worrisome resonances.

ACROSS the room, above the white crib, hung a mobile that Patty had made in the early weeks of the Bug's life. It turned slightly, though the air seemed still, and the sideways text of one of its pale-colored pendants came into view:

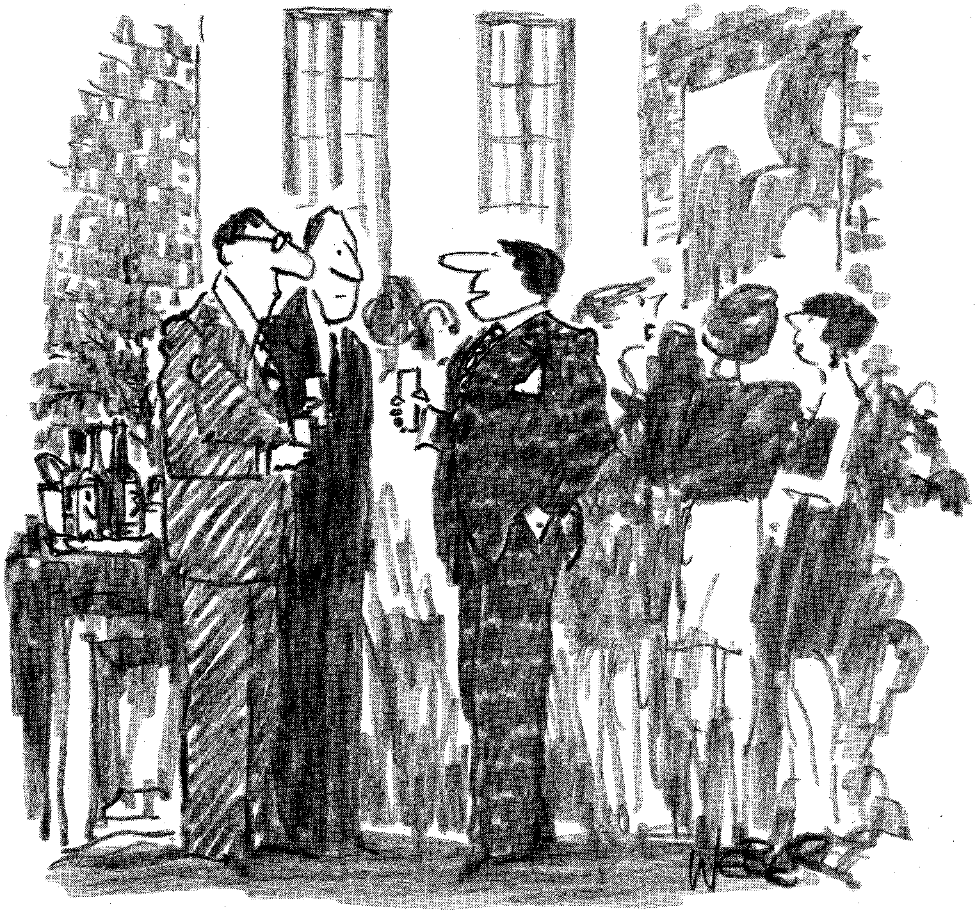
ARMHOLE PRESSING
NO. 11

The previous fall, with Patty's help, I had bought a new tweed jacket to wear to work, and in its normally useless outer breast pocket I had found, soon after becoming a father (while stuffing into it a number of Slim Jim spicy smoked snacks that I planned to hand out at the office in place of the standard cigars), a handful of these inspection slips, which were a little wider than fortune-cookie fortunes but had some of the same flimsy, touching portentousness: whispers from beyond the known world of the discount retail outlet, direct from the production line. "BLOCKING NO. 4," "LABELING NO. 5"—earlier suit jackets of mine had offered similar sacraments of quality control, and each time I had been pleased to discover them, sometimes after wearing the jacket for years without any need for the particular out-of-the-way pocket they waited in, but I had always smiled at them for a moment and then regretfully thrown them away.

This time, though, their faded colors held me—the cheek tint of "LAPEL NO. 3," and the urban-horizon blue of "IMPRESSION NO. 5," and especially the near-celadon of "LINING PRESS NO. 13." Two of them said, "If any defect should be discovered / Return this ticket with garment." The use of the subjunctive argued for manufacture in a place that once had been under British colonial rule, I thought; on the other hand, communications of this kind had a strangely international epidemiology, their style diffused through the demimonde of packaging copywriters and printers and uneasy technical people who wanted their language to free itself of all messy contingency and rise into the timeless sphere of pure procedural abstraction. (You could see, for instance, the artificial laconicism suddenly grip the mock-elegant copy on boxes of fancy frozen vegetables: though there was plenty of room for untelegraphic commands, the style would abruptly shift from the fluting of "Tender baby peas picked at the point of perfection and gently simmered in fresh tarragon butter and then quick-frozen to seal in . . .," etc., to the field-phone brusqueness of "Place pouch in saucepan. Bring to boil.")

Holding the sheaf of inspection slips like a bouquet of dried flowers, I went into the kitchen, where Patty had a breast flipped out, feeding the Bug for the second time that day, and I said, "Look what I found in my jacket pocket! These are much too beautiful to throw away!" I fanned them out next to a neat pile of nursing pads, and when I got home from work Patty was halfway through making a mobile out of them, hanging them sideways by white threads from various lengths of plastic straws so that they balanced in tiers. She'd saved them! She'd made permanent use of them! And she told me that as she had worked on the structure she had had an idea for a mail-order product: the customer would send in his family tree, and its configuration of marriages and progeny would be built into a mobile, each generation represented by a tastefully graduated shade—or, if that product proved too labor-intensive to make money, we might offer a do-it-yourself family-tree mobile kit, for older kids, that had telescoping crossbars and tags and Magic Markers for filling in the names of each relative.

I told her she should write these ideas down, because she had similarly promising ones like this fairly often (for instance, a coffee-table book of yachts' interior designs), but she didn't. She had begun writing in a spiral notebook every night, but I gathered that it was mostly observations about the newborn Bug. I would bring her her glass of water and get in bed while she sat against her pillow with her knees up, and I would stare from

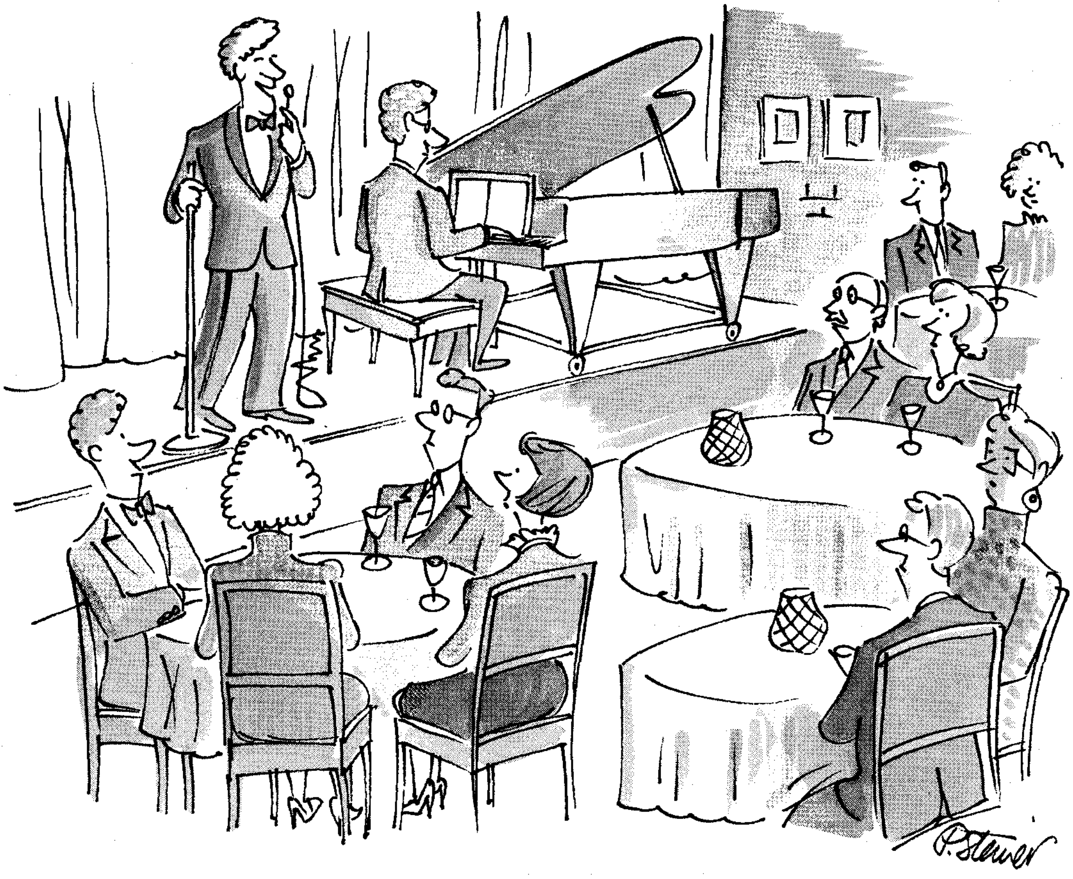


"We have two offices throughout the world."

• •

inches away at the lamplit overlapping-squares pattern of her flannel pajama bottoms (*why didn't the ink with which the pattern was printed ruin the fluffiness of the flannel's nap?*) and try to "read" by ear what Bug events she had found noteworthy that day. I wanted, as a first step, to isolate some simple word, like "sleep" or "milk," from the complicated sequences of felt-tip sniffing sounds her pen made. I wasn't successful. Sometimes if I cranked an eyeball to its limit I could see, over the diagonal of one side of her open notebook, the top of her pen whirling in its tight little epicycles, and with that visual supplement to the sound, I thought I possibly decoded the aural image of the word "nipple." Or was it "happy"? Was this skill even within the range of human ability? The only TV show my father ever got excited about was "Secret Agent," and once, when we all were watching, Patrick McGoohan made a stethoscopic tape recording through a door of a man dialling a phone number (on a dial phone, of course) and then moments later, at another telephone, re-created the phone number by a spellbindingly heuristic fingerstroke-by-fingerstroke matching of the dial-rewind times he had taped. But McGoohan was distinguishing between ten possible numbers on a telephone dial, while I, in listening to my wife's diary-writing, was trying to distinguish between twenty-six letters, plus the occasional capital, plus spaces and punctuation. You would know that it had been a "t" you had heard and not an "i" at the end of a word only when the grapheme was crossed or dotted, and that last fillip could very easily be confused with a comma.

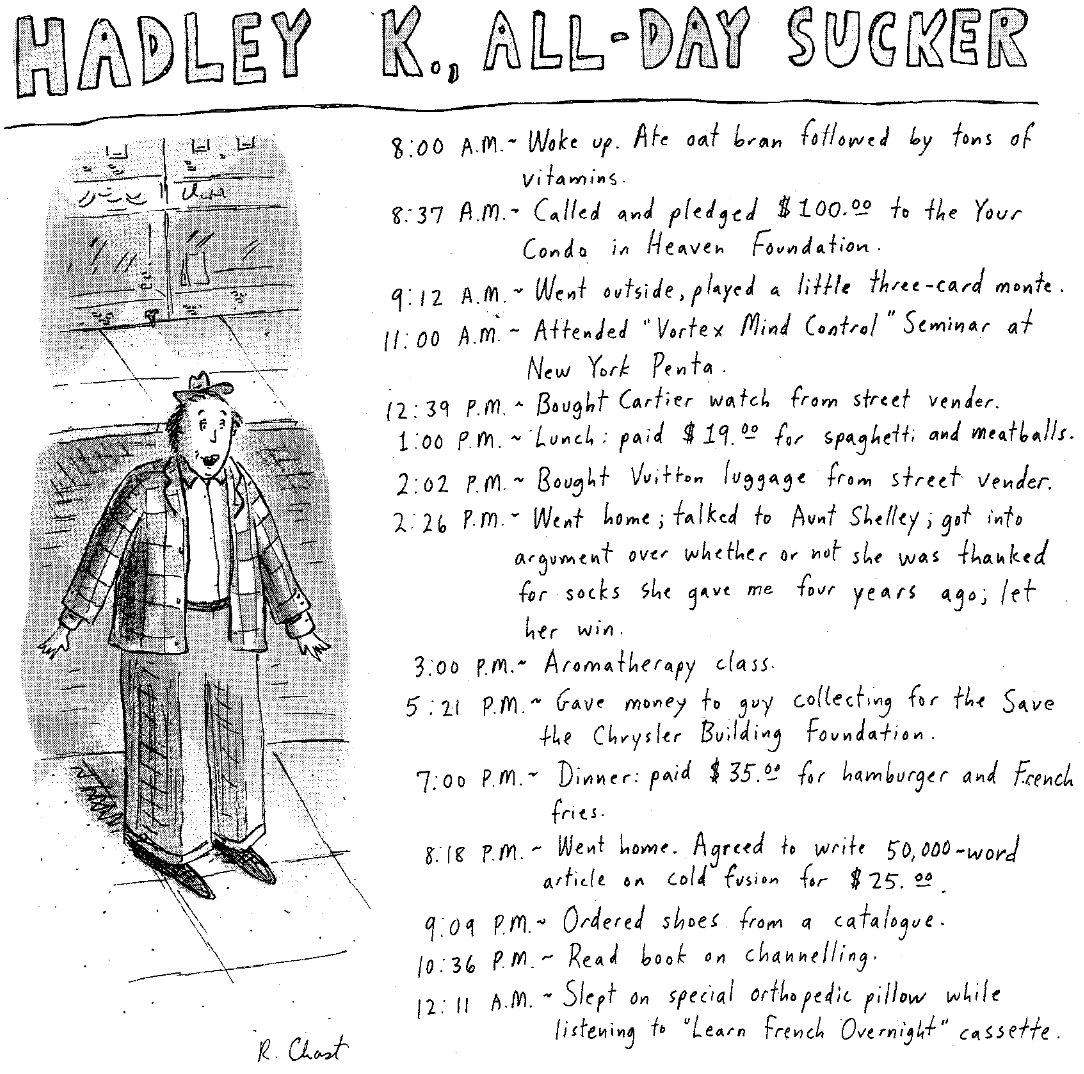
Yet it would be so pleasant to be able to lie in bed and listen to the sounds of one's spouse's felt-tip pen and know what she was putting down the very moment it occurred to her. Not long before, on the plane to my sister's wedding, with the infant Bug swaddled and asleep across our laps, I had looked over at Patty, full of contentment at this first trip we were taking since we had become parents, and I had been impressed by the resemblance of her eyelashes to the tops of shaving brushes (that same lighter coloration at their ends), but I had hesitated to tell her this—it seemed a poor comparison, demanding a complicated secondary itemization of the features of shaving brushes that were contextually irrelevant—and I felt it was better not to push through the bead curtain of her attention with only it in hand, but then I felt the familiar curiosity about whatever it *was* that was occupying her attention, and I wanted to ask, "What are you thinking about?" But hadn't I been asking her that question much too much lately: dogging her breast-feeding trances with tentative inquiries, because the coincidences or disparities between our thoughts always interested *me?* It was a form of harassment, or might ultimately become one; it required her to scramble around plucking and arranging recent transients into spoken sequence. A few nights prior to this plane ride I had come across a piece of paper near the phone on which she had written "$30,000" several times, and "Jane JANE JANE Jane." I asked her what it meant, and she said that it wasn't for me to know—that is, she would tell me if it was in any way interesting but really it was totally uninteresting, a doodle she had made while on the phone with her friend, not even worth the time it took to explain why I would be disappointed at its lack of interest. I whined at her to tell me anyway, pounding on the arm of the couch, insisting that everything about her was interesting, that there must be some novel or revealing feature to it, something that would give a finer grain to my knowledge of her, that (as Francis Thompson said in a review of Yeats' early poetry) "always true is always new." But for the first time she didn't say, "All right, I'll tell you, but I warned you it's dumb," and instead flatly refused. Another time, she had stopped in the middle of a sentence, saying, "Never mind, it's stupid," and here, too, I had begged her to finish her story, until finally she stopped laughing at my persistence and lost her temper, saying that sometimes she just wanted to protect from public scrutiny a little notion that she had mistakenly let halfway out. These late shieldings of her minor processes of self from me had left traces



"This next song is for everyone who has ever been incarcerated."

of uncertainty that now darkened my intention to ask her what was on her mind.

Yet because travel so often provoked life-summational emotions (and especially now, with the sensation of the new Bug asleep on our laps), I suspected that this would be one of those times when if I did get a peek into her thoughts I would be rewarded by a specific clump of happiness that I would be permanently grateful to have learned—one of those powerful, marriage-reinforcing confidences. So I thought I ought for both our sakes to ask her—but as a concession to her right to privacy I decided to vary the probe by giving my face a slightly craven and servile expression and by using the traditional porch-swing wording, "Penny for your thoughts?," in a uvularly hoisted Pee-wee Herman voice. But Jesus, I thought, a penny! Who came up with this ridiculously cheap valuation? A shilling, a quarter, a kingdom! When I was in fourth grade, my father once offered me a whole dime a page to work my way through a thick elementary Latin textbook (I made forty cents, counting the copyright and title pages); surely the possession of a set of Patty's current thoughts, even if they seemed to her lowly or undistinguished, would be more interesting and precious to me than those unyielding pages of grammar had been. Another time, a few years later, my father and I were driving to my grandparents' place in New Jersey, when he turned down the radio and said, "Hey, so what are you thinking about?" I told him that I had been trying to reconstruct all the transitions between all the subjects (Bach on the radio, the theory of lift, the possibility of infinite-speed gearboxes, new bicycle designs that took better advantage of the thigh muscles, etc.) that we had talked about since we'd driven off at six-thirty that morning, and he said, shaking his finger in "You've got a point there" approval, "That's good. Good mental exercise—you should try to do that a lot."


HADLEY K., ALL-DAY SUCKER
8:00 A.M. ~ Woke up. Ate oat bran followed by tons of vitamins.
8:37 A.M. ~ Called and pledged $100.00 to the Your Condo in Heaven Foundation.
9:12 A.M. ~ Went outside, played a little three-card monte.
11:00 A.M. ~ Attended "Vortex Mind Control" Seminar at New York Penta.
12:39 P.M. ~ Bought Cartier watch from street vender.
1:00 P.M. ~ Lunch: paid $19.00 for spaghetti and meatballs.
2:02 P.M. ~ Bought Vuitton luggage from street vender.
2:26 P.M. ~ Went home; talked to Aunt Shelley; got into argument over whether or not she was thanked for socks she gave me four years ago; let her win.
3:00 P.M. ~ Aromatherapy class.
5:21 P.M. ~ Gave money to guy collecting for the Save the Chrysler Building Foundation.
7:00 P.M. ~ Dinner: paid $35.00 for hamburger and French fries.
8:18 P.M. ~ Went home. Agreed to write 50,000-word article on cold fusion for $25.00.
9:09 P.M. ~ Ordered shoes from a catalogue.
10:36 P.M. ~ Read book on channelling.
12:11 A.M. ~ Slept on special orthopedic pillow while listening to "Learn French Overnight" cassette.
R. Chast

• •

The recollection of my father's deeply flattering advice strengthened my determination: I simply had to intrude on Patty's reflections by asking her what they were. I was on the verge of leaning toward her ear when she suddenly turned, smiling at me, and said, "What strange plans are you hatching, Snakeboy? You have quite a conspiratorial look." So I told her everything I could remember, from the sight of her eyelashes backlit against the airplane window a few seconds before to the rash decision just then to interrupt her inner life. The shaving-brush comparison pleased her more than I expected (her father still used one), and the fact that I had been thinking a nice thing about her may have been enough to click her trust in me up a notch, since she then said that while I had been weighing whether to break the silence she had been thinking that she didn't care that the position of the hot Bug on her lap was certainly going to leave wrinkles in her dress, and that once, when she was still in college and I was in my first year at Neimtzow Controls, she had put on a green cotton dress to visit me and had stood in the aisle of the uncrowded train all the way from Philadelphia to Boston so that the cotton wouldn't be wrinkled when I met her in the station. She'd never told me this before! A marriage-reinforcer.

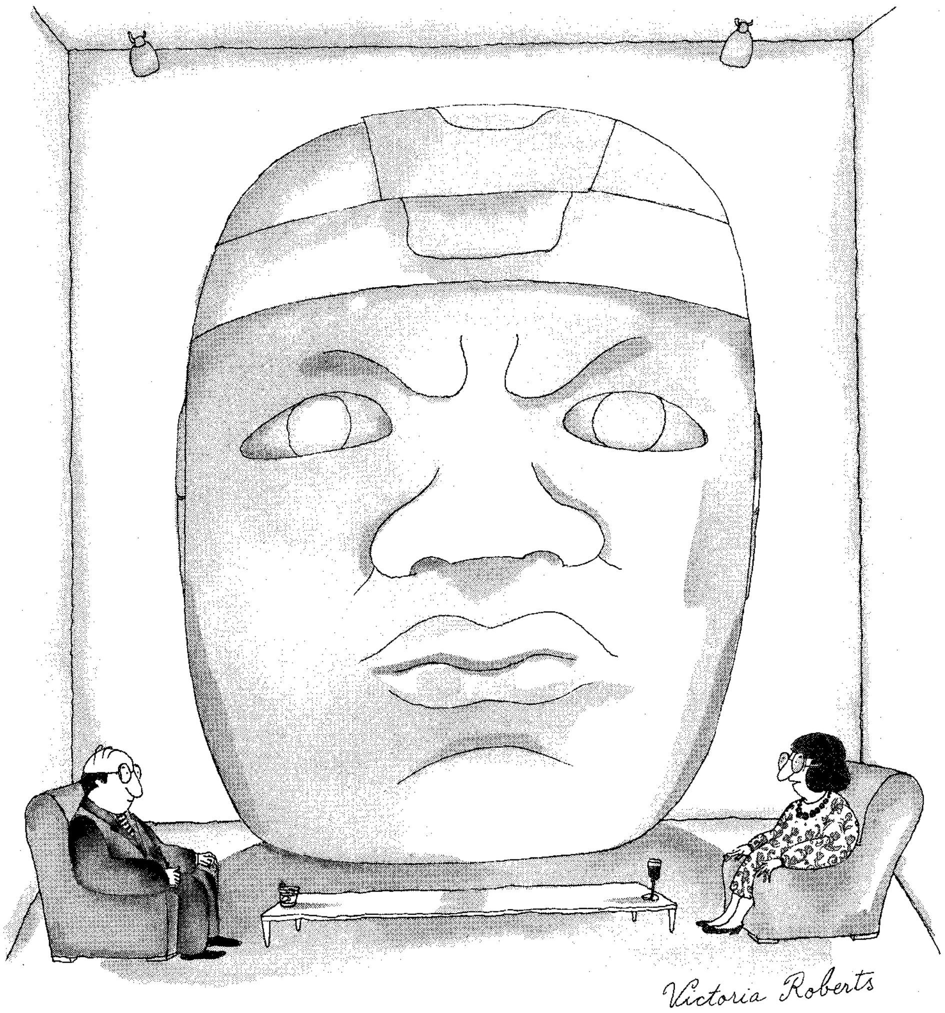
Soon after my sister's wedding, Patty began writing every night in the notebook. As hard as I continued to listen, I couldn't make out her meaning, but the sound itself, mixing with my little theories as to which events of that day she might select to put down, had a delicate confidingness of its own that I began to depend on; it was like the sounds that came from the family gerbil in my room as I lay in the dark thinking about whether I should break the news to my best fourth-grade friend, Jim Heydemann, that I alone of all people in the world had the ability to see individual air molecules as they vibrated about two feet below the ceiling in the dark: crisp sunflower-seed nibblings from the unseen cage (in the steady polyrhythms of clunky wire-service machines that used to lend urgency and dignity to the instant just before a station break on the evening news); the nice sense of intently focussed, glossy-eyeballed activity going on nearby, while I could direct my speculations frictionlessly in any direction, no specific seed or sentence to finish. But no: listening even harder to Patty's writing, I realized that I had been misdescribing it to myself. I had been unintentionally falsifying what I heard *by imposing on it the knowledge* that she was writing strings of words, when in fact, if I mentally disconnected the sound from its source, I would find that the information-rich scribbling produced by word formation was insignificant in comparison with the very high short lisps that took place *between* words and groups of words, as Patty moved the side of her hand a short distance to the right in order to establish a new temporary base for her handwriting. These papery swishes, the "negative spaces" between scribble units, contributed far more to the emotional soothingness of the sound of her diary-keeping than the word noise did —*just as, when you listen to someone* drawing your likeness, what is nicest is the occasional big hisses you hear as eraser grit is swept from the page. When I was eight and my sister was seven, my mother taught a series of art classes for high-school kids at the Memorial Art Gallery, and she tried out many of the lessons on us first. Some, like the "negative spaces" lesson, were taken from Nicolaïdes, while others, like her impossible assignment to "draw the inside of a pillow," were her own invention. Possibly because I had been hit with the romance of negative spaces *so early, I had turned against it,* and became impatient with art-historical discussions in college that drew attention to the painted light between tree trunks as opposed to the real tree trunks themselves, and with the overemphasis in science classes on "paradigm shifts" to the detriment of "normal science"; but it felt good years later to come back around, as you almost always did eventually, to acquiescing to the partial truth of some overhyped observation—and I was pleased to have returned to an appreciation of negative space not by leafing through a book of Klimt's landscapes or by reading about William James's "intention of saying a *thing*" but by *recognizing that it was* more truthful to downplay the scribble and focus on the hand slide in my own wife's record of our life. Probably it was the other way around in the eighteenth century: when the Duke of Gloucester said the famous "scribble, scribble, scribble" thing to Gibbon, the scratch of quill nibs did indeed rival the sound of one's hand sliding to a new spot below the line—in fact, the sound of a quill pen was probably quite close to the sound of my eyelashes scraping against the pillowcase every time I blinked, thinking about how Patty's writing sounded.

I BLEW a slow, longish puff of air in the direction of the mobile of inspection slips to see whether I could make it move from where I sat, across the room from the crib, or whether the impulse would die out along the way. The mobile didn't move. I thought of the warm, lip-focussed airstream surging forward a few feet and then quickly losing itself in increasingly minor efforts at displacement. The aerodynamics of this apartment had always been somewhat touchy. In the first weeks of our marriage, for instance, before I bought doorstops, the cheap hollow-core doors were always being sucked into slamming shut as outside gusts created temporary vacuums in one room or another—so that we suddenly would have privacy imposed on us and could knock on the newly closed door and pay a visit to each other and then leave the door open and feel the windy hugeness of all three rooms of our new life together.

Then one day after work I went to a Woolworth's to buy some candles at Patty's request, and was unable to find any in celadon at the Washington Street store's sadly neglected Candle

"It's an unusual request, but, yes, for an additional consideration I'm sure we can have him arranged on a bed of arugula."

Center—for though celadon had become a lot more popular since she had first pointed it out to me in college, in a Classici dell'Arte book of Pontormo's frescoes, it had not yet reached Woolworth's, and on the way to the register I passed another aisle of housewares and caught sight of some dark-red rubber doorstops in blister packs, and I thought, Hey—one of the things I can do is have a married life with a woman in an apartment that has doorstops! I can simply buy them! In the house I grew up in, a mysterious brick, left by the previous owners and covered in floral needlepoint, had served to hold open the inner front door, and because Jim Heydemann and I had played catch with this "Home Sweet Home" brick one day in the driveway, and had dropped it many times, the inaccessible ballast, repeatedly broken, made audible cereal-box noises as one footed it back into place. It had never occurred to me that any other doorstop for the front door was possible. And yet I had always envied normal households that had (besides aluminum screen doors whose hissing pistons could be locked into the open position by moving a little ring) doorstops wedged permanently into place under the open swinging kitchen door. I bought five doorstops from Woolworth's that day (extra so we would never run out, no matter what size house we ended up with) and jammed them in place, enjoying the simplicity of the concept: as pure a machine as the fulcrum, but charged with the task not of making displacement easier but of enforcing stability.

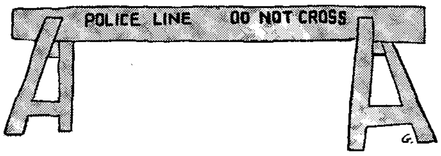

"Norman, let's lend out the Olmec head."

And it was quite characteristic of both of us that the domestic success that pleased Patty most in those first weeks of marriage was assigning a special drawer to hold a number of pairs of candles of sophisticated colors (whose white wicks were always lit for a few seconds before we had someone over for dinner, because it was apparently polite not to cause secret distress in the dinner guest by implying that the hosts had been obliged to junk the old candles and bring out a brand-new set to be melted half away by the end of the meal, and because the holding of the wick-blackening flame to each candle marked the loss of virginity of the table setting, allowing the guest to go ahead and mess up the perfect placement of the food on his plate without compunction), while the success that pleased me most, on the other hand, was owning five wedges of dark-red rubber to shove under the doors.

Patty would have had a name for that dark-red rubber, too: the red of the airhoses in gas stations and the ones that led to the diving helmets in "Red Rackham's Treasure," of toilet plungers, of the seals under the lids of peanut-butter jars before they moved to a white sprayed-on compound, of the rubber finger thimbles you use to flip quickly through sheaves of paper. Brick red? Maybe it was called brick red. I owed all my knowledge and awareness of colors to Patty. Indeed, that morning when the Bug was a few weeks old and I had walked into the kitchen holding the handful of inspection slips and said what beautiful colors they were, I had been conscious of a slight sense of *trying out* the idea that the colors themselves could be the quality of the slips that gave me pleasure, and not the coloristically drab but procedurally engrossing production line of clothes manufacturing they implied; and aware also of wanting to prove to Patty that I was making progress in my ability to find things in the world that she would like, and bring them to her as gifts. Covertly I would study her as she looked at a shelfful of china gravy boats at an antique store, watching her eye movements and trying to learn, without having her spell it out, which gravy boats she rejected and which attracted her and in what order; and I did the same thing as we flipped through a glossy house magazine together. Sometimes I would make a stab at appreciation—"That's a pretty nice wallpaper?"—and then award myself some grade, like a B-minus, after hearing her judicial "Yes, although I'm not convinced by the swags, and that end table looks forlorn there."

And she, too, was at work on learn-ing why the things that pleased me did please me, testing her progress against my reactions. This reciprocally crossed effort to master the other's interests meant a temporary subjugation of one's own, so that, for example, when Patty pointed out a beautiful book of photographs and engineering drawings of gears (sepia, gray, black) in a Rizzoli bookstore, not saying, "Hey, here's something *you'll* like," but rather, "Oh, how beautiful these gears are!" as if an enthusiasm for mechanical engineering had been innate in her, I had to force myself back into my old technologically appreciative self and go, "Oh, Momma! Cycloids! Much better than old Edward's shots of the green pepper!"—when I myself had been intently scanning the same table of books to predict the one ("Blue and White China"? "Long Island Landscape"?) that she would have exclaimed about had she not been trying to second-guess my exclamation. And thus we both reinforced a more fixed earlier self with its simpler enthusiasms in order to reward each other for having seen and understood them, even while our more fluid present selves began adjusting to new admixtures and we became proud of how far we had left those primitively in-character tastes behind.

Ah, but this now introduced an interesting doubt about Patty and the inspection slips. Up until now, the fact that she had been delighted enough by their pale colors and simple texts to devote two entire Bug naps to threading them together into something for our daughter, something that *could never be thrown away*, constituted a big confirmatory success for me. She had genuinely liked the colors that I had pulled like Bullwinkle from my brown tweed pocket! I had felt as if Slade had given me an honorary degree. But now I questioned her motives: perhaps she had been only mildly interested in those colors when I held them out to her. In the course of her pregnancy, and in those early days of nursing, her own color sense, she told me, had undergone a lurid upheaval: her old subtle favorites lost their savor, and, for the first time ever, she had experienced deep throbs of mental pleasure simply in staring at a plastic bag of raw cranberries. She brought home the *Better Homes and Gardens* "Five Seasons Cranberry Book," and made Chicken Ruby, Fruited Pork Chops, and barbecued Cranberry Whirlibirds (also a chicken dish), as well as cupcakes and Best-Ever Cranberry Muffins (all from recipes thoroughly assayed for "family appeal, practicality, and deliciousness" in the *Better Homes and Gardens* Test Kitchen), not out of physical craving but just for the satisfaction of manipulating those lacquered spheres of color, boiling them and spooning them; and one weekend we travelled in Ocean Spray's double-decker bus to a bog to watch the floating berries being roped toward a machine that shot them in an arterial gush into a truck. In the midst of this hormone-fed enthusiasm, she must have looked at the wan fan of inspection slips I had waved excitedly, the wispy celadon of "LINING PRESS" and the Alice blue of "ARMHOLE PRESSING," and inwardly thought, How hopelessly far behind me he is. By then possibly celadon had been the tablecloth color of choice in too many hotel renovations



ABSTRACTION

1.
The eyesore on the beach was torn down.
The charred half-rafter hanging over
The gutted, broken frame and rubble
Fell last, fell as it should have fallen,
Undercut by flames, unsupported,
First. In three swipes the crane's shovel drove
The house down and raised cold cinder smoke.
The seagulls, mewling their childlike cries,
Pulled themselves into lumbering flight,
Outward from the pilings and then back,
A haphazard, elliptical chart,
Outward from the pilings and then back.

2.
He wanted to know she wanted him.
He wanted her to want him, to know
She wanted him without his asking,
Without hinting or soliciting.
To be wanted was what he wanted.
The ruined formula of his want
Was that he wanted. How could he know
What influence, what small coercion
His expectation had on her want,
The purity of her missing want?
He believed it to be missing, although,
In this sombre farce, how could he know?

3.
This will be his home: the foundation,
The stairway, the framed-in walls open
For now on all sides. The rooms seem small,
The halls narrow, too narrow to pass
Through together. When the doors are hung,
Perhaps, when the drywall and clapboards
Are hammered into place, perhaps then
The space will not seem so closed. The plans
Denied limits: luminous white lines
Opened the field of blue they enclosed.
He prefers the abstract design to this:
A place to live, a room for each need.

—ERIC PANKEY

• •

and magazine makeovers; constructing the mobile was merely her way of helping me to fuse my still tentative, anxious colorimetry into my permanent, careless, inborn inclination for things with moving parts. The motivating proportions had probably been:

50% a wish to make something nice for the Bug to look up at in her crib
35% fondness for my continued apprenticeship in taste
15% genuine pleasure in the colors.

THE NIGHT THEY INVENTED CHAMPAGNE
CALL THE ATTORNEYS!

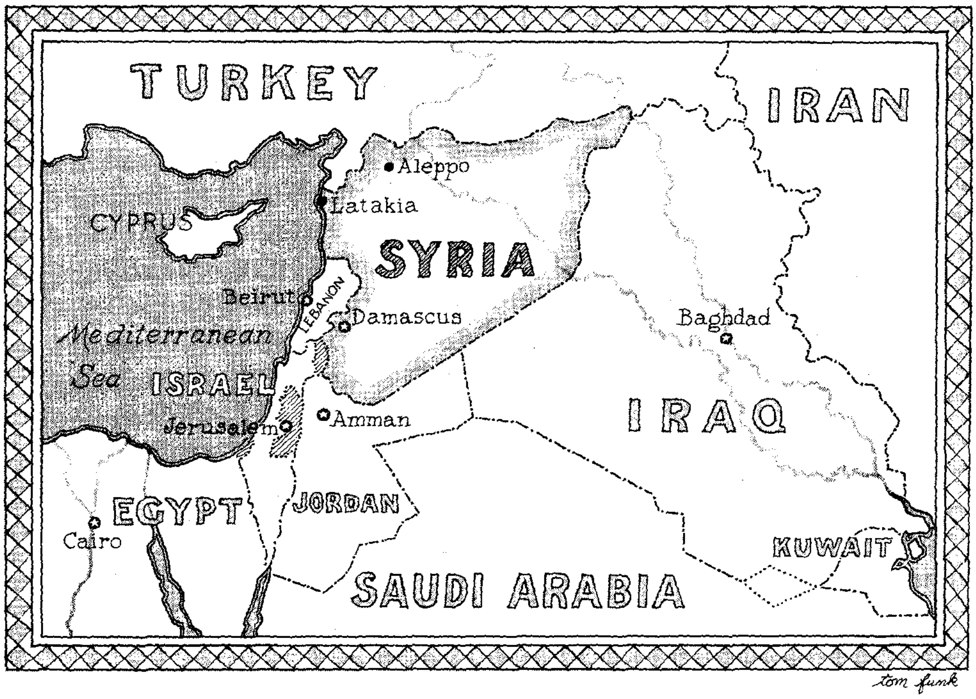
For a second, the fifteen-per-cent figure made me unhappy, and then I thought, Fine, yes, I *welcome* all this imperfect mingling—I want this circling refluxion of our old reconditioned pleasures and our new genuine ones to continue for years, decades, until it becomes impossible to trace backward the history of any particular liking, just as it was impossible to unstir the rash dollops of red or yellow tint my mother used to add to the custom-mixed paints she got from Sears. She used old peanut-butter jars as receptacles, and sat cross-legged in the side yard pouring imperceptibly different yellow-greens from one jar to another, refining the color that she wanted for the porcelain-knobbed dresser in my sister's room, though the young technician in the paint department at Sears had with apparently scientific precision injected what seemed to me a perfectly acceptable series of squirts of yellow, cyan, and magenta from the paint organ into a white base, according to the recipe in a notebook for the sample chip my mother had matched to the border of a cloth calendar. She was closing in now on her idea; she had long since made use of the one free stirrer that came with the can of paint, and was now "warming" the dresser-color-to-be by dipping a pencil in a tiny can of old Rust-Oleum and holding it above the peanut-butter jar so that a stream of red fell, disappearing entirely at first and pooling in an invisible bulb of unmixedness at the heart of the host hue, and then later, as the pencil's burden lightened, thinning to a stretched rubber band's breadth frail enough to remain caught on the surface, recording in Spirograph patterns the minute trembles of her hand and the light breezes that unplumbed the paint's angle of descent. Again she dipped the pencil in the red and held it over the jar; and then, although I was sure that she could have had no real knowledge of how large the reservoir of potential warmth was that hung somewhere in the midst of the yellow-green, waiting to tint it, she said, "I think that will do it," and stirred, and then she poured this new mixture into another jar of slightly lighter color, thereby interpolating a shade between them—and that was the color my sister's small dresser was painted, a color that may have been close to celadon but was probably more of an ochre, that formed the background to the brown rubber bands I stretched between the porcelain knobs in L shapes and triangles, imagining I was threading tan magnetic tape around the capstans of a tape recorder, from which I plucked unpleasant tunes with my eyes closed.

These painting projects of my mother's were one of the reasons why there were whole months during summers of house fixup that we had no pencils around to take phone messages or leave notes to each other that tomorrow was garbage day, although at other times, when my mother was teaching after-school art classes, we had a sudden influx of nearly acceptable implements: Grumbacher 2Hs that left a faint trace on the page, and red grease pencils that were unrolled rather than sharpened, Wolff's charcoal pencils, and bars of pure graphite. My mother had gone to Parsons for two years, and afterward, until she became pregnant with me, had worked as a colorist for Greff Fabrics, being assigned patterns in outline to fill in as she wished; and possibly as a result of this overexposure to the infinitude of the color chart she almost never mentioned individual tints by name. So Patty was telling me something entirely new by teaching me "celadon"; yet from my mother I already understood that women were the only route out of the brown world: women transformed the wood-panelled male principle, the terrene unctuosity of peanut butter, into the female emanation of World's Fair-white breast milk, into dozens of intermediate colors of paint, and, in Patty's later case, as she fed steadily on those dull spoonfuls of Skippy at the outset of her pregnancy, into the subtle gradients of flushes and blue shadows of my own daughter's face.

—NICHOLSON BAKER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SHADOW OF SALADIN



THE recently completed palace of Syria's President, Hafez al-Assad, looks down from a hilltop upon Damascus, Syria's capital of three million people. An intimidating symbol of power, it has all the grace of boxes lining a shelf, and when I first saw it the heavy stone façade and irregular, flat-topped silhouette reminded me of Sing Sing. Later, having travelled to the mountainous north of the country, I wondered whether its inspiration came from the magnificent fortress occupied by Saladin in the twelfth century, whose massive stone walls and distinctive square turrets still command the valley routes of ancient invaders.

A member of the dissident Islamic sect of Alawites, Assad grew up in an Alawite village just a few miles from Saladin's citadel. He must have played among the ruins. Wouldn't any Arab boy from an Islamic minority growing up in an era of colonialism have been aroused by the memory of Saladin, the scourge of the Crusaders? As a Kurd, Saladin, too, was an outsider among Arabs. Young Assad, imbued with talent and ambition, may have acquired not only his architectural taste but also his political dream from the greatest of the Arab monarchs. The dream of both was to unite the Arabs, drive the outsider from Islamic lands, and retake the holy city of Jerusalem—a dream that derived from the glory days of the seventh century, when the Arabs, preeminent in the world, ruled from Damascus.

How does Assad measure his realization of that dream? Saladin, by the time he was fifty, had stopped the Crusaders, while Assad, who is now approaching sixty, sees his own prospects ebbing. These are not the best of times for Syria. The country is mired in Lebanon's fifteen-year-old civil war, and at home the economy moves at a camel's pace. For nearly a year, the new Presidential palace has been ready for occupancy, but Assad continues to govern Syria from a modest villa in downtown Damascus; when darkness falls, the palace vanishes, with not so much as a single light to remind the city of its presence. Does an encroaching sense that he is only a shadow of his brilliant mentor keep Assad from moving in?

In Syria, it is difficult to get answers even to innocuous questions, let alone to those that intrude on the personal domain of the President. Damascenes are told little or nothing about the operations of the state. The standard journalistic queries—Who designed the palace? How much did it cost? Who paid for it? Why has it remained vacant?—are treated by officials as an assault. In the rumor mill around the city, I learned that the building was designed by a Japanese architect; that the cost exceeded three billion dollars; that the Saudis, who began subsidizing Syria in 1979, paid the bill; that Assad would not move in because he considered the finished product ugly. But I could not confirm any of this information, and much less was I able to penetrate the veiled personality of the man behind it. For Assad, an air of enigma is an instrument of government.

Puzzled by the mystery of the palace, I twice went in search of information to the Presidential villa, which is in Malki, a handsome neighborhood favored by high officials, diplomats, and the prosperous bourgeoisie. Malki is part of the new Damascus, which reaches west from the walls of the Old City and across the fertile plain called the Ghouta to climb the flank of Mt. Qassioun, part of the range that forms the border with Lebanon. New Damascus was designed by French urban planners during the period of France's mandate, following the First World War, but construction was not begun in earnest until after 1946, when Syria achieved independence. Its wide avenues, spacious parks, and circular intersections decorated with fountains and statues recall Pierre L'Enfant's plan for Washington, D.C. Trees shade the streets, and behind high walls stand elegant European-style villas. Here are Damascus's fine boutiques and best restaurants, frequented by well-dressed people speaking many languages. In a city that takes pride in being the most Westernized in the Arab world, these are the most Westernized neighborhoods.

Assad Kemal Elyas, the President's chief speechwriter, and Joubran Kourriya, the Presidential press aide, received me graciously at the villa. They are Assad's two closest aides, but they had no authority to tell me anything. It is said that apart from Assad himself the only men who exercise power in Syria are the heads of the *mukhabarat* (the secret-police units active in every

Arab country) and the chiefs of the special military forces. These men are all Alawites, faithful to Assad and to the Baath Party, which he leads. Rifat al-Assad, the President's younger brother, was once among them, but he showed himself too greedy both for money and for power, and in 1984 he was, in essence, exiled to Paris. The members of Syria's security junta say nothing for publication, and never appear in public. Their identities are known, but their faces are not—not even to the diplomatic community—and their names, usually pronounced in a whisper, evoke awe. In contrast, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet are considered no more than administrators. As for Assad's personal entourage, it is composed of accommodating, well-meaning men whose real role is to shield the President from the outside world.

The offices in which Elyas and Kourriya received me were tiny, and crowded with cardboard cartons that overflowed with files. Both men offered me coffee, and spoke eloquently of the President's multitude of virtues. But when I asked specific questions about Assad's relocation plans I did not get so much as a cliché.

"Why would you want to know that?" Elyas asked.

I replied that Elyas himself might want to know, in view of the obviously overcrowded conditions in which he worked. Wouldn't it take considerable planning, I asked, to transfer the Presidential office to a new site?

Elyas, a septuagenarian who has spent decades with Assad, shrugged. "This matter is of no concern to me," he said, scarcely able to contain his irritation. "When the President is ready, he will let us know. We'll move when we're told to move." He added that he had never discussed the new offices with the President, nor had he ever been inside the palace. After a while, I began to sound obsessive even to myself.

THE government has been equally silent on the subject of Lebanon. Last summer, when I arrived in Damascus, artillery battles were raging in Beirut between the Maronite Christian forces under General Michel Aoun and the militias of the Lebanese Muslim coalition allied with Syria. A few days later, a crisis erupted, culminating in the murder of Lieutenant Colonel William Higgins and the threat to the life of another hostage, Joseph Cicippio. Those events brought a swarm of Western journalists to Damascus, all of them hoping for important stories either on the hostages or on a possible break in the long deadlock in the Lebanese war. But the Syrian government told them nothing, and the Western embassies—normally a productive source of information in tight-lipped countries—knew no more than the reporters did. After a week or two, most of the journalists abandoned the city, presumably having been dispatched by their editors to more talkative capitals.

The Damascenes, though, have an emotional involvement in the death and destruction consuming Beirut, and they cannot remove themselves from it so easily. Barely an hour away by car, Beirut was once—with its uninhibited café and night life, its seaside promenades and beaches, its free press, its climate of political tolerance—the lung through which they breathed the exhilarating air of liberty. Most of the older Damascenes I met spoke lyrically of a Beirut to which they had been introduced as children, and waxed nostalgic about "the old days," which they know will never return. (Damascenes call their most elegant shopping street —which is not really very elegant—Hamra, after the Fifth Avenue of Beirut.) Many went to Lebanese high schools, or to the American University in Beirut, in the days when there was little in the way of secular education in Damascus. More than a few have relatives who lived in Beirut and have moved to Paris or New York, or into spare rooms in the homes of their Syrian families. For Damascus, the reports of Beirut's agony are like bad news from home.

Still, the crisis did not interrupt the regular rhythms of Damascene life, which are governed by the sun. The day begins in the cool dawn, when the streets surrounding the Old City become a vast open-air market, with thousands of carts displaying fresh vegetables and fruit. By ten or so, the shops have opened, both in the darkened souk and narrow streets of the Old City and in the modern downtown. (Even there, the tradition of the small merchant remains the rule; there are no department stores in Damascus.) Until about one o'clock in the afternoon, commerce is intense, the traffic is choking, and the coffeehouses are full—mostly of old men in traditional dress sitting around playing backgammon or just smoking. As the heat approaches its peak, the shopkeepers lower their shutters, the government offices close for the day, and taxi-drivers, waving apologetically to would-be riders, speed home to lunch. The city naps through the afternoon, waking again as the sun descends and the temperature—responding abruptly in the dry desert climate—begins to drop.

At five or so, the shops and most of the business offices are open again, but now the city seems devoted less to commerce than to play. Promenading families tour the downtown streets, window-shopping, nibbling pastries from trays in the bake shops, sipping coffee in the cafés. Unshaven teen-age boys in the worn jeans of the working class cluster around orange-juice bars or drink beer on the terraces of cheap restaurants. Much more stylish are the adolescents of the student set—flirtatious girls and boys in Riviera dress who crowd the ice-cream parlors and the fast-food shops. After darkness falls, lines form in front of the movie houses, which show lurid Arab love tales, Grade B thrillers from Europe or America, kung-fu flicks, and an occasional year-old Hollywood hit. ("Desperately Seeking Susan" was the favorite among Damascus intellectuals at the time of my visit.) At eight, when the offices close, secretaries and clerks pour out onto the streets to compete—politely, as a rule—for taxis to take them home (ancient buses are available, but only the poor seem to use them), and by ten, when the bright lights are switched off in the store windows, parents have their children in hand and are headed home for bed. But the city's life rolls on, and in the night clubs (chic ones for the Saudis, tacky ones for the soldiers—both varieties decorous as night clubs go) the belly dancers start to gyrate only after midnight. On the patio of an officers'

"'Goodnight room. Goodnight moon.'"

• •

club just below my hotel window, couples danced every night to very loud music, both Western and Arab, until well after I went to bed.

But normal as it appeared, Damascus was tense. The press tells the citizenry little, and the news on Syrian television—normally divided between camera shots of officials meeting with foreign dignitaries and brief references to world events—is packaged in Party-line clichés. Damascenes knew, however—from foreign broadcasts, or through the military grapevine, or from refugees who had crossed the mountains—that not only Lebanese civilians but Syrian soldiers, too, were dying. I was repeatedly asked—as if, being a Westerner, I had some special insight—"What do you think is happening in Lebanon?" or, sometimes, "What do you think we should do about Lebanon?" The questions doubtless reflected not so much a lack of information as a widespread frustration at being shut out of the decision-making process. Beneath Damascus's apparent calm there seemed to be a deep anxiety and a lack of trust in what the government was saying and doing.

In fact, the Syrian government has a strong case to make in justification of its involvement in Lebanon. The Assad regime is clearly annoyed by criticism coming from the West, yet the candor that might defuse this criticism has long been absent from its pronouncements. Whatever official Syrians have to say for themselves—about Lebanon or about anything else—their humorless, self-righteous, ideological delivery inevitably crushes a listener's sympathy. I recall sitting in on a briefing in 1988 given to a delegation of Americans by Vice-President Abdul Halim Khaddam, who is responsible for the day-to-day conduct of Syria's affairs in Lebanon. A small man with a sly look, Khaddam is known among diplomats and journalists for his acid tongue. ("As many years as you've been coming around here," he once said to me, scowling, after we had exchanged amenities in his office, "and you still speak such lousy Arabic?") On this occasion, however, he was doing his best to be charming. He spoke for nearly an hour—counting the interpreter's time—but he spun out one banality after another. He concluded by saying, "I'm sure that if the American people could only hear me explain our position they would agree with it"—at which point a woman sitting next to me leaned over and whispered, "I think that if the American people had had to sit through this they'd declare war."

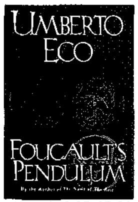
It has been nearly a decade and a half since Syria's armed forces first entered Lebanon. By then, the war had been raging for almost a year, and though losses were devastating on both sides, the Maronites were clearly getting the worst of it and seemed close to falling to the Muslim militias, which were then led by the P.L.O. The Syrians, fearful of a Palestinian-dominated power on their western flank, decided to intervene on the Maronite side, and in short order they restored an uneasy balance between the antagonists. With the endorsement of the Arab League, they stayed on in Lebanon as a buffer between Christians and Muslims, proclaiming that their goal was not to acquire Lebanese territory but to help their Lebanese brothers achieve a political settlement. Their only condition, they indicated, was that such a settlement produce a government that would not be a threat to Syria's security. Indeed, they have annexed no territory, and though they have failed to end the bloodshed, they have undoubtedly kept it at a far lower level than it would have reached without them.

From the start, the principal stumbling block to a settlement has been the refusal of the Maronites to relinquish the dominant position they had enjoyed since the French-colonial administration, in 1920, carved a "Greater Lebanon" out of its Syrian mandate. In those days, the dominance of the Maronites may have been justified by their preponderant numbers (though they were probably never a majority), but today they make up less than a quarter of the Lebanese. The Shiites are in the majority, and insist—not unreasonably—on a commensurate exercise of power, but the Maronites respond that they must retain their political edge as a means of preserving their Christian culture in an Islamic sea. The Syrians have joined the Lebanese Muslims in calling for the replacement—by majority rule—of Lebanon's "confessional" system, which allocates political offices according to religious affiliation, and gives the top jobs to Maronites.

In the dispute between Europe and the Arabs at the peace conference following the First World War, the Maronites favored mandates over na-

DYING FOR A GOOD MYSTERY?

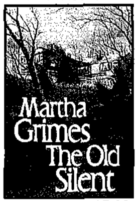
1966 $17.95/**$7.98**



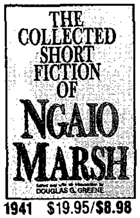
2915 $22.95/**$7.98**

1974 $12.95/**$6.98**

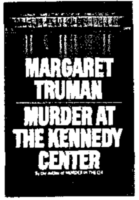
1818 $18.95/**$6.98**



6478 $18.95/**$7.98**

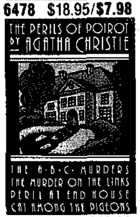


1941 $19.95/**$8.98**



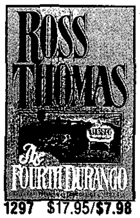
6494 $17.95/**$6.98**

1784 $16.95/**$7.98**



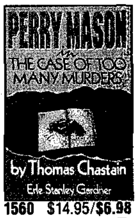
1644 Sp. Ed./**$10.98**

1792 $17.95/**$6.98**

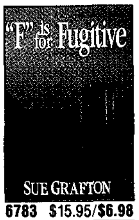


1297 $17.95/**$7.98**

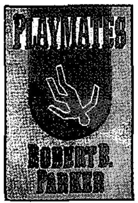
*6502 $18.95/**$7.98**



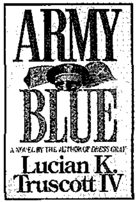
1560 $14.95/**$6.98**



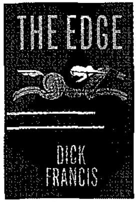
6783 $15.95/**$6.98**



6221 $17.95/**$6.98**

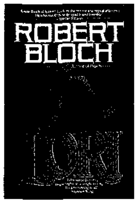


2923 $19.95/**$11.98**

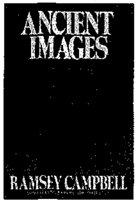


8110 $18.95/**$6.98**

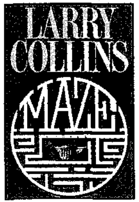
2022 $18.95/**$10.98**



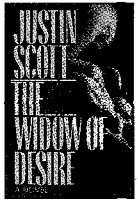
2048 $16.95/**$9.98**



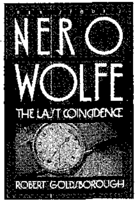
2030 $18.95/**$10.98**



2931 $19.95/**$11.98**

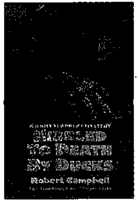


2949 $17.95/**$8.98**

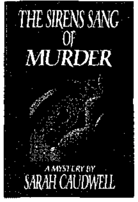


1750 $15.95/**$6.98**

1354 $16.95/**$6.98**

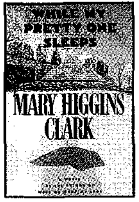


2006 $17.95/**$7.98**



1834 $16.95/**$8.98**

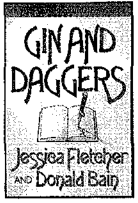
1867 $16.95/**$8.98**



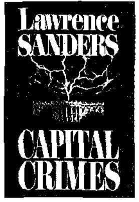
1743 $19.95/**$11.98**

TAKE ANY 6 BOOKS FOR 99¢ with membership

Continue to save as a member . . .
40% to 60% off publishers' prices!

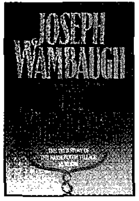


1545 $17.95/**$8.98**

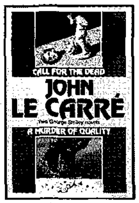


6486 $19.95/**$8.98**

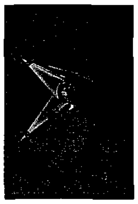
1487 $18.95/**$10.98**



*6767 $18.95/**$8.98**



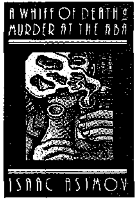
0612 $19.90/**$8.98**


0430 $19.95/**$7.98**

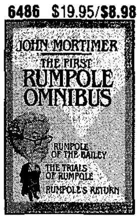
0729 Sp. Ed./**$7.98**

6833 $17.95/**$7.98**

*0539 $19.95/**$8.98**



8094 Sp. Ed./**$8.98**



4010 Sp. Ed./**$8.98**

Prices in fine print are for publishers' editions. Prices in bold print are Club editions.

* Contains explicit scenes and/or language.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN . . .

6 BOOKS FOR 99¢—PLUS A FREE TOTE. Send no money now. You'll be billed 99¢, plus shipping and handling, when your membership is accepted.

A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION. If you're not 100% satisfied with your books, return them within 10 days *at our expense*. Your membership will be canceled and you'll owe nothing. The Club Tote is your free gift to keep.

THE FREE CLUB MAGAZINE. You'll receive 14 issues a year. Each issue includes the Featured Selection(s) plus a number of Alternates—some exclusive Club editions. Twice a year, you may also receive offers of Special Selections.

SHOPPING MADE SIMPLE. To get the Featured Selection(s), *do nothing*—it will be sent automatically. If you prefer another book—or none at all—simply return your Member Reply Form by the date shown. A shipping and handling charge is added to each order.

AN EASY-TO-MEET OBLIGATION. Take up to 1 year to buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices. Afterwards, you may resign membership anytime. Or you may continue to enjoy the benefits of belonging to *Mystery Guild.*

HUGE DISCOUNTS . . . from 40% to 60% off publishers' hardcover editions. Some Club books are altered in size to fit special presses.

RISK-FREE RETURN PRIVILEGES. If you get an unwanted book because your Club magazine came late and you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return the book *at our expense.*

FREE TOTE
with membership

MYSTERY® GUILD

OVER 40 YEARS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MYSTERIES

MAIL TO:
Mystery Guild
Garden City, NY 11530

Please write book numbers here:

ES794 35

YES! Please enroll me in *Mystery Guild* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me the 6 BOOKS I've indicated—and my FREE TOTE. Bill me just 99¢, plus shipping and handling.

Mr./Mrs.
Miss/Ms. ______________________________
please print

Address ______________________ Apt. ________

City ____________________ State ________ Zip ________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members serviced from Canada, where offer is slightly different. Sales tax added where applicable. We reserve the right to reject any application.

N.Y. 1/8/90

tional independence. Throughout history, in fact, they have made alliances against their Muslim neighbors. Arabs do not forget the Maronites' support of the Crusaders in the Middle Ages, or their long-term linkage to the papacy in Rome, or their special relationship with the French during the Ottoman era. After Syria's intervention in 1976, the Maronites again turned to outsiders for help in preserving their power. This time, the Israelis were available, and a Maronite-Israeli alliance emerged. Syria, whatever its objectives in Lebanon, can scarcely have been expected to look upon such an alliance with equanimity. What does seem paradoxical is Syria's unwillingness—with half a million men in arms—to crush the Maronite forces, whose numbers have never exceeded fifteen thousand. Instead, the Syrians have been content to preside over a military arrangement in which Christians and Muslims maintain a fragile status quo. Despite their insistence that they are in Lebanon not as occupiers but solely to save Arab lives, the Syrians have made no effort to disarm the militias, and have produced at best a ceasefire bristling with dangers. Meanwhile, they have done little to promote meaningful negotiations, with the result that the gap between the warring Lebanese is greater than ever.

The status quo in Lebanon has been broken twice since 1976—both times by the Maronites, seeking to exploit what they perceived as a military opportunity. In 1982, they collaborated in an invasion by Israel, which had promised to shore up their hegemony. In that war, Syria did poorly on the battlefield but, in promoting guerrilla warfare by its Lebanese allies, defeated Israel politically. By mid-1985, Israel had withdrawn from all but an enclave on Lebanon's southern border, and the Christian-Muslim standoff was essentially restored. The second disruption began early last year, when General Aoun, having proclaimed himself leader of the country, wheeled into battle a new arsenal, supplied by the Iraqis, who, after their war in the Gulf, were anxious to even scores with Syria for having backed Iran. The Syrians, supported by their Muslim allies, responded vigorously, matching Aoun shell for shell, while their Navy blockaded Maronite ports. Hundreds of noncombatants were slaughtered in the fighting, and Beirut was reduced to a moonscape, but Aoun was stopped.

For Assad, the issue is not which Lebanese faction governs in Beirut but which enemy sits on Syria's western flank. Israel's Army is already on the country's southern frontier and Iraq's on its eastern frontier. Most strategists would concede that Syrian concern is legitimate, and that the Maronites' fondness for freewheeling alliance-making promotes destabilization of the entire region. The conflict has proved resistant to repeated diplomatic efforts to resolve it, and the Syrians seem prepared to accept a stalemate likely to last into the next century. Assad, in an interview early last year with *Time*, confirmed this policy. "Military dispute is not the correct way to reach reconciliation," he said. "Ever since we entered into Lebanon . . . we have attempted to bring the parties closer together. We used force only to stop the civil war and to disengage the two fighting sides. But we have never used this force in order to impose a solution. . . . We think that dialogue is the way for Lebanon out of the crisis."

There are those who hold that Assad's perplexing no-win strategy is carefully calculated, and that he is indifferent to the spilling of Lebanese blood. As an Alawite, they say, Assad believes that making war against the Maronites, Lebanon's minority, risks alienating Syrian minorities, on whose support his regime depends. Furthermore, if such a war were to be successful it would empower the Muslims, the Lebanese counterparts of the very majority that his regime excludes from power. These thinkers argue that Assad rescued the Maronites in 1976 to keep the Muslims from seizing the reins of government and for the same reason makes no effort to defeat the Maronites today. Assad has no plan for ending the civil war, they say, precisely because he fears a victory of either side and prefers an uneasy equilibrium, over which Syria will be the permanent arbiter.

Mustafa Tlas, Syria's Minister of Defense, suggested to me that the Army also had some thoughts on Syria's Lebanon strategy. Not just a soldier but a self-proclaimed lover and poet, Tlas, a small, elegant man in his mid-sixties, is one of the few figures in Syria's political panoply who reveal themselves as individuals, but he obviously wields much less power than the shadowy chiefs of the security services, some of whom are his nominal subordinates. He received me one morning at the Ministry in a uniform adorned with eight rows of ribbons. Over his desk hung one of the few photographs I have seen of Assad in military uniform; it was framed in moving neon lights. When I pressed Tlas about Syria's passive reaction to Maronite power, he reacted with a vigorous defense of the Army's role.

"Many of my officers think the government is immobilized by indecision," he said. "They want to go in to put an end to the nightmare once and for all. They are angry, and they are right in not wanting to tolerate the kind of conduct that the Maronites are practicing. But the Syrian Army does not get involved in politics. And the problem is not just the Maronites. We have to take into consideration that the Israelis are always waiting to pounce on us, that the Iraqis are currently behind the Maronites, and that both these countries are in league with the United States. We are facing all these outside powers, so we must be patient. We have been in Lebanon for nearly fourteen years, and we can stay for a hundred if necessary. The Maronites are Arabs, our brothers. Our orders from President Assad are to wait for them to come back to the fold."

Assad, as though barely interested, played a minor role in the negotiations in the Saudi Arabian mountain resort of Taif last fall, in which Lebanon's parliamentarians—Maronites included—produced an agreement on political reforms. The Arab League, fearing a Syrian-Iraqi blowup in Lebanon, had taken the leadership in providing mediation, and the meeting had a far more positive outcome than anyone had expected. Assad endorsed the reforms without enthusiasm, knowing that he would probably be called on to enforce them. He greeted the subsequent election of René Moawad as President—and, after Moawad's assassination, of Elias Hrawi—in the same spirit. When General Aoun refused to surrender his claims as Lebanon's leader, Hrawi turned to Assad for help, and Assad dutifully sent in ten thousand troops to join the thirty-five thousand Syrian soldiers already there, and put his forces into position to mount an attack. But he clearly had no stomach for an offensive, and within a few days Hrawi announced that he would "liberate" the Maronite enclave using only Lebanese troops. Hopes for a quick end to the civil war were crushed, and Damascenes, once again reduced to waiting, were back to asking themselves whether Syria's policy in Lebanon amounted to no policy at all.

"TO understand Assad," said Dr. Antun Makdissi, "you must see him as a link in the chain of Syrian peasants who lived with the Ottoman pashas for centuries. The Syrian peasant is never spontaneous—he is always calculating, always suspicious. The European, in dealing with others, learns to ask, 'What does he mean?' The peasant asks, 'What does he want, and how can I use it to my advantage?' He is trained to play the parties he deals with against one another, so that in the end he is on the side of the winner. In Syria, man is not young or innocent or naïve. Man is old and cynical. In that sense, Assad is totally Syrian."

I went to Makdissi, a retired scholar trained in philosophy at universities in Paris and Beirut, to learn the extent of Ottoman influence in Syria today. The subject had turned out to be more complex than I foresaw. Not only was scholarship lacking but politics confused it. Strongly committed Muslims speak positively of the Ottomans, thereby conveying a nostalgia for the caliphate, for a society with little Western contact, for the rule of Islamic law. Strong nationalists, on the other hand, denounce the Ottomans, placing themselves on the side of secularism, social reform, and Arab preëminence. Makdissi, being Christian, seemed detached from the dispute. I met with him in a simple office in the Ministry of Culture, where he works several hours each day—largely for his own pleasure—translating books from French into Arabic for publication by the government press.

"Throughout most of the Ottoman period, Syrians identified themselves only by their religion," Makdissi said. "The Ottomans were seen not as occupiers but as fellow-Muslims. Only in the Empire's dying years did Arab nationalism begin to emerge, as a reaction to the efforts of Ottoman reformers to Turkify the society. And the transition to nationhood is still not complete. Even now, many men and women in the street think of Syria as a transitional concept. The sense of nationhood is further undermined by our confessional practices. As a Christian, for example, I do not contract a civil marriage, and if I have a fight with my wife I go not to a state tribunal but to a church court, which adjudicates according to Christian law, which is very different from Muslim law. In personal matters—like marriage, inheritance, and, to some extent, education—a Syrian is first a Muslim, a Christian, or a Jew. In Lebanon, the confessional system has run amok; here, it splinters us. The government would, I think, like to banish confessionalism—that is its goal in Lebanon. But Islam is a powerful seducer, and the regime is not popular enough to take a step that might be perceived as a challenge to it. If Assad were a Sunni, he might be able to do it, but he is an Alawite and therefore suspect."

Confessional government is a legacy of the Ottomans' willingness to let many of their provinces rule themselves. Far from being oppressive, the Ottoman sultans established no vigorous institutions of provincial rule, and power devolved into the hands not only of religious leaders but also of tribal chieftains and landholding barons. The sultans' Arab subjects provided soldiers and paid taxes; that was all that the central authorities asked of them. In its last, desperate decades, the Ottoman Empire experimented with constitutionalism and democracy, and in 1908 seventy-two Arabs were elected to the Ottoman parliament. Only as the Empire tottered did the Arabs begin to think about how to rule themselves. The Ottoman experiments had left them with a taste for free institutions but, after centuries of anarchic rule, without knowledge of how to run a state.

In the First World War, for the first time in history, the Arabs became a partner of the West. Rejecting the sultan's summons to a jihad to defend Islam, Sharif Hussein of Mecca, a descendant of the Prophet Muhammad through the Hashemite line, made a bargain with the British in 1916 to lead an anti-Ottoman uprising. In return, he was to receive the independence of the Arabs, and, dusting off an old dream, he laid plans to create a unified Arab state, over which his family would rule. When it became clear that not even his fellow-Arabs endorsed this vision, he settled for a British promise to make kings of his two sons—Faisal, in Syria, and Abdullah, in Iraq. Secretly, however, Britain had made a deal with France—the Sykes-Picot Agreement—which divided the region between them. The British took Iraq and continued their domination of Egypt and the Sudan. The land then known as Syria—under the Ottomans, Syria ran from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and from Anatolia south to Arabia and the Sinai—was divided, France taking the north, Britain the south. In 1920, the French deposed Faisal from the throne in Damascus, proceeded to slice off Lebanon, ceded control over an area on the Turkish border to the Turks, and eventually set up four states—Damascus, Aleppo, and two mini-states for the Alawites and the Druse—in the territory that remained. Britain compensated Faisal by making him king of Iraq, and drew borders in the desert to create Transjordan for Abdullah, leaving Palestine, under the Balfour Declaration, as a homeland for the Jews. Having looked forward to independence, the Arabs, and most of all the Syrians, felt betrayed by this arrangement. To this day, with little prompting, Syrian officials launch into denunciations of Sykes-Picot and the postwar settlement.

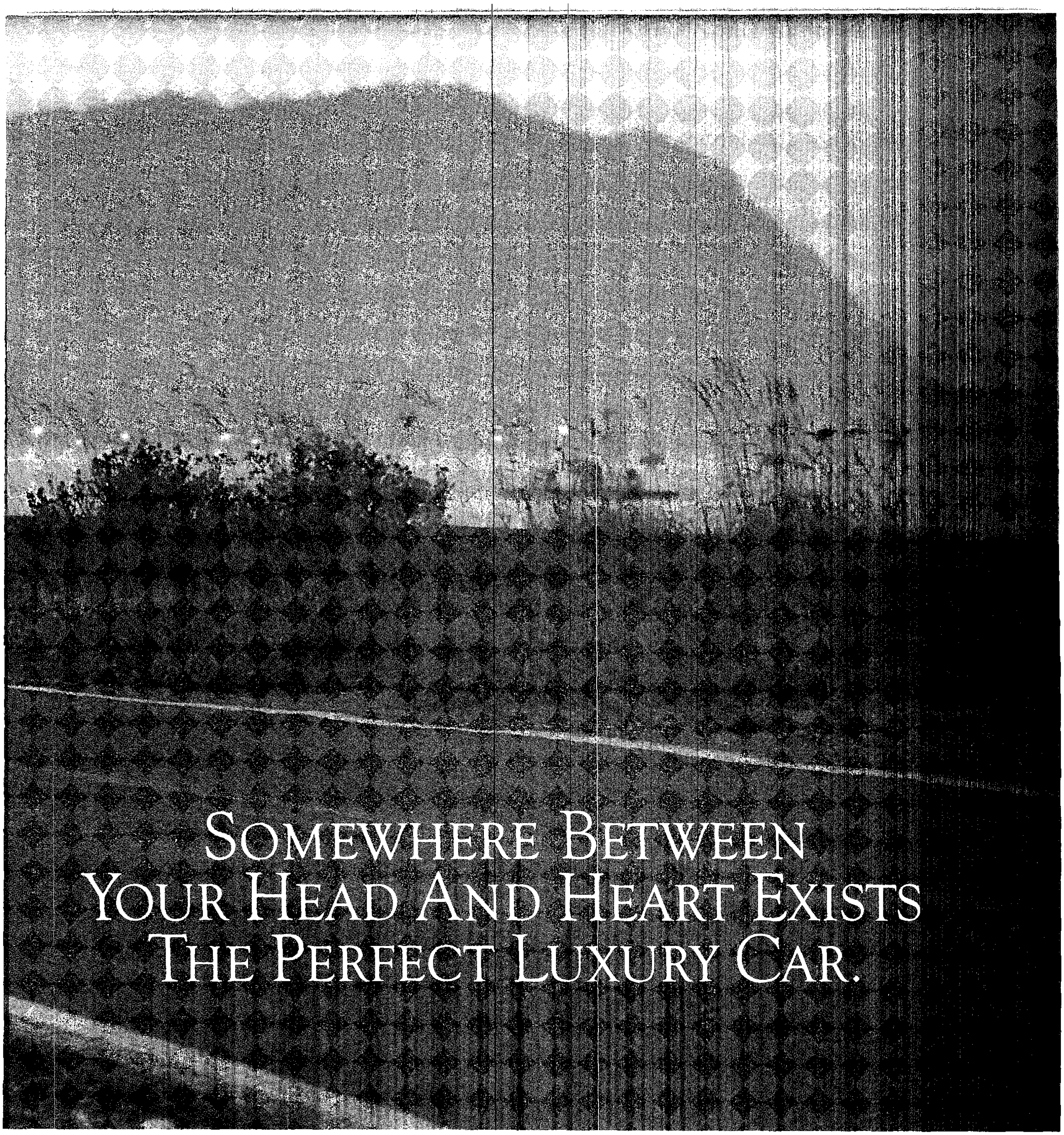
It took another European war to free Syria from France. On the eve of that war, the French further depleted Syrian territory by ceding the northern province of Alexandretta to Turkey, in return for Turkish neutrality. The deal left Syria a coastline barely a hundred miles long, with no major port. However, Syrian nationalists succeeded in forcing the French—over the resistance of Alawite and Druse separatists (Assad's father among them)—to restore the unity of the remaining territory. In 1946, France reluctantly with-

Call it feeling. Or instinct.

It lets you know immediately when something is right.

The new 929S has been engineered to produce such a feeling. Exquisitely crafted with amenities that constantly remind you of the spoils of luxury, the 929S truly qualifies as a luxury sedan.

But the sensation of driving a 929S is what elevates this car. Powered by a 3.0-litre V6, and with standard Anti-lock Brake System (ABS), 929S offers the kind of handling and performance usually reserved for cars that have



© 1989 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

THE WORD "SPORT" IN THEIR NAME.

AND BECAUSE THE DRIVER'S FEELINGS ARE ACTUALLY INCORPORATED INTO THE CAR'S DESIGN, THE MAZDA 929S OFFERS AN EXPERIENCE SO FREE OF STRESS IT MAY MAKE YOU WONDER IF IT'S RESPONDING TO YOUR TOUCH, OR TO YOUR THOUGHTS.

SO COME TEST DRIVE THE 929S. AND FEEL A LAP OF LUXURY DEFINED BY MORE THAN JUST THE SOFTNESS OF ITS LEATHER. FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 800-424-0202.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.™

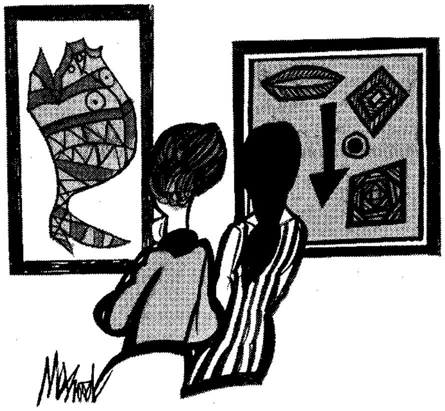
drew the last of its occupation forces, leaving behind a parliamentary republic in a very shaky condition. Syria's national unity was far from assured. Its economy was undeveloped, its population was largely illiterate, and its leaders, drawn from the independence struggle, were committed to the interests of the Sunni landholding class. Its tiny Army, disproportionately Alawite and Druse, was a rival to the government.

In 1949, the Syrian republic survived its first coup, and in the succeeding decade it proved remarkably resilient. But in an ongoing conflict with Israel, power inevitably gravitated toward the Army, and when the Cold War reached the Middle East, in the mid-nineteen-fifties, tensions rose, as Iraq pulled the Arabs toward a Western alliance while Egypt pulled them toward the Soviet Union. Syria finally gave in to its anti-colonial passions after the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, in 1956. Nasser, Egypt's new leader, mesmerized Syria's masses and tantalized its officers' corps with visions of Soviet arms. In 1958, the Syrian parliament surrendered to the Army's demand for the establishment of a Syrian-Egyptian union—the United Arab Republic. Syria seceded three and a half years later, but it has remained a Soviet military dependency and an Army-ruled state.

The nineteen-fifties were also the years in which the Baath Party grew from a handful of high-minded partisans clustered around Michel Aflaq, its principal founder, to a major political movement. It is no coincidence that Aflaq was a Christian, or that a large proportion of his followers were, like him, outsiders in a preponderantly Sunni Muslim society. Each of Syria's principal minorities—the Alawites, the Christians, and the Kurds—forms roughly ten per cent of its population; the Druse, the Ismailis, and others total about six per cent. Both the Ottomans and the French had, with considerable success, cultivated the differences among the minorities to serve their imperial ends. Aflaq, by contrast, promoted a Baathi "trinity" composed of unity, freedom, and socialism—goals to which few Arabs of any sect could take exception. His program deliberately excluded any reference to Islam, in an attempt to draw in Sunnis and minorities alike.

Of the three goals, the unity of the Arabs—from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf—was the key. Though Aflaq was respectful of Islam, acknowledging its cultural ascendancy, he reasoned that if Arabs placed their common ethnic allegiance first, religion would cease to be divisive, and the non-Muslim Arab would no longer be an anomaly. Freedom—which he defined as personal as well as national—was less important to him, and, in fact, the attention that human rights have received since Aflaq's time has diminished with the growth of the Party's power. But socialism, which Aflaq had encountered as a student in Paris, has remained a central Baathi doctrine. Arab socialism—lacking the materialism and atheism of the Marxists—was to be the Party's instrument for promoting the well-being of the underprivileged. Not surprisingly, Aflaq's program was most warmly received where minorities dominated—in the armed forces and in Syria's impoverished countryside.

"We start, as Baathis, from the historical reality that the Arabs are one nation," Saber Falhout, the president of the Syrian Journalists' Union and the director of the Syrian Arab News Agency, told me. Falhout, a white-haired Druse in his fifties, is sometimes known as the poet of the Baath revolution. We spoke one evening in his dimly lit office at the news agency, in Midan, an industrial quarter built by the Ottomans just south of the Old City's walls. Though not all experts would accept as "historical reality" Falhout's assertion that the Arabs are a single nation, I chose not to interrupt him. "In the seventh century, during the Omayyad period, the Arab nation was ruled from Damascus," he said. "The city was the center of the Arab world. We want to regain that unity and that leadership. The idea may seem romantic to you, but we believe that one day we will achieve this reality. You are not a real Baath Party member unless you believe it."



HAFEZ AL-ASSAD joined the Baath Party at the age of sixteen. Born in 1930, the ninth of eleven children in a peasant family, he grew up in the mountainous mini-state that the French had created for Syria's three hundred thousand Alawites in the northwest corner of its mandate. A closely knit, secretive sect, the Alawites are an offshoot of Shiism. Many Sunnis, citing a polytheistic strain in Alawite doctrine, contend that they are not Muslim at all; for their part, the Alawites, who are generally poor and uneducated, have traditionally harbored a certain amount of resentment toward Syrian culture. The French had opened a school in Qurdaha, Assad's village, and he was the first in his family to attend it. At the age of nine, he was sent to a school in Latakia, the Alawites' seaside capital, and in 1944 he went on to secondary school there. Class-conscious and aggressive, he became the national president of the Union of Syrian Students in 1951, and in the autumn of that year he was admitted to the Army's flying school, at Aleppo. By the time of his graduation, four years later, he was already at a professional and social level that few Alawites had ever attained.

One of Assad's early assignments was to Cairo, where he took advanced flight training and was thrilled by the magnetism of Nasser. On his return, he won a reputation as Syria's foremost pilot, but politics was the overriding interest of the Syrian officers' corps, and Baathism was a significant force within it. In 1960, Assad joined four fellow-officers—two Alawites and two Ismailis, all of them Baathis—to form a clandestine Military Committee. Challenging Michel Aflaq, they envisaged the Party not as civilian, parliamentary, and liberal in nature but as something tougher and more radical—certainly more military. The committee took Nasser's Free Officers as its model, and in 1963, having already participated in a failed coup, it became the hinge of a coalition that overthrew the government. The coup was followed by months of violent factional fighting, during which the Military Committee emerged as the state's dominant political force. Assad, though only thirty-five and a newly promoted

lieutenant colonel, established personal control over the Air Force, and through it he extended his influence into the other armed services. Then, in another, bloodier coup, in 1966, the Committee militarized the Baath Party, put an end to meaningful elections, and drove Aflaq into exile. It named Assad the Minister of Defense.

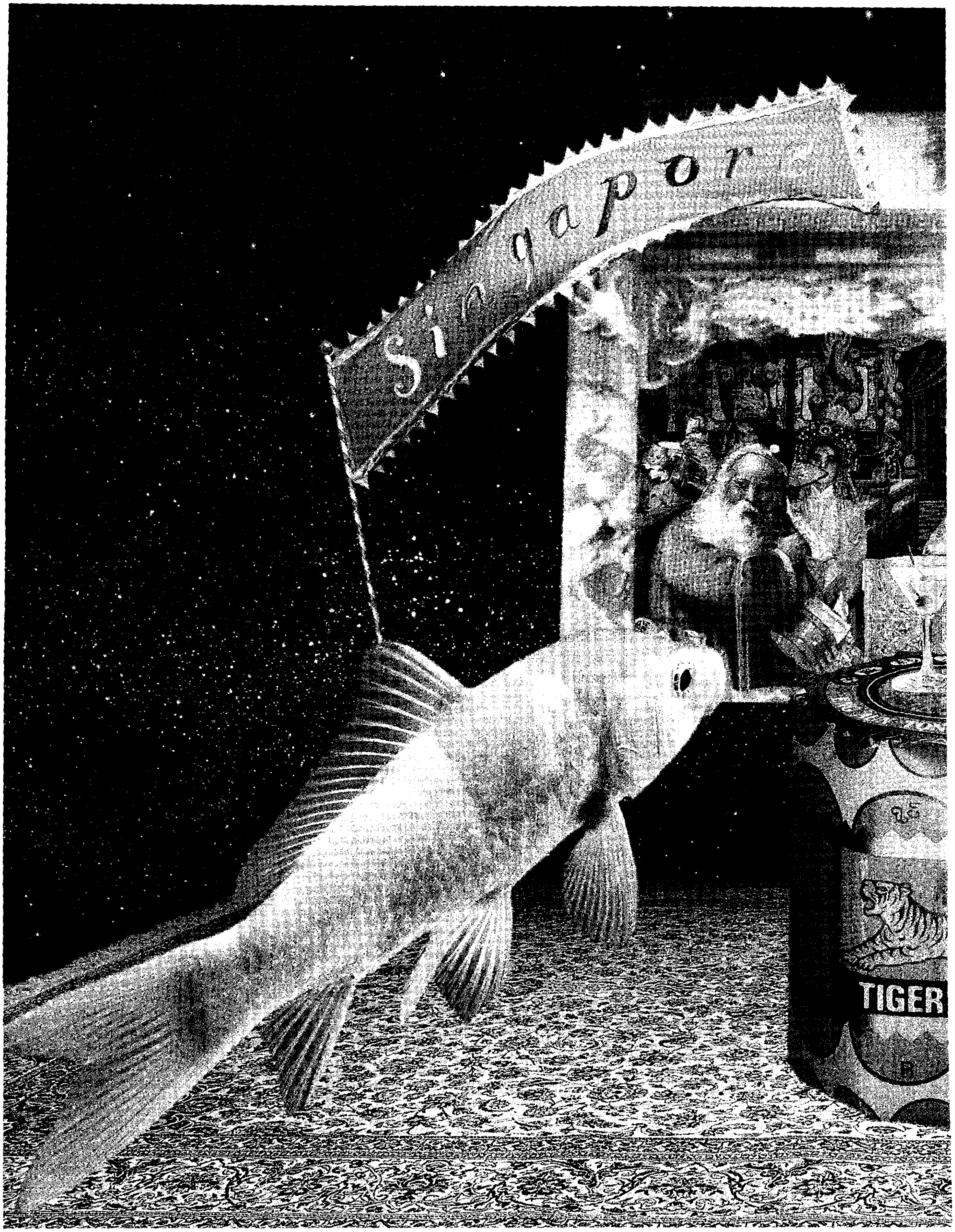
The country was now headed by Salah Jadid—also an Alawite, and one of the five founders of the Military Committee. A few years older than Assad, and substantially more radical, Jadid ruled with a tyrant's hand. He directed the elimination of the Druse as rivals to the Alawites in the military hierarchy, and he also presided over nationalizations, confiscations, and land reform, shifting wealth from the Sunnis to the rural peasantry and the urban working class, both of which consisted in great part of minorities. Jadid's brutal imposition of Baathi socialism was a revolutionary triumph for Syria's perennial have-nots.

Jadid, however, had the misfortune to preside over Syria's disastrous defeat in the Six-Day War, in June of 1967. Assad, as Defense Minister, had provoked the Israeli attack, although he knew that his forces were inferior; he adroitly shifted blame for the defeat to Jadid, charging that radical Baathism had promoted class conflict. In 1970, convinced of his own qualifications to rule, Assad initiated a savage clash with Jadid. When it was over, two of the Military Committee's five founders had vanished into exile (one was later murdered), and another had committed suicide. Jadid wound up in prison, where he languishes to this day. The struggle—Baath Party ideologists call it "the corrective movement"—ended with Assad taking full charge of the Party and the regime, which he has now run without serious challenge for two decades.

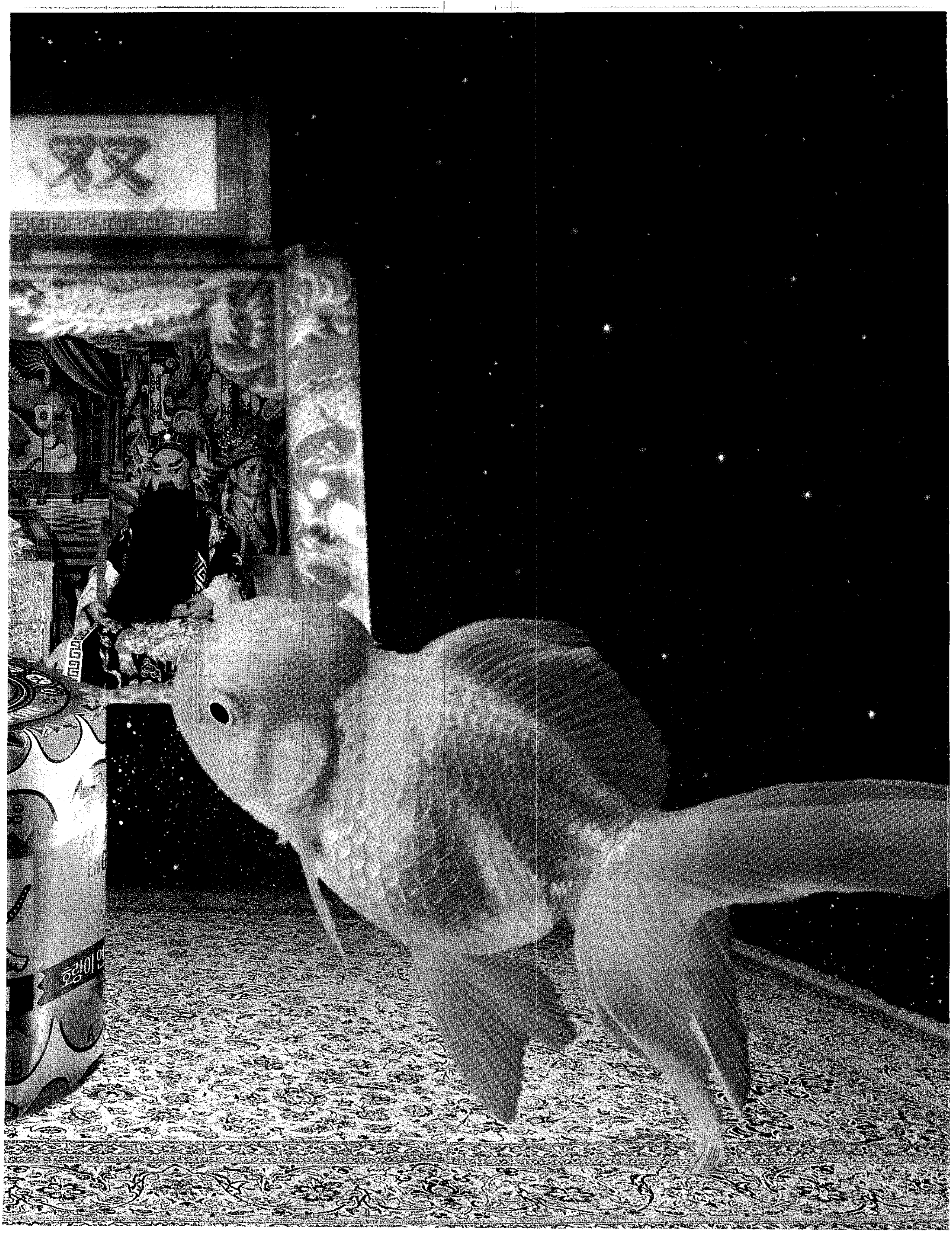
One reason that Assad, unlike his predecessors, succeeded in bringing stability to the country is that Syrians were tired of disorder: his calls for national reconciliation were greeted with relief, and the popular response enabled him to consolidate his power. In naming himself President, he proclaimed that he was not the creature of any junta, and he proceeded to confirm his hold on the armed forces and the secret services. To please the Sunni majority, he pronounced himself a Muslim—a dubious assertion for an Alawite—and accepted a constitutional provision that the President be faithful to Islam. He also reached out to the urban bourgeoisie, softening some of the harsh economic strictures imposed upon them by Jadid, but he did not weaken such programs as school and hospital construction, electrification, and the extension of piped water, so vital to the rural poor.

The Syrians appreciated this show of strength, and they also approved of his personal modesty. In a culture known for vainglorious leaders, he has not promoted a personality cult. Photographs of Assad are displayed everywhere, but they show an avuncular man in civilian dress, with tired eyes and a rather wan smile, who attempts to conceal his baldness by brushing his hair sideways. Aloof by nature, Assad rarely appears in public, though he dutifully allows the television cameras to record him reviewing troops or meeting with visiting dignitaries. He works long hours, is personally free of scandal, and is said to be considerate to his family and his staff. Syrians regard him as a stern but not an arbitrary disciplinarian. They never forget that he is an Alawite, or that Alawites control the levers of power, but most Syrians acknowledge that the state's public services are spread widely and equitably. What they like best is that political life under Assad's control is generally conducted in a low key, without major surprises. The pace reminds them, even after twenty years, how undesirable the alternative might be.

Yet, by any reasonable measure, Assad's political record is not spectacular. The economy rebounded energetically in the nineteen-seventies from prolonged instability, but since 1981 it has been nearly stagnant. Despite some loosening of the rules, the private sector complains of being shackled, and Assad, apprehensive of political repercussions, seems unwilling to permit the further liberalization that most economists urge. The country suffers from a chronic shortage of hard currency, as is evident from the dilapidated buses and taxis that cruise the streets, the relative absence of imported luxury items in the stores, and the fleecing of foreign visitors by a hokey exchange rate. Some critics maintain that Syria's top military officers have skimmed off fortunes from smuggling and from drug operations in Lebanon, and have dispatched most of that money abroad. Economists can only guess at the magnitude of the underground economy, but the young men hawking smuggled American cigarettes on every street corner in downtown Damascus are an indication that



Singapore. The Most Su



prising Tropical Island.

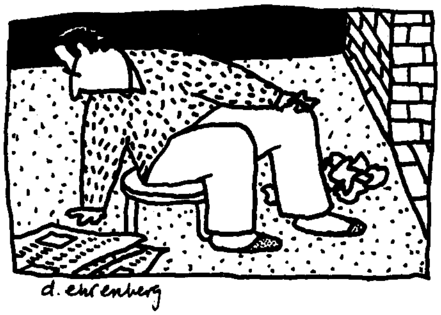
the system is not working according to the Baathis' socialist rules.

Certainly Syria is weakened by a conspicuous inequality of wealth. During a gaudy wedding party that I observed poolside at the Sheraton Hotel one night—given, I was told, by an old provincial landowning family—I heard a hotel employee standing near me mutter to a neighbor, "Some socialist regime!" At the other end of the economic spectrum was a village I visited in the countryside near Aleppo. I had stopped to examine the curious beehive structure of the mud houses, and I was invited by a family to examine its complex of dwellings—there were half a dozen, inhabited by the parents, eight children, and an assortment of farm animals. The family members were neatly clad—mother and daughters in bright-colored peasant dresses—and looked amply fed and healthy. Hungry and thirsty from hours on the road, I gratefully accepted the flat bread that the mother of the family took from an oven for me and, with some trepidation, the water she poured from a goatskin; the bread was delicious and the water cool and clean. The village has a school and a clinic, but no electricity (the government has, for budgetary reasons, recently cut back on electrification) and no piped water—the children take turns riding a donkey to a well about a mile away.

In between these two extremes is a Syrian middle class, which the economic statistics suggest is hard pressed, but which rides in taxis, goes to the movies, gets its children through college, and consumes plenty of food and drink. It lives in conditions that contrast sharply with those in the bucolic countryside. The middle class has, for example, replaced Beirut as a summer resort with Latakia, the largely Alawite city on the north coast. I spent several days there, at a beach hotel that was hastily erected a few years ago to accommodate the Mediterranean Games, a regional version of the Olympics. Part of a complex that included a high-rise condo with a large swimming pool, the hotel was poorly constructed and uncomfortable, but it was jammed with families who had arrived by car from Damascus, Aleppo, and as far away as the Persian Gulf. The scene was almost European: a sandy beach blanketed with sun worshippers, who dined each evening on the patio at an excellent buffet, served with wine and accompanied by the music of a rock band. A few women dressed with conventional Islamic modesty, but (for the first time in my experience in an Arab country) I saw many going about in bathing suits—not just on the beach but in the hotel lobby. No economist I spoke with claimed to know where the money for such vacations comes from, but most credited the Lebanon-generated "black" economy, for which no accounts are kept.

On two occasions, I was invited to join Syrian friends at Bloudan, a mountain resort an hour's drive north of Damascus, on good highways that run past government reforestation projects, suburban housing developments, and luxuriant fruit orchards. The rich have villas in Bloudan; middle-class families have long lunches and dinners there in outdoor restaurants shaded by awnings, with views over the mountains and into Lebanon. Most of the women I saw in Bloudan were in pretty summer dresses, though some wore Islamic head scarves and a few the ankle-length *abaya*. The men were in slacks and sports shirts; none wore uniforms. Children ran in the aisles between the tables or played in small playgrounds outside the restaurants. The food was standard Middle East fare—tasty salads, roast chicken, and kebabs, all of it washed down with beer or arrack. Social life in Syria revolves around the family, and most tables were of ten or more—an old parent, several adult children with their spouses, and lots of kids.

Bloudan, one friend told me, was known when he was a boy for its gushing springs, which are now down to a trickle. Last summer, a protracted drought sharply reduced harvests throughout the country and required daily cutoffs of electricity and tap water. Bloudan's trickling springs suggest that a problem that once seemed temporary may be turning into a long-term crisis, as the Syrian population—which increases at a rate of three and a half per cent annually—overtaxes the water resources of what is basically a desert environment. The Barada River, the lifeblood of Damascus and the entire Ghouta, was glorified for centuries by Arab poets for its bountiful waters, but it, too, is rapidly drying up.



The drought aggravated Syria's already pressing economic woes. In 1988, the Saudis discontinued their annual subsidy. Though oil was recently discovered in the desert east of Aleppo, pumping has progressed more slowly than hoped, and the government's economic planners had counted on the oil to make up the deficit. The drought has forced Syria to go abroad to buy grain. The government says that it has enough hard currency for its purchases, but Western economists are skeptical.

In foreign and military policy, of which Assad is said to consider himself a master, his failures have been even more glaring. As he blundered in the Six-Day War, so he blundered again in 1970, by sending Syrian tanks to help the P.L.O. in its "Black September" fight against King Hussein of Jordan, only to see his forces scurry home in the face of Israeli intimidation. In the October War of 1973, Syria's Army won a string of early victories but ended by being badly beaten. Three years later, Assad entered Lebanon's war, apparently with no plans to get out. More important, his grand strategy for ridding Arab soil of those he considered interlopers soon unravelled. Assad had long aspired to have the Arabs reach "strategic parity" with Israel; he never defined the term precisely, but it seemed to go beyond weaponry. Saladin had driven out the Crusaders by making Syria the linchpin of an Arab front that stretched from Egypt to Iraq—why shouldn't he do the same? In 1977, however, he failed to stop Anwar Sadat from going to Jerusalem, and he ended any prospect of recruiting Baghdad by backing Iran in the Gulf War. The alliance with Iran offended the loyalties of the entire Arab world—including most Syrians—and enabled Egypt to recover much of the influence it had lost when it signed a treaty with Israel. The magnitude of Assad's benightedness became clear in 1982, when his Army was once again humiliated by the Israelis. It was even more apparent when the Iranians lost the Gulf War; Assad's miscalculation in that regard haunts him today, in Iraq's support of General Aoun in Lebanon.

He was even further isolated last February, when Egypt, Jordan, and North Yemen joined Iraq in forming an economic union called the Arab Coöperation Council. The move left Syria—the great proponent of Arab unity—as the one Arab power not part of a regional grouping. Assad's hopes for parity with the Israelis have receded rapidly since 1985, when the Soviet Union cut its annual subsidy from more than three billion dollars (about what the Americans give Israel) to less than half that amount. Through all this, Assad has remained haughty, insisting that he alone has kept faith with Arab principles. But his succession of setbacks has clearly left him without a viable strategy toward Israel.

If Syrians blame Assad for these failures, they do so in muted voices, because the freedom promised them by the Baathi "trinity" has never been granted. The government maintains a façade of political diversity by condoning the presence of an elected parliament, but Baathis and their authorized supporters—a coalition known as the National Progressive Front—dominate it. Assad has built a network of ostensibly democratic unions—for women, doctors, farmers, journalists—but all of them are controlled by the Party.

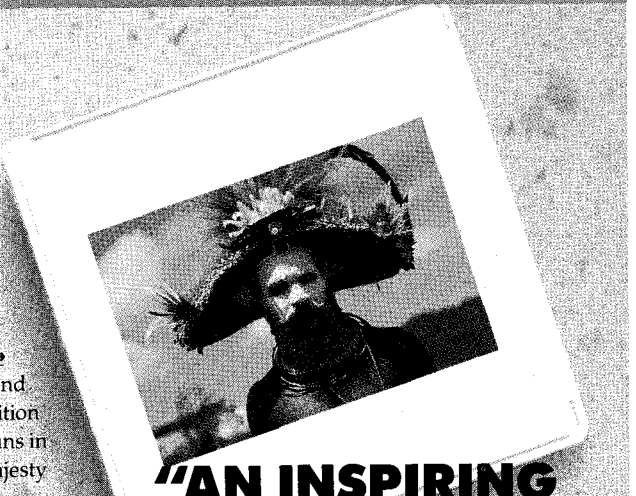
It is true that Assad has not allowed harassment by the *mukhabarat* to become a part of daily life, and, in general, the regime seems willing to ignore Syrians who criticize it in idle talk (though one Damascene I know, convinced that his house is bugged, discusses politics only in the privacy of his car). But it is merciless to those it considers dangerous. Amnesty International speaks of "thousands of political prisoners, including prisoners of conscience," detained in Syrian jails, most of them without trial, many of them tortured. The State Department's 1988 human-rights report charges Syria with "pervasive denial of human rights, including widespread torture and denial of freedoms of speech, press, [and] association."

The regime's most notorious abuse occurred in 1982. This was the massacre at Hama, a middle-sized Sunni city on the central plains. The massacre

» SALÉN LINDBLAD EXPEDITION VOYAGES «

Salen Lindblad expedition cruising gives you our wonderful world, its wildlife, its sea life and its peoples. M.S. Frontier Spirit Inaugural Voyages start November 5, 1990. She has been designed and built expressly for expedition travel. From King Penguins in Antarctic coves to the majesty of New Zealand's Mitre Peak; from thrilling New Guinea tribal music to a sense of wonder as ice formations drift through frozen seas...To embark on a romantic, exciting journey that will be a deeply felt homage to the environment, send the coupon today.

See. Hear. Touch. Feel.



"AN INSPIRING EXPERIENCE FOR THE SENSES"

See your travel agent, or mail this coupon for a full color brochure on *M.S. Frontier Spirit's Inaugural Voyages* to the South Pacific, New Zealand, Tasmania, Antarctica and Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

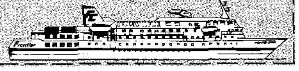
City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

NY 18

SL SALÉN LINDBLAD CRUISING, INC.
133 E. 55th Street, New York, NY 10022 1-800-223-5688 N.Y. (212) 751-2300

General Sales Agents For
Frontier Cruises
(Bahamas) Ltd.

M.S. Frontier Spirit is registered in The Bahamas.



Put the whole world at your fingertips, with...

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

****But read the ad for an even better deal!***

•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

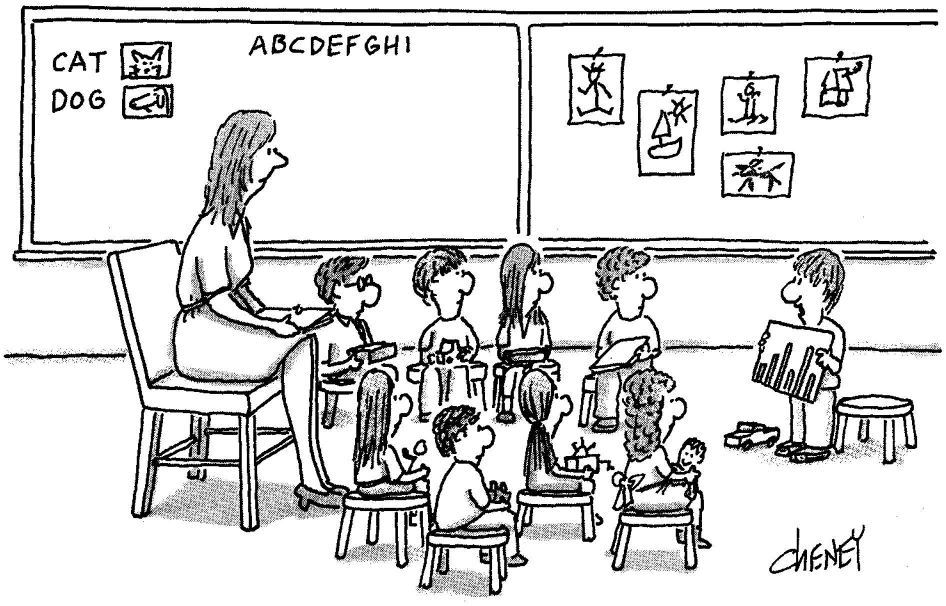
The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195A175** for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196A175.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



"But is showing you this toy and telling about it the whole story? Let's take a look at its sales record, as illustrated by this chart, which compares it with other toys in its price class."

effectively crushed an insurrection that had begun three years earlier, with the slaughter, by fundamentalist rebels known as the Muslim Brotherhood, of thirty-two cadets, most of them Alawites, at the Aleppo artillery school. Hama has long been a stronghold of conservative Islam. As early as 1964, the Muslim Brotherhood, claiming a Sunni right of ascendancy, attacked Baathi rule there, and in 1979 it initiated an assassination campaign that eventually took the lives of hundreds of Alawites, narrowly missing Assad himself. Assad's response was to crack down on domestic dissent of every stripe, and after a period of intermittent warfare the regime undertook a full-scale military assault on Hama, in which as many as twenty-five thousand people died. By chance, I visited Hama in the spring of 1982, two months after the massacre, and found only about half the buildings standing. When I returned last summer, little evidence of the carnage remained, but the psychological scars of the Syrians have still not healed. The massacre was never officially acknowledged, yet all Syrians know about it, and few—whether Sunni or minority—have forgiven Assad for it. Nonetheless, the ruthlessness has had its effect: since Hama, there have been no more acts of rebellion.

One evening, a professor from Damascus University took me for a drive up Mt. Qassioun—through the Malki quarter, past the President's empty palace, and along a mountain road where a string of open-air cafés look down on the city. We parked in front of one of them and descended a series of steep terraces, where we found a table and, while the temperature dropped precipitously, sipped tea to keep warm as we watched the lights go on across the plain below. The professor apparently felt that this was a place where we could talk freely. He told me he thought that the regime had become a bit more liberal in recent years. He said, by way of example, that after a long period of isolation university professors were now routinely permitted by the *mukhabarat* to attend international meetings, some of which were also attended by Israeli professors. On a scholarly level, many of the encounters with Israelis had been quite cordial, he said, but invariably some member of the Syrian delegation would make a Party-line speech, out of keeping with the tone of the meeting. Whether this person was an agent provocateur, acting under orders and reporting back to the *mukhabarat*, was never clear, but such behavior had a Big Brother quality about it. Even abroad, he said, Syrians could not get away from the Assad regime.

BEFORE my arrival in Damascus, I stopped in Paris, where a community of exiled Syrian dissidents lives. I had a few phone numbers in my pocket, and my calls were answered with what I took to be a mixture of suspicion and gratitude. Over the course of a week, I met with a dozen Syrians—in cramped apartments usually overrun with children, or in sidewalk cafés in obscure corners of the city. The encounters evoked memories of novels I had read long ago, in which disillusioned Bolsheviks, Germans, or Slavs sipped coffee together and encountered each other strolling up and down Parisian boulevards. Most of those fictional émigrés were depicted as impoverished, frustrated, and pitiful—waiting for something to happen, and passing the time commiserating with one another on how bad conditions were at home. In Lenin's case, of course, something did happen, and he rushed home to take command of a revolution he had had no role in fomenting. My impression of the Syrians I met in Paris was that they all dreamed of being Lenin.

The exiled Syrian opposition is—not surprisingly, considering Syria's recent history and the experience of exile movements in general—badly fragmented. There is a top layer, consisting of former Presidents, ministers, and generals who lost out in one or another power struggle and escaped with their lives; their role is symbolic, since most are now too old to be active participants in any resistance effort. On the functional level, the movement divides into left and right, the former with roughly a dozen factions. The Baathis, for example, have Aflaq and Jadid wings, and the Communists have Gorbachev, Brezhnev, and Berlinguer tendencies. On the right, the Muslim Brotherhood stands more or less alone, but even it is split between pro-Saudi and pro-Khomeini sympathizers. The movement is also divided along lines of geography and money. In addition to the Paris groups, whose members declare that they are independent of any non-Syrian support, there are groups in Baghdad, who are presumably aided by the Iraqis, and of whom the Paris people seemed a bit disdainful. Some factions have bureaus in both cities, the Parisians claiming to be ideologically purer and the Baghdadis more effective. In keeping with the suspicious atmosphere in which exiles live, the various groups routinely accuse one another—not very persuasively—of being tools of the C.I.A. or the K.G.B. or Iran. More convincing is their claim that dozens, perhaps hundreds, of their members inside Syria are imprisoned and are subjected regularly to torture.

Rifat al-Assad, the President's brother, is also in Paris, and, in a manner of speaking, he, too, is an opposition figure. The owner of two Arabic-language magazines and much property, he does not live in the shabby conditions of those I had come to see. Rifat, who retains his old title of Vice-President, declined to meet with me, but I was invited to his richly decorated office by an aide, who then took me to lunch for the obvious purpose of promoting his employer's ongoing campaign to get back into his brother's good graces. The aide strenuously defended Rifat's reputation, insisting that the accusations of smuggling and graft and, most particularly, power-grabbing were untrue. Rifat, he claimed, thinks only of serving his brother. Assad, though he sent Rifat off in disgrace, has never denounced him publicly, and Syrians do not dismiss Rifat as a contender for power. He retains important connections inside the security services, and continues to cultivate allies in anticipation of the day when an opportunity appears.

Ahmad Mohafel, an Aleppan in his mid-fifties, is an exile of the more conventional sort. He described himself to me as a dissident Communist of the Berlinguer school, and told me he had left Syria in 1976, with the aim of unifying the democratic, secular opposition to Assad. Handsome and dapper, he lives in a tiny apartment in a nondescript high rise on the Seine. He said that the opposition, which had been growing throughout the nineteen-seventies, collapsed with the Hama massacre—an event that intimidated not only the Muslim Brotherhood but the secular resistance as well. Assad, he believes, deliberately cajoled the Brothers out of the underground and into a violent confrontation in order to crush them. It was the kind of deceit, he said, in which Assad excels.

"As an opposition, we have been in existence for nearly twenty years, and, frankly, we are getting nowhere," Mohafel told me. "If anything, Assad's terror is moving us backward. I suppose that's why he leaves us alone in Paris. If we were more effective, he would come after us. We have thus far failed to harmonize our actions with the internal life of the country, so that we can isolate the regime from the people. We will have an impact only if we can put down roots. We had a written program in 1980, which was passed around from hand to hand until the government began making arrests. Now we are back to debating how we can become a mass movement. We have to find a way to attract the people into our camp without falling into bloody adventurism. We know we have something to offer that the Syrians want. But we are not yet ready."

When I asked Mohafel how I could reach the Muslim Brotherhood, which has no representatives in Paris, he put me in touch with a Syrian student at the campus of the University of Paris at Nanterre. The student, who identified himself only as Muhammad, met me at a Métro station and, over dinner,

GRAND LIDO NEGRIL

GRAND LIDO, NEGRIL

THE POWER VACATION

The Power Vacation is a no compromise holiday. Within the privacy of its 22 beach front acres lies luxury beyond expectation.

With luxury comes choice: choice at dinner between three different restaurants. Choice of water sports — scuba, waterskiing, sailing, windsurfing, or other activities — tennis, Nautilus fitness centre, live entertainment nightly, disco, piano bar.

Money is redundant. Everything is paid for before you arrive except purchases of personal items. We don't even allow tipping.

Your secretary can contact your travel agent or call International Lifestyles toll free for more information at 1 (800) 858-8009 (USA) or 1 (800) 553-4320 (Canada).

promised to arrange an interview for me in Amman if I would stop there on my way to Damascus. I was surprised at the mention of Jordan, since some years ago Assad had accused King Hussein of providing terrorist facilities for the Brotherhood, and the King had angrily denied it. Nonetheless, I changed my plane ticket and, in Amman, called on a Jordanian official whom I knew to be well informed. He told me that Hussein had been fooled by his own intelligence services, which had indeed tolerated Brotherhood operations against Syria. The King, he said, had reprimanded the intelligence people but had refused to deny asylum to the Brothers, because he had earlier extradited several of them on Assad's promise that they would receive a fair trial, and instead they had been summarily shot.

The next morning at eight, three Brothers in Western dress arrived at my hotel and suggested that we meet in my room rather than in the coffee shop, since they did not want to be observed. The leader of the delegation, a tall man in dark glasses, identified himself as Ali al-Bayanouni, the head of the Syrian Brothers in Jordan. He emphasized to me that the Brotherhood was deeply religious but, being Sunni, had no connection with the Shiite regime in Iran. Bayanouni, who was intelligent and articulate, and played with worry beads as he spoke, reviewed for me the history of the Muslim Brotherhood, from its founding in Egypt in the late nineteen-thirties through its implantation in Syria as a parliamentary party with occasional electoral successes. He added that he himself was elected to parliament in 1963, the year that the Baath Party took power and "put an end to civilized dialogue" on Syria's future. By then, he said, the Brotherhood had become the strongest political movement in Syria, and the Baathis therefore vowed to destroy it.

"Beginning in 1964, the Syrian government began oppressing the Brotherhood, putting its members in jail, suppressing the Islamic press," Bayanouni said. "In 1970, it started killing Brothers in prison. In 1973, with Assad in power, the government adopted a leftist, anti-religious line and stepped up the torture of prisoners. Remember that Assad is an Alawite, far removed from Islam. The Alawites are related to the Assassin movement of the Crusades period, and thus have deep roots in terrorism. Assad calls himself a Muslim, but we do not agree, and since he took power the Sunni-Alawite conflict has been getting worse. I was imprisoned from 1975 to 1977, and I was lucky to get out alive. The Assad government is not just against the Brotherhood. It is against a Muslim state—against all Islam."

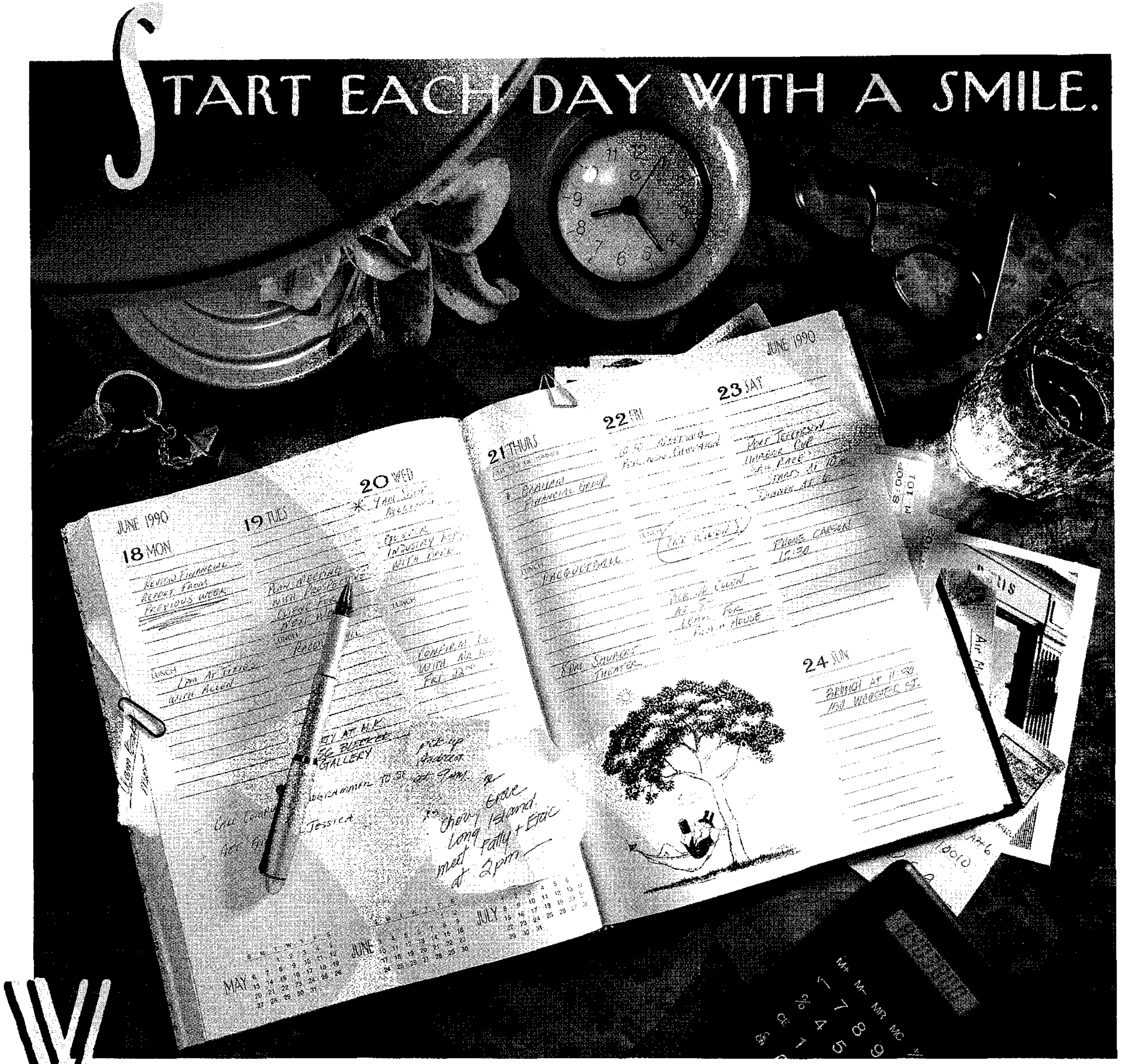
According to Bayanouni, the Brotherhood wants a modern, democratic state in Syria. Women would be the equal of men, and every Syrian would be guaranteed freedom of religion and speech. On further questioning, however, he acknowledged that the Brothers would expect women to cover their hair, and that although women could take jobs, they would have to respect "Islamic tradition"—which presumably meant that they could not work where men were present. The aim of the Brotherhood, he explained, was to establish an Islamic state—but only peacefully, through the democratic process. "Currently, there are between seven thousand and ten thousand members of the Brotherhood in prison, and we are preparing for a long struggle," he said. "But we don't want to make too many victims, or give the government a pretext for making victims. We are weak now, and we have ceased all violence. We are waiting for the right political moment."

Dr. Jamal al-Atassi is also waiting for the right moment. In Paris, his name came up repeatedly as the most outspoken and courageous *résistant* inside Syria, and when I arrived in Damascus I was grateful for having been told how to reach him, phone numbers being a precious commodity for journalists working in a society as secretive as Syria's. Atassi is a psychiatrist, and I met him at twilight in a downtown office that would have been dingy even at high noon. He lit and relit his pipe while we talked. Now sixty-seven, Atassi is one of the founders of the Baath Party, and he served as Minister of Information in the government that came to power in 1963. He resigned soon afterward, in protest against its oppressive policies, and founded a Nasserite party. (He explained to me that he admired Nasser's commitment to the common people and not his authoritarian disposition.) In 1970, after the defeat of Salah Jadid, Atassi signed up with Assad and, for a time, served as one of his advisers. But Assad violated the promises he had made to democratize the system, Atassi said, so he resigned once more. Since 1973, he has been openly in opposition. During the great crackdown of 1980, the government deprived him of his work and blew up his car; since then, it has kept him under constant surveillance. He is now free to speak as he likes, but he has no idea how long his freedom will last. He is left alone, he said, probably because of his age and poor health. He emphasized that he had no ties with Iraq, the Muslim Brotherhood, or any group that was "organized for combat." He was still the secretary-general of his party, he said, but its ranks were so heavily infiltrated that the *mukhabarat* knew more about its activities than he did.

"Assadism is a false nationalism," Atassi told me. "It is domination by a minority, and I'm not simply referring to the Alawites, although they have control of the society's nerve system—the Army and the *mukhabarat*. The country has hundreds of thousands of police, and even in the universities twenty or thirty per cent of the students work for them. The parliament, the multi-party front, and the labor unions are all phantoms, under the *mukhabarat's* control. For all the government's talk of socialism, the state is run by a class that has made a huge fortune without contributing—a *nouvelle bourgeoisie parasitaire*. The Syrian people know all this, and in private they complain, but they are afraid. Assad is tenacious, without real contact with the people, a prisoner of the toadies around him. His regime is reaching the limit of the people's tolerance. I don't think it can last another decade."

Discontent with the regime is growing even among Alawites, according to Mamdou Adwan, an Alawite who is Syria's best-known poet and playwright. Many of his people were in Assad's prisons, he said, and maybe one day he would be, too. Adwan's most

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.



WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1990, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 59 all-time classic New Yorker cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and very New Yorker: Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers, The New Yorker's own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of phone numbers and addresses at the front.

The overall size is a large 10½" x 8". You can choose handsome leather-textured hard covers in either brown or midnight blue. And you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me ______ copies of *The New Yorker Diary for 1990* as indicated below.

______ copies in blue binding @ $16.95 (211383)

______ copies in brown binding @ $16.95 (211409)

______ copies in blue binding with name imprinted @ $19.45 (211391)

______ copies in brown binding with name imprinted @ $19.45 (211417)

______ Add $3.00 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.00 for Canada, $12.00 for all other foreign orders.

My check for $______ is enclosed.

Residents of the following states, please add applicable sales tax:
CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY

☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account # ______________________ Exp. Date ________

Send order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ______________________

Address ______________________
(UPS will not deliver to a PO Box. Please use street address.)

City / State / Zip ______________________

Signature ______________________

*Imprint name(s) ______________________

*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

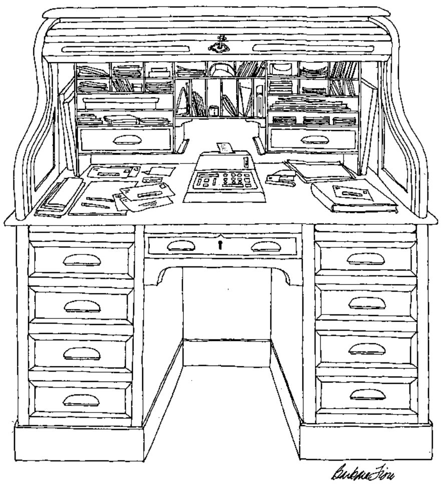
235168

celebrated play is "The Night of the Slaves," which deals acidly with the transition of Islam from an underground movement to a state religion; it was banned by the government after one performance, on the ground that it was a thinly veiled satire of the Baath Party's capture of the Syrian state.

Adwan, a gray-haired man of forty-eight who chain-smokes and drinks a great deal, invited me to dinner one evening at a restaurant on the roof of the building housing the Writers' Union, which, alone among Syrian unions, permitted a dissident slate to run in its recent elections. Four or five rebels, of whom Adwan is one, now sit on the union's twenty-five-member board of directors. He characterized them as the core of a band of some fifty intellectuals, who provide a quiet chorus of dissent from Assad's policies. They are well enough respected for the government to shun direct confrontation with them, Adwan said, and in any case they are discreet enough not to be a threat. In 1976, they protested the decision to go into Lebanon. In 1979, they urged the regime to settle its dispute with the Muslim Brotherhood without resort to force—but three years later they were silent on the destruction of Hama. ("Any government that makes a decision to blow up a city will not worry about a few intellectuals," Adwan explained. "It will blow them up, too.") In recent years, the Syrian members have been joined by Palestinians, Lebanese, and even an Iraqi and a Saudi—all of whom came to Damascus in search of refuge from the violence in Beirut. Novelists, poets, film directors, and painters, they have made Damascus an unlikely center of Arab creativity. Most are Muslims, but all are leftist or centrist in their politics and secular in their religious orientation. They are Western in their outlook, Adwan said, and are therefore considered enemies by the religious right. But, he pointed out, Islamic history—especially in its earliest days—was tenanted by intellectuals, including companions of the Prophet himself, who routinely challenged received wisdom. These, he said, were the models of the secular intellectuals within Islam today.

Last spring, Adwan called on his band to sign a manifesto he had written in support of Salman Rushdie, the condemned author of "The Satanic Verses." The manifesto praised Rushdie for his "concern for freedom and the right of free men to live outside the walls of repression, ignorance, and hunger." It exalted Islam's golden age, when Muslim thinkers criticized conventional theology "without having their blood spilled or being hanged." It attacked Ayatollah Khomeini for being "among those who consider Rushdie's book a greater danger to Islam than contempt for basic human needs; those who are not moved when the heritage of Islam is defamed every hour by hunger, ignorance, jails, and the domination of imperialist corporations and the destruction of the national economy; those who forget the violation of human dignity trampled by the rulers of every Islamic community." The statement was one of the few in Rushdie's defense to come out of the Muslim world. It was published last March, with a dozen signatures, in the Beirut daily *As-Safir;* nearly all the members of the group have since attached their names to it, including the Syrian philosopher Sadiq al-Azm, whose imprisonment, trial, and subsequent acquittal in Beirut for publishing a frontal attack on Islam was a cause célèbre in the Arab world in the seventies. Adwan noted that the signers placed themselves in some jeopardy—particularly in the light of the reference to the "trampling" of human dignity by "rulers of every Islamic community," which was naturally interpreted as a reproach not just to Khomeini but also to Assad. Predictably, the manifesto was not published in Damascus, nor did it receive much notice elsewhere in the Arab press. But, Adwan said, intellectuals throughout the Arab world knew of it and applauded it, and the *mukhabarat* was not happy with it at all.

Curiously, the *mukhabarat's* concern was not so much with the substance of the manifesto as with its appearance at almost the same time as Assad's *Time* interview. In it, Assad defended the position of his ally Khomeini, adding, "There are Islamic provisions which apply to cases like that of Rushdie. But irrespective of other issues, Rushdie as a human being is a bad fellow, and his behavior provokes suspicion." The *mukhabarat* questioned Adwan closely, but chiefly about when the manifesto was written; if it had been written after the publication of Assad's statement, it would have constituted a criminal affront. Adwan was able to prove that it had been written beforehand, and he persuaded the *mukhabarat* to dismiss the matter as a mere cultural spat.



Adwan is impatient for change, but—along with Mohafel, Bayanouni, and Atassi—he knows that he has no choice except to wait. Ideologically, the opposition groups have almost nothing in common, and in power they would not necessarily be more respectful of democracy than the Assad regime has been. With one voice, they condemn the business class for showing no interest in politics, much less in political reform. They recognize that their own efforts are marginal, but they argue that even in waiting they shape the terms of Syria's national political debate.

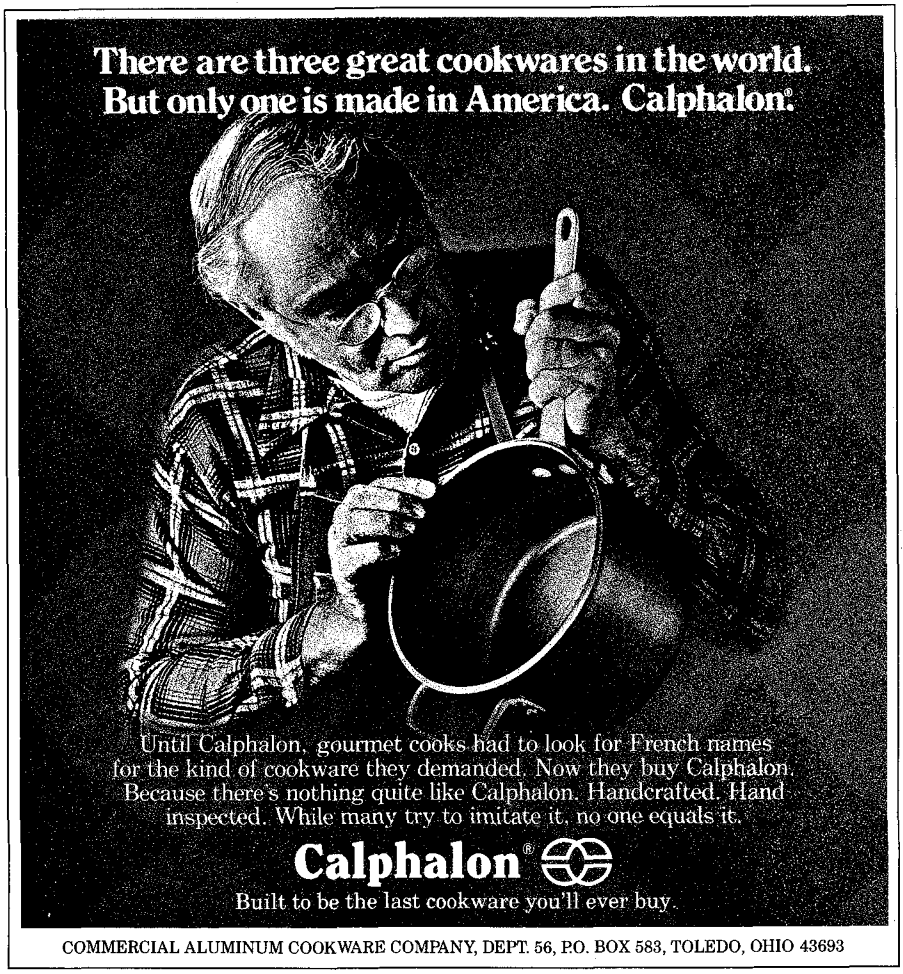
Yet what are they waiting for? Certainly not for Hafez al-Assad to soften. In fact, they are waiting for him to vanish, in the hope that in the struggle for succession the pieces will somehow fall favorably for them. The Syrian constitution assigns responsibility for succession to the Baath Party, but neither Baathis nor anti-Baathis pretend to know how the process will go. One likely scenario has it that each of the top men in the security services will enlist allies for a showdown but no one of them will be strong enough to emerge triumphant without calling on some opposition group for help. What Rifat al-Assad, passing his days in Paris, hopes is that someone will turn to him. Other exiles and dissidents reason along the same lines, envisioning a major reward for mobilizing enough followers to give the winner his margin of victory. Democracy has been restored in this way before, but the prospect of history repeating itself in Syria, where the security services appear so strong, seems remote.

DURING an earlier visit to Damascus, I decided, one Saturday afternoon when I had nothing special to do, to find the central synagogue and attend the end-of-Sabbath service. I had to overcome some trepidation, based on widely publicized assertions from Jewish sources about the systematic persecution of Syria's Jews. (The Anti-Defamation League, for example, has run a series of advertisements on this subject in the New York *Times*, a recent one stating that "Syria holds the Jews under the harshest conditions . . . literally hostages in their own land.") I persuaded a desk clerk at my hotel to write instructions for reaching the synagogue on a slip of paper, and I handed it to a taxi-driver waiting outside the door. It turned out that finding the place was not easy. Taxi-drivers in Damascus never admit to uncertainty, but since synagogues in the Arab world—unlike mosques and churches—tend to be hidden behind high walls, even the best of them can be fooled. It was only after half an hour of driving through the labyrinth of the Jewish Quarter, which is in the eastern part of the Old City, and making a dozen inquiries at shops and cafés, that my driver found the right alley, at the end of which was a gate and behind it the synagogue courtyard. Several well-dressed men and many boys were standing around under a grape arbor, waiting for the service to begin, and when I made my identity known they welcomed me, though with some obvious discomfort.

"Do you have permission from the police?" I was asked by a stocky man in his forties, who I later learned was Avraham Hamra, Syria's chief rabbi.

"Since when does one need permission to pray?" I asked, with slightly feigned indignation.

"Here you do," he replied, warmly but firmly. He then assigned a young man named Victor to accompany me on a short walk through narrow streets to the neighborhood police station. There Victor explained my objective to two plainclothes policemen sitting at an ancient desk. They listened respectfully and made some phone calls, and within a few minutes someone at the other end of the line was politely asking me questions in good English. Apparently satisfied with the answers, he



There are three great cookwares in the world.
But only one is made in America. Calphalon.

Until Calphalon, gourmet cooks had to look for French names for the kind of cookware they demanded. Now they buy Calphalon. Because there's nothing quite like Calphalon. Handcrafted. Hand inspected. While many try to imitate it, no one equals it.

Calphalon®
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT. 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

Maybe you don't need another diet.
Maybe what you need is
a faster metabolism.

Diets alone don't work.

When you eat less, your body adjusts its metabolism to a lower level, making you tired, grumpy and hungry.

The best way to raise your metabolism while you diet is through regular aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack is the most effective way to raise your metabolism.

NordicTrack burns more calories than any other aerobic exercise machine. Up to 1,100 calories per hour according to Oregon Health Sciences University.

And exercising on NordicTrack reduces your fat, increases your muscle and raises your metabolism, making it easier to stay in shape.

And easier to face those weigh-ins.

What are you waiting for? Call NordicTrack today.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free 1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582

☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Phone ( ) ______

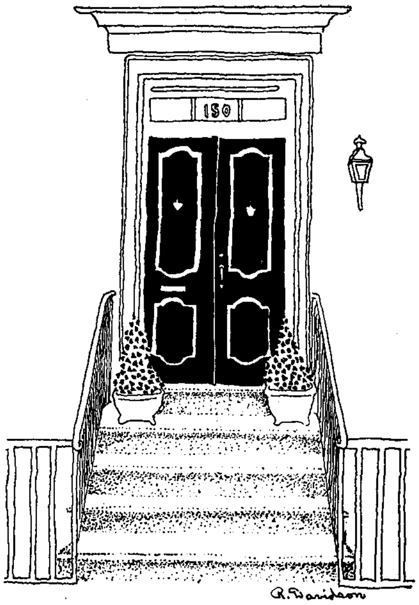
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
261A0

wished me a pleasant evening. His tone was friendly, but I was accompanied back to the synagogue not only by Victor but by one of the cops. On my return, the rabbi beckoned me to take a seat among the elders. The synagogue was an eighteenth-century building, newly painted and in excellent repair, with a well-worn floor of white marble mosaic and a wooden roof supported by three pairs of stone arches. I was later told that it was one of seventeen synagogues—most of them open only on holidays—that serve the Damascene community of three thousand Jews.

Since Roman times, the eastern sector of the city has been reserved for minorities. Paul of Tarsus, as a newly converted Christian, entered Damascus through the eastern gate and joined a community of the faithful already living there before he went off on his mission of conversion. Even now, Christians, most of them still living in the eastern sector, make up a third of the city's population. Squeezed between the Christian and Jewish quarters is a small pocket of Shiites, where visiting Iranians tend to gather, and various other Muslim sects cluster nearby. The day after my visit to the synagogue, I was invited by Victor's father, Abu Khalil Jajati, to his home for tea. (Men in the Arab world often take the name of their firstborn son. Jajati's real name was Yousef; Abu Khalil, by which he was commonly known, means Father of Khalil.) His house, a short walk from the Shiite cafés, was in the traditional Damascene style—two stories built around an open courtyard that was shaded by trees and had a fountain at the center. Diverse branches of his extended family lived in apartments around the courtyard. Abu Khalil told me that he was born in this house and that it had been in his family for generations. I later learned that Jews may make their homes where they like, and though the younger generation has begun to move out of the Jewish Quarter, most do not go far, in order to remain within walking distance of the synagogues. Although there are working-class Jews with modest incomes, there are also many who are doctors—though few are lawyers or teachers, since success in these professions depends on one's ties to the Baath Party. Most of the city's Jews are in business (Abu Khalil owns Damascus's most stylish men's-clothing store), and Jewish living standards are, as a whole, well above the Syrian average.

When I returned to Damascus last summer, I visited Abu Khalil again, and he arranged for me to interview the leaders of the Jewish community—of which he is one. The next day, I cleared the meeting at the Ministry of Information, which consented to waive surveillance. Since I had not yet mastered the geography, I negotiated with Abu Khalil's youngest son, Mordechai, to meet me at the Roman Arch, an Old City landmark, and from there we walked into the Jewish Quarter. It was a typically balmy evening, and we gathered on the roof of Abu Khalil's apartment, which looked out over the city's flickering lights. Rabbi Hamra was there, and also Dr. Nessim Hasbani, the community's highest lay official and the first Jewish graduate of the Damascus University medical school.

Historians tend to agree that anti-Semitism such as Jews experienced in the West in the Inquisition and the Holocaust is foreign to the Arab world. Anti-Jewish violence took place in Syria after the Second World War, when Israel was establishing its independence, but it was politically inspired, and so was the oppression of the Jews in the years immediately after Syria's defeat in the Six-Day War. At that time, Jews were forbidden to travel more than a few miles from their homes, transfer property, attend the universities, or obtain visas to go abroad. Many Jews were imprisoned without charges or trials. It was only after Assad became President and proclaimed reconciliation that the imprisoned Jews were granted amnesty and conditions improved. In October of 1973, when the Israeli Army threatened Damascus, Assad sent troops to protect the Jewish Quarter against angry Damascene mobs. In 1974, he received Jewish leaders at a formal meeting to hear their grievances, and two years later he repealed Syria's anti-Jewish laws. Jews have since been legally equal to other Syrians—with one crucial hitch. The new legislation has empowered the *mukhabarat* to review all Jewish rights and to suspend any that it deems threatening to Syria's security. "We have a branch of the *mukhabarat* that deals exclusively with us," Dr. Hasbani told me. "We often meet with the generals in charge. We have ambiguous relations with them. They can be very hard on us, but we can also go to them with problems, and they help us solve them. They think of us as their clients, and they sometimes act as our advocates within the bureaucracy."



The power of the *mukhabarat* is exerted most sternly when Jews want to travel abroad. In general, Jews can obtain visas for foreign travel, but they must leave a deposit of money behind as forfeit if they do not return. Furthermore, the *mukhabarat* usually will not allow all members of a family to travel together—a mother or a son serves as another security deposit. Sometimes, a family member—usually a son—does not come back, and the *mukhabarat* may or may not impose a penalty, depending on whether it regards the parents as accomplices. These restrictions are hardest on Jews who have family members living abroad—there are large communities of Syrian Jews in North and South America—and can be dire for those with relatives in Israel. In December of 1988, Amnesty International issued a bulletin identifying ten Syrian Jews who had been imprisoned, all of them in connection with foreign travel. By the time of my visit, four of them had been released. Of the remaining six, four had been tried and convicted for planning journeys to Israel, and were nearing the end of two-year sentences. The two remaining prisoners are acknowledged to have actually visited Israel, and Amnesty International believes that they went to see their parents, who, for reasons of age or health, were unable to fly to Europe, where such reunions often take place. They were neither charged nor tried, imprisonment without trial being a punishment that Syria usually reserves for serious political crimes. After I left Syria, I learned that, in response to foreign pressure, the government had finally disclosed their whereabouts and had allowed relatives to visit them, but the case remains outside the judicial process.

"In most matters, the *mukhabarat* is not much tougher with Jews than with non-Jews," Dr. Hasbani said. "We are troubled, of course, that our people are in prison, but Syria is very sensitive about contacts with Israel. As you know from your experience with us, we can't talk to any foreigner without being questioned. On the whole, we are treated like other Syrians, but we like to be a little bit more careful." He believes that not more than thirty per cent of the Jews would leave Syria if restrictions were lifted, and that the percentage would be even smaller if Jews were free to make regular visits to relatives abroad. (He also maintained—perhaps for reasons of political expediency—that not more than a handful would emigrate to Israel.) Syria tolerates some illegal emigration, and though the Jewish population in Damascus has long remained at about three thousand, the population in Aleppo in the last decade has fallen from fifteen hundred to about five hundred. But, legally, Syria has loosened its ban only for Jewish women above marriageable age—twenty-five or so, by the standards of the East—and since 1978 a small number of them have been allowed to leave for America in search of husbands.

What is unclear is whether a psychological force—an irresistible cultural alienation—spells the ultimate doom of the Syrian Jewish community. If the population declines to a level where community life is no longer viable, mass flight will become inevitable. This has happened in Iraq, where the Jewish population dropped from six thousand in the mid-nineteen-fifties to its present level of two hundred, most of them very elderly. The population already seems below the viability level in Aleppo, but Dr. Hasbani thinks that Damascus will retain its critical mass. The test will come when peace is made between Syria and Israel, and that may be far in the future.

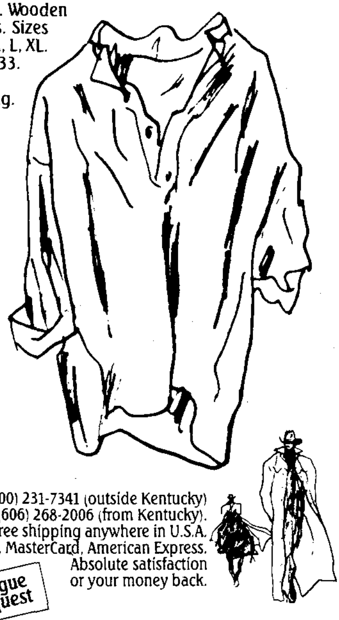
"Would you ever want to know if I'd done something sort of all too human?"

• •

IT is surprising that, after twenty years in power, Hafez al-Assad has still not made plain his intentions with regard to a Middle East settlement. When the question is put to him, he treats it with some irritation. His position is that there is hardly much point to his contemplating peace with Israel, because Israel is not interested in peace with the Arabs. Assad appears convinced that Israel will rest only when its frontiers extend from the Nile to the Euphrates; he contends that this goal is inherent in Zionist doctrine and apparent in Israel's aggressive behavior. He bitterly opposes peace talks between Israel and the P.L.O., and dismisses contemptuously the Shamir plan for elections in the occupied territories—a plan that the United States supports. He indicates a willingness to attend an international conference that would recognize the link between the Palestinian, Syrian, and Lebanese segments of the Arab-Israeli conflict in negotiating peace for the region—an idea favored by the Soviet Union and the European Community—but he doubts whether there will ever be one, since, he believes, Israel is not only unprepared to contemplate the return of territory but is intent on taking more.

When Assad is asked if he plans to build a Greater Syria, he pretends to be baffled. There is no Greater Syria, he answers—only Syria, which was divided and subdivided by the Allies after the First World War. Greater Syria, he says, is a term that the Allies invented to conceal this partition from the world and to convey the false impression that whoever tries to reunite the country is somehow an aggressor. Assad maintains that what the West pretends are four separate peoples—Syrians, Lebanese, Jordanians, and Palestinians—are actually one, with a single language, a single culture, and family ties that extend throughout the region. Nonetheless, he claims to have no plans to reunite this land mass, dismissing Syrian unity in favor of the Baath Party's grander vision of Arab unity. The concept that is an obstacle to peace, Assad argues, is not Greater Syria at all but Greater Israel.

During my Damascus visit, I asked many of Assad's supporters whether his designs to unite the Arab world were incompatible with hopes for a Middle East peace. Baathis, accepting the doctrine that unity cannot be obtained by force, say that there is no contradiction between these two goals, and insist that peace in the region is their overriding priority. Most Western diplomats in Damascus agree, if only because they know that Assad knows that Syria is too weak to take on



The J. Peterman shirt.
(99% Thos. Jefferson, 1% Peterman.)

Jefferson disliked stuffy people, stuffy houses, stuffy societies. So he changed a few things. Law. Gardening. Government. Architecture.

Of the thousand castles, mansions, chateaux you can walk through today, only Monticello, only Jefferson's own mansion, makes you feel so comfortable you want to live in it.

I think you will feel the same about his 18th-century shirt. Classic. Simple. Livable.

Unbleached handwoven muslin, blue or natural. Wooden buttons. Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL. Price: $33. We pay shipping.

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 268-2006 (from Kentucky).
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
© 1990 The J. Peterman Company

Unique, hard to find items that make life with your pet so much nicer. Feeders, waterers, grooming supplies, name tags and much more. PLUS dozens of items featuring your favorite breed on gifts, clothing.

☐ **Send your FREE color catalog**

Name ________________
Address ________________

pedigrees **The Pet Catalog**
Box 110,YN 133 Spencerport, N.Y. 14559

Among the riches of Beverly Hills, a little gem of a hotel.

B

THE BEVERLY PAVILION HOTEL
Beverly Hills (800) 421-0545

Israel in another war. They say that whenever Israel indicates a readiness to withdraw from the occupied territories—particularly the Golan Heights—Assad will seize the opportunity to reach a settlement. In a recent biography of Assad, the British journalist Patrick Seale argues that, as a condition of peace, Syria will insist not only on the return of the Golan but on Israel's recognition of Syria's preëminence among the Arab states of the region. But as a practical matter, Seale points out, Israelis already recognize Damascus as the key to stability in what they call their "neighborhood," and the return of the Golan would in itself be an acknowledgment of Syria's pre-eminence.

What Assad dreads in the current parrying between Israel and the Palestinians—in which Washington is an occasional intermediary—is that an agreement will emerge that ignores him. Assad has not yet recovered from what he regards as Sadat's betrayal in fracturing the Arab front, and in 1982 his worst fears were realized when the Israelis, free of worry about Egypt, invaded Lebanon, leaving him to face them alone. Assad is openly trying to sabotage the current efforts of Yasir Arafat and the P.L.O. to make peace with Israel on the basis of partitioning the old British mandate into Jewish and Palestinian states—the so-called two-state solution. No doubt he views a Palestinian state as yet another nibble out of Syria's real territory, one more violation of the principle of Arab unity. He would almost certainly endorse such a state as part of a settlement that included Israel's withdrawal from Lebanon and the Golan—but such an arrangement is not on Washington's agenda, much less on Israel's. In the absence of the entire package, Assad sees Arafat's free-lance peacemaking as furthering his own isolation.

Assad's antagonism toward the P.L.O. leaves the Palestinians in Damascus in a quandary. Nearly three hundred thousand Palestinians live in the city, making up some ten per cent of its population. Most occupy an area called Yarmouk, which began in the late nineteen-forties as a refugee camp and has since been overtaken by urban sprawl. Yarmouk, day and night, is a bustling suburb of shops, movie houses, restaurants, offices, and workshops—a testimony to Palestinian energy and achievement. It is also an index of Syria's generosity in opening up its economy to the Palestinians without discrimination. But Syria deals with its Palestinians as it does with its Jews, on the premise that their loyalty is not to the Assad regime, and they, too, are subject to the relentless scrutiny of the *mukhabarat*. The premise was validated when Yarmouk, to the *mukhabarat's* dismay, turned out en masse to welcome Arafat during a brief visit he made in April of 1988.

Damascus ceased to be the center of mainstream P.L.O. activity in late 1982, when Assad broke with Arafat in an attempt to replace him with a more pliable P.L.O. leader. These days, only P.L.O. dissidents play Palestinian politics there, in shabby and untidy offices, with paper flags of Palestine and photographs of P.L.O. "martyrs" hanging on the walls. The dark-eyed young men who run these offices know that they have a tough assignment—to be true to the homeland while keeping in the good graces of the Assad regime.

I had once interviewed Abdul Mohsen Abu Maiser, then the chief P.L.O. spokesman in Damascus, in one of these offices. I visited him again in Yarmouk last summer, and found him melancholy in his present isolation. "If there were an international conference, Assad and the Palestinians would probably take the same negotiating position," he told me. "We are not enemies, after all—and I think that Arafat made a mistake in allowing a break to take place with Assad. The P.L.O. has no substitute for what Syria has—an Army, international alliances, strong bargaining power. Our cause is a burden to Assad, but he defends us, and we should thank him for it. He is more faithful than Arafat to the Palestinian cause."

Nayaf Hawatmeh is the head of the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a left-wing splinter group within the P.L.O. It long opposed the Palestinian mainstream as being too moderate, but it has recently mellowed and now supports the two-state solution. "At the last Arab summit in Casablanca, Assad gave formal endorsement to an attempt at a comprehensive settlement within the framework of an international conference," said Hawatmeh, a tall, slim man who speaks with agonizing slowness. "Syria opposes Arafat's proposals for bilateral negotiations with Israel, and so do I. Unfortunately, since Casablanca, Syria has not worked as it promised to implement the initiative. I don't mean to say that Syria is not a willing participant in the peace process. But Assad is a suspicious man, and Syria's position on peace is developing very, very slowly."

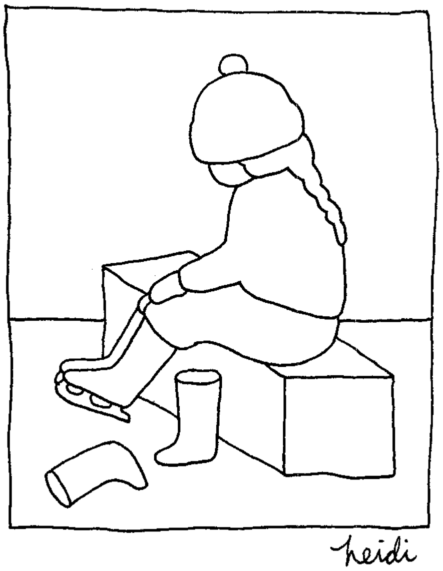
Abu Moussa (Said Moussa Mahmoud, who was the commander of the P.L.O. forces in southern Lebanon at the time of the Israeli invasion) heads one of two Palestinian groups in Damascus that are still categorized as "rejectionist"—that is, opposed to any settlement at all with Israel. He is sixty-two—a husky man habitually dressed in military uniform. Leader of the unsuccessful uprising of P.L.O. forces against Arafat in the late spring of 1983, he regards Arafat's proposals for bilateral negotiations as a betrayal of the Palestinian people. "We recognize that if we keep the pure line of the revolution we will not get quick results," he told me. "We also won't be popular—as Arafat is now. But what's the use of being popular if we don't get our national territory back?" Syria, he said, gave his group "strong political support," but his vagueness in describing it suggested that his rejectionist politics are no longer compatible with Assad's plans for the region.

The other rejectionist group in Damascus is the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine–General Command, which is led by Ahmad Jibril. This is the group that is said to have bombed Pan American's Flight 103 over Scotland in Christmas of 1988, although it angrily denies any responsibility. Unable to see Jibril himself, I talked to his spokesman, who is known as Abu Firas—a small, round, nervous man with sixties-length hair. I asked him what the General Command would do if Arafat succeeded in negotiating an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza. "We will go on with our armed struggle," he answered. When I asked what Syria would do, he deliberated for a moment or two, then said, "We have no pledge from Syria on holding out in support of a single state. The Syrians have never made an explicit statement on the two-state solution, but Assad has formally accepted U.N. Resolution 242 and the compromise settlement plan of the Fez Summit—both of which imply recognition of Israel—and we have rejected them. We and the Syrians simply have two different policies on this point."

I asked Abu Firas whether he thought that, ultimately, Assad would abandon the General Command on the two-state issue, leaving Jibril alone with his "armed struggle."

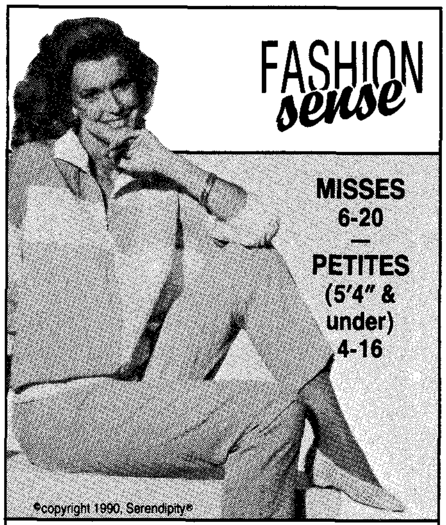
He hesitated again, took a long drag on his cigarette, and answered mournfully, "Yes, I think he will."

The United States, which has not had comfortable relations with Syria since it turned toward the Eastern Bloc in the nineteen-fifties, is not sure of Assad's attitude toward peace, either. This is not surprising: in addition to being secretive by disposition, the Syrians are suspicious of the United States, and in normal official exchanges they conceal even the bare outlines of their thinking. American diplomats in Damascus and Washington evidence great frustration at their inability to grasp Syrian intentions, both in the long and the short term. (In recent weeks, for example, Washington has urged Assad not to use force against General Aoun in Lebanon, but it has no idea how he will react to the advice.) So great is the distrust between the two countries that they rarely even discuss the prospects for negotiating a Middle East peace. The Assad regime reproaches the United States for being passionate about Israel but cool to Syria's concerns in Lebanon and the Arab world. At the slightest pretext, Syrian officials launch into diatribes—usually after a rehearsal of the Sykes-Picot routine—against America's long-term partiality, for which they blame the Jewish lobby in Washington and which they contend is contrary to America's own interests. They also complain that Washington favors the Maronites in Lebanon and prefers Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and even Iraq to Syria in the Arab world.



These days, Washington and Damascus seem to be trying to place their relations on a more cordial level. In 1986, in the fallout of British accusations of Syrian involvement in an attempted airline bombing, President Reagan withdrew the American Ambassador from Damascus and invoked congressional sanctions meant to punish countries that assist terrorism. To placate Washington, Syria expelled the notorious Abu Nidal from its territory, and it took another placating step after the Pan Am disaster, promising to prosecute anyone within its jurisdiction who might be culpable. The State Department has since sent a new Ambassador, Edward P. Djerejian, to Damascus, with instructions to close the gap, and he has held a series of unusually friendly meetings with Assad. Last summer, when Colonel Higgins' death was announced, the State Department asked Syria to press Iran not to carry out the threat of further executions, and Syria agreed to try. Washington does not know whether Syria's intervention made the difference, but there were no more executions, and the Embassy suggested that the sanctions be softened, as a sign of gratitude. What Syria wanted most were concessions allowing it to buy desperately needed grain on favorable terms, but since Syria is not popular with Congress the White House ignored the suggestion. The sanctions remain in force, keeping the two countries locked in antagonism.

Alexander Zotov, Moscow's Ambassador in Damascus, does not feel nearly as uncertain as America's diplomats about his country's ability to influence Syria. Zotov, who heads a Soviet delegation that includes some twenty-five hundred technicians—the largest group of outsiders currently in Syria, though it has declined from as many as fifteen thousand during the Brezhnev period—was posted to Damascus last January, and is one of the new breed that the Soviet Foreign Ministry dispatches abroad. He is a slim man of forty-seven, who wears tinted glasses and dresses like an



FASHION sense
MISSES 6-20
—
PETITES (5'4" & under) 4-16
©copyright 1990, Serendipity®
The latest designer fashions featuring both comfort and style plus brand name shoes in regular and hard-to-find sizes.
SEND $1 FOR CATALOG AND $2 BONUS COUPON
Name
Address
City
State Zip
MAIL TO: Serendipity®
Dept. AEM4, Palo Verde at 34th
P.O. Box 27500, Tucson, Arizona 85726-7500

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON . . .
The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:
THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

Come to the Fair!
World's Fair: The quarterly journal of international expositions and events. Lots of good reading. Part fun, part social history. Write or phone for a free sample issue.
World's Fair SINCE 1981
Box 339, Dept A-1b, Corte Madera, California 94925 (415) 924-6035

See the World at a First Class Pace
with America's preeminent bicycle vacation company,
Backroads Bicycle Touring
Year-round bicycling vacations throughout North America, Europe, and the Pacific for all abilities.
Free Color Catalog:
Backroads, 1516 5th Street, Suite T1
Berkeley, CA 94710-1713
800-533-2573, 415-527-1555 (in CA)

American college professor, in tweeds and striped ties. Candid and sociable, he is trained in the language and culture of the Arabs, and also speaks excellent English. It is said in the diplomatic community that Zotov has instructions to prepare Syria for peace.

We talked over tea in a small room in the Soviet Embassy, a walled compound of offices and residences a ten-minute taxi ride from the center of town. "The Soviet Union is embarked on a period of coöperation with the United States, the depth of which is yet to be established," Zotov said. "We have not yet reached the discussion of joint political efforts in the Middle East, but we are beyond the point where either side sees the national interest in freezing the other out of the area. We are all in the same boat—the United States, the Soviet Union, Europe—vis-à-vis turbulence in the Middle East. The idea would once have seemed crazy that the Soviet Union would encourage the P.L.O. to engage in dialogue with the United States, but now we openly admit that we are interested in the outcome of this dialogue. To use Bush's term, we are beyond containment.

"Since Gorbachev, we and the Syrians have experienced a change toward each other. Our military relations, which developed over a very long period, are now confined within the limits of Syria's defense sufficiency, and we have made clear that we will not welcome a confrontational line. Assad visited Moscow in April, 1987, and agreed that a military solution to Middle East problems is not in the cards. The Syrians are not developing an offensive potential. Still, we can't help taking into account Syria's feelings of vulnerability. They are well grounded in recent history, and in Israel's command of the Golan Heights. Under the terms of our 1980 treaty of friendship with Syria, we have no obligation to fight the Syrians' battles, but we do agree to provide them with military material. We are providing enough to make Israel understand that it cannot attack without paying a huge price."

According to Zotov, the Soviet Union's new thinking—to which it has begun to convert Syria—requires that "strategic parity" take into account not just the balance of arms but also the weight of world public opinion, the diplomatic potential of the rest of the Arab world, the limitations on Israeli aggression imposed by that country's small population, and America's eagerness for peace in the Middle East. Washington would be of more help, he said, if it judged Israel's "state terrorism" as sternly as the Soviet Union judged Syria's involvement in Palestinian terrorism; neither of these activities advanced the cause of peace. He said that Moscow was nevertheless encouraged by signs that Washington no longer viewed Syria as a Soviet surrogate and that it was working to reduce ill will between itself and Damascus.

"Unfortunately, the United States still does not seem to grasp Syria's position on an international conference," he went on. "Any mechanism that translates the need for peace into some material form will do. If, by some miracle, Israel and the Arabs should announce that they had reached a peace agreement among themselves, I think we would still need an international effort to reinforce it. For example, the international community should give Israel ironclad guarantees on its security in return for any sacrifices Israel makes in military superiority. I would also expect any agreement to provide for a transitional period, which would necessitate some sort of international supervision. Even if there were direct talks between Israel and the Arabs, there would be no substitute for an international presence.

"We have for some time tried to make clear to our American counterparts that an international conference is not a world tribunal, much less a plot to impose a solution from the outside. An accommodation between Israel and the Arabs must still be the core of an agreement. I should also observe, in view of the arms race between Israel and the Arabs, which has assumed nuclear and chemical dimensions, that no country can consider itself an outsider in the Middle East mess. We are all exposed to the danger, so it is logical that the crisis be resolved through concerted international effort."

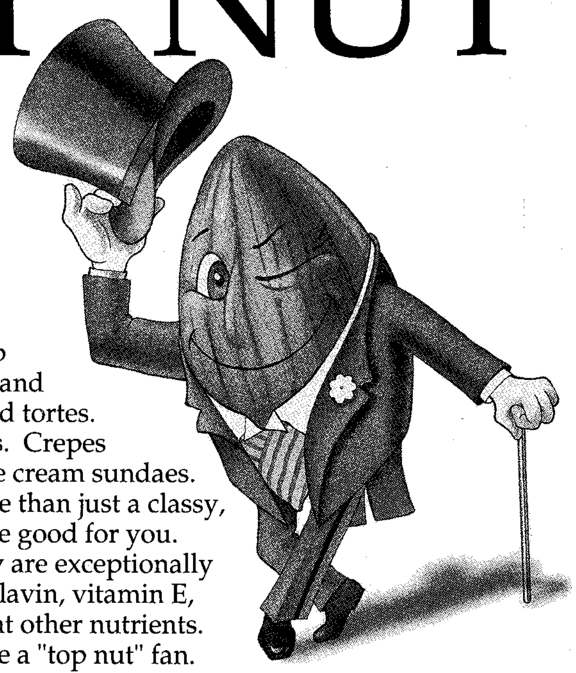
A FEW days after my meeting with Zotov, I drove south along the Damascus-Jerusalem road as far as the Golan Heights. Both Syria and Israel have been faithful to the terms of the disengagement agreement that followed the Yom Kippur War, so the Golan has long been quiet—but it remains a likely flash point for any future Syrian-Israeli war. The drive, across utterly flat terrain, takes less than an hour—which helps to explain why the Syrians are terrified of the sizable contingent of Israeli troops in bivouac on the Golan. On the right side of the road, not far in the distance, is Mt. Hermon, the site of ferocious battles in successive wars; Israel is said to have enough electronic gear there to hear Assad in bed snoring. I saw villagers housed in makeshift quarters among the military installations as I approached the border. Most of them were in traditional dress; they were refugees, waiting to return to their homes either in the occupied territory or in the no man's land adjacent to it.

The capital of the Golan Heights is Quneitra, which now is a silent sea of rubble, levelled to the ground by Israeli forces before they returned it to Syria under the terms of the disengagement agreement. A monument in what was once the center of a bustling marketplace commemorates the hoisting of the Syrian flag by Hafez al-Assad on June 26, 1974. For a bird's-eye view across the mined fields that divide Syria from Israel, I climbed to the roof of a gutted building, identified by a sign reading "Golan Hospital, Destroyed by the Zionists." From there I could see a burned-out mosque, a church with a decapitated steeple, and a wrecked movie theatre named Al-Andalus, for the days of grandeur when the Arabs ruled Spain. I could also see an Israeli jeep patrolling a road that paralleled the line separating the armies.

I drove as far as the last Syrian outpost, just beyond which was a thick barrier of barbed wire with tiny purple wildflowers growing among the strands. Farther down the road I could see a small United Nations installation and, farther still, a guard post that flew a blue-and-white flag with the star of David; above it flapped a banner that read "Welcome to Israel." The banner was meant ironically, no doubt, for the border has been closed to all traffic except a few U.N. vehicles ever since 1948. Or could the contingent of Israelis who put up the banner have been serious? I allowed myself to imagine that it might be an invitation—an hour to Haifa, two to Jerusalem—not just to me but, when peace is made, to the Syrians. Can a war, after all, go on forever?

—Milton Viorst

TOP NUT



A MARIANI
GOLDEN
CALIFORNIA
ALMOND.

When it comes to adding the finishing touch to sweets and desserts, almonds top everything. Cookies and coffee cakes. Tarts and tortes. Breads and puddings. Crepes and waffles. Even ice cream sundaes.

Almonds are more than just a classy, tasty garnish. They're good for you. Cholesterol-free, they are exceptionally good sources of riboflavin, vitamin E, magnesium, and eight other nutrients.

It's easy to become a "top nut" fan.

For just $19.75, we'll ship you a 5 lb. box of freshly-shelled California almonds. Money-back guarantee. Send your check or money order – with your street address – to:

MARIANI NUT COMPANY

Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 072
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694

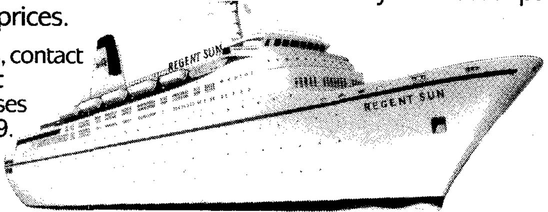
ALASKA

NO OTHER CRUISE GIVES YOU MORE IN ONE WEEK.

Gulf of Alaska. Ketchikan. Juneau. Skagway. Sitka. Glacier Bay. Plus the Inside Passage and Columbia Glacier.

This summer, cruise the "Last Frontier" in real style with Regency. This is true adventure, with every comfort imaginable: superb Continental cuisine, spacious cabins and attentive European service. All yours aboard our flagship REGENT SUN or the gracious REGENT SEA. Book 90 days in advance, you'll save up to $500 per cabin. This savings means you can cruise Alaska for as little as $895 per person! Air add-ons are priced to your advantage. Ask about our fabulous 11–14 day cruise/tour packages at unbeatable prices.

For reservations, contact your travel agent or Regency Cruises at 212-972-4499.



Ships' registry: Bahamas

Yes. I want to see more of Regency's ALASKA! Please send me your 1990 brochure.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Zip________

Send to: Regency Cruises
260 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10016

1/8/90

REGENCY CRUISES

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

DEAL OF THE YEAR

FOR Gerald Levin, who is now the vice-chairman of Time Warner, Inc., the world's largest media-entertainment company, the mid-eighties at Time Inc. were a period of considerable frustration; both his own career and the company he cared so much about seemed in jeopardy. Levin had been at Time Inc. since 1972, when he joined the company's fledgling Home Box Office; several years later, he was responsible for persuading Time's then chairman and chief executive officer, Andrew Heiskell, to gamble $7.5 million to lease satellite time to transmit HBO's signal to cable systems—thereby freeing those signals from a limiting, terrestrial-based network and transforming not only HBO but the entire cable industry. Consequently, Levin's star in the company had risen. Heiskell told me not long ago, "Levin is our resident genius—there is only one at Time Inc., and he is it." In early 1984, however, Nicholas Nicholas—who had been jockeying with Levin for the position of president and chief operating officer of Time Inc.—replaced Levin as the head of the company's video interests, and Levin was designated "chief strategist." "I didn't know what that meant, exactly," Levin said in a recent interview. "I didn't have many resources, and it was sort of lonely." Then, in July, 1986, J. Richard Munro, who had succeeded Heiskell as C.E.O. in 1980, named Nicholas president, making him the heir apparent for Munro's own job. Upon Nicholas's ascension, Levin and some other insiders were removed from the board of directors.

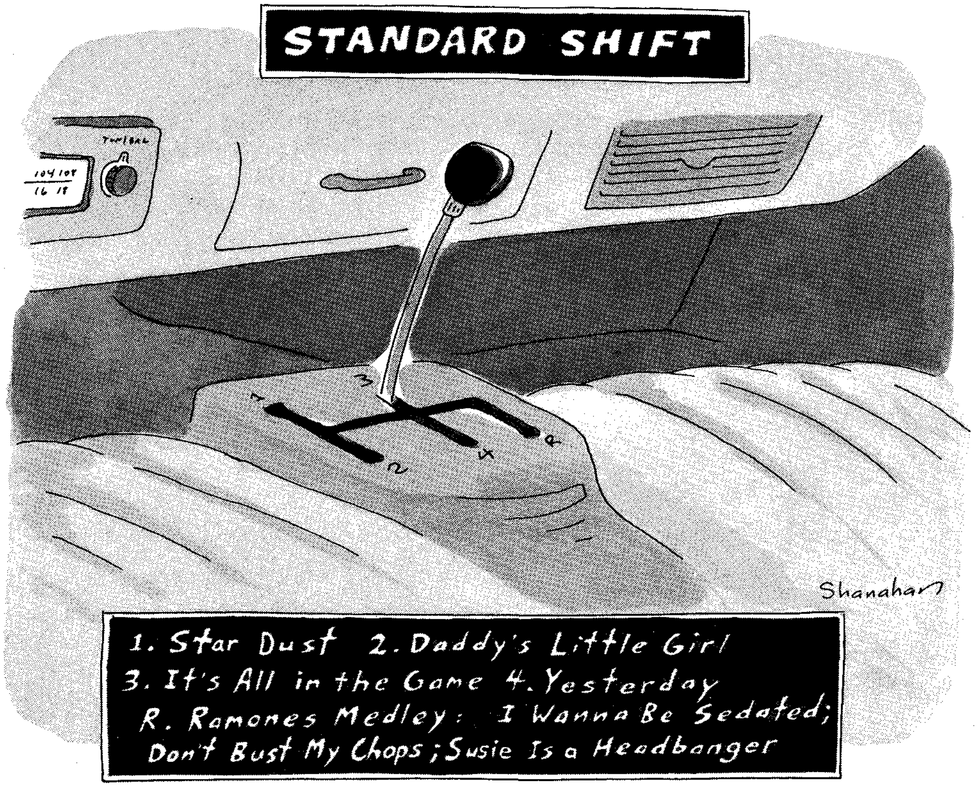
Levin seemed to have been effectively interred. With the force of an idea, however, he resurrected himself, and set in motion a chain of events—which he orchestrated, with enormous care, over a period of more than two years—that would forever change Time Inc. "I had thought for a long time that we needed what I always referred to as a 'transforming transaction,' " Levin told me, "because I didn't think we could build ourselves into this new world."

By the mid-eighties, Time Inc. did indeed seem to have lost the generative charge that had empowered it for decades—ever since its co-founders, Henry Luce and Briton Hadden, published the first issue of *Time*, in March, 1923. It had become a textbook case of the evolution undergone by many American companies as their leadership has passed from an inspired founder, to his anointed heirs, to latter-generation managers—and the companies' original sense of mission, and vitality, has been diluted.

"Time Inc. has become a well-managed organization, but it lacks the palpable passion that once inspired creative energy throughout the company," a confidential Time Inc. study, known as the Lyford Cay Strategy Report, concluded in June, 1988. "The company is perceived on both Wall Street and internally as uncreative, overly cautious, investor-driven and risk-averse," and "senior management has not communicated a galvanizing vision of the company's future growth opportunities."

Pondering the situation from his "strategic planning" outpost in late 1986, Levin concluded that Time Inc. had become too insular and inbred to be revivified from within. "I remember going to one of our strategy sessions at Lyford Cay"—in the Bahamas—"in '86, and looking around at the top seventy-five or eighty people in the company: nearly all of them had been here since they got out of school," Levin told me. Bringing in outsiders at senior levels wouldn't work, he felt. That had been tried in the past, but "Time has what we call an immunologic system, and it rejects them," he said. In his view, the company needed some exogenous infusion that would propel it into the future, a future that he envisioned as "mainstream entertainment"—expanding on the company's most profitable positions, in cable and programming.

Moreover, Levin was convinced that there was an urgency to Time Inc.'s predicament. The company's breakup value was then (and over the next several years would continue to be) at least double the price of its shares (in part, at least, because of the market's perception that the company was poorly managed). By 1986, the takeover speculators had begun to circle; financial players like the Coniston Partners were accumulating Time stock, and so, according to rumor, was the arbitrageur Ivan Boesky. Although in a subsequent lawsuit Munro and


STANDARD SHIFT
Shanahan
1. Star Dust 2. Daddy's Little Girl
3. It's All in the Game 4. Yesterday
R. Ramones Medley: I Wanna Be Sedated;
Don't Bust My Chops; Susie Is a Headbanger

Nicholas denied under oath that they were worried about Time's being taken over, Heiskell has told me, "A takeover . . . that's all they thought about on the thirty-fourth floor"—where the executive suites are in the Time & Life Building. "Or just about all." Heiskell himself doubted whether anyone could successfully mount a hostile bid for a journalistic institution like Time Inc. "I used to say to them, 'If that's the case, why doesn't somebody show you some money?' But they would say, 'Oh, it's just not the right time.' "

That was the state of affairs when, in February, 1987, Steven Ross, the chairman and C.E.O. of the dynamic entertainment company Warner Communications, Inc.—which he had built over the last twenty-eight years—came to call on Nicholas and Munro. One of an increasingly rare breed of larger-than-life company founders, Ross started out in the garment district of Manhattan, as the head salesman for a manufacturer of little girls' high-style bathing suits; he then went to work for his in-laws, who ran funeral homes, and expanded from there into limousine rentals, parking, office cleaning, magazine distribution, and a talent agency. In 1969, he acquired Warner Brothers–Seven Arts, which was primarily a motion-picture and recorded-music company and was failing. Divesting himself of his earlier, more prosaic businesses, Ross focussed on entertainment, developing personal relationships with Hollywood stars and becoming an eager denizen of a celebrity-studded world. Although Warner had a brush with disaster in 1982, when its Atari video-game division suddenly plunged in sales, by the time Ross paid his visit to the thirty-fourth floor Warner had made a stunning comeback. As Ross will often point out, in 1962, when he took his company public, its net income was $870,000, and its market value was $12.5 million; in 1988, those figures were $423 million and $5.6 billion.

Even Ross's critics agree that his talents are manifold. He has a mathematical mind, creating constructs beyond the ken of many investment bankers, and performing complex calculations in his head. ("I hate calculators," he once said to an associate. "They're the equalizer.") He discerns and rewards talent, compensating his people lavishly and giving them autonomy, which has created a stable environment with relatively few defections—unusual in the entertainment industry. He is farsighted—he became entranced by the potential of cable in the late sixties, when it was nothing but a reception enhancer for television sets—and brings a fertile, almost febrile imagination to business: he is a compulsive conceptualizer. This last must have been irresistible to Nicholas, Munro, and Levin—the promise of rain after a long drought.

Copious as these talents are, many who have watched Ross over the years believe that it is his ability to win people over that may account, as much as all the rest, for his success. "You spend fifteen or twenty minutes with Steve Ross, and you feel you're the most important person in the world," an investment banker who has dealt with him told me. One of Ross's lawyers calls him Knute Rockne, for his ability to motivate his team. He is a master of the thoughtful gesture, large or small: calling those involved when a movie has failed dismally, sending flowers for a birthday to the spouse of someone whom he is keeping late at the office, awarding a bonus (instead of a loan) to cover an employee's financial need, supplying the Warner plane or sending a hard-to-find gift to a star—ceaselessly spreading largesse. ("What can I do for you guys?" and "I'm buying!" are familiar Ross refrains.)

Interpretations of this wealth of bonhomie are diverse. Some see Ross as a consummate barterer ("Steve trades peas for watermelons," Caesar Kimmel, a former partner of Ross's who used to be in the parking business, has said), some as a Svengali, who elicits a cultlike devotion from his followers, and some as a genuinely bighearted guy. "Steve is such a warm, embracing human being," Levin said to me. "He has this huge emotional reservoir, which is, I think, what makes him unique."

When I asked Ross how he had learned to get along with people so well, he replied, "I learned about people in the funeral business. It's a service business. You service people in an emotional time—you learn about their needs, their feelings."

Ross apparently found Nicholas and Munro, with whom he met in the beginning, a quick study. Levin, with

Create the
Ultimate Cup Of Coffee

Start with our Green Mountain Coffee Roasters Coffee. It's *freshly roasted* in small batches *just hours* (not weeks or months!) before we rush it to you. The difference in flavor is *extraordinary*. We guarantee it!

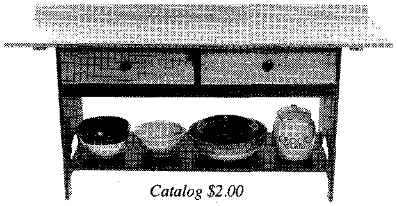
Call 1-800-223-6768 for a FREE $5 CERTIFICATE and brochure of 50 delicious gourmet coffees. (In Vermont, call 1-800-622-4240) or mail the coupon below.

G·R·E·E·N MOUNTAIN Coffee
33 Coffee Lane
Waterbury, VT 05676
1-800-223-6768

☐ Yes, please rush my FREE $5 certificate and catalog of all 50 gourmet coffees.

Name
Address
City
State Zip
©1990 GMCR 1410b

SHAKER



Catalog $2.00

Handcrafted furniture in the Shaker tradition.
by
Gene Cosloy

Great Meadows Joinery
P.O. Box 392NY Wayland, MA 01778

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. It turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe, leaves you free to think, allows you to perform.

Eighty-Five plus Four for shipping.

Navy, Black, Charcoal Grey, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Charcoal Black, Pewter, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Bright Red, Vermont Green, Slate Blue, Exquisite Mocha, Booby Foot Blue, Palest Pink, Emerald Sea Green, Lapis Lazuli, Heavy Cream, Taupe, Robin's Egg Blue, Camel, Cognac and Yellow.

CHECK VISA MASTERCARD

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
PO BOX 1008NY RUTLAND VERMONT 05701 802 775 6754

whom Nicholas discussed these early conversations in elaborate detail, recalls that by the spring of 1987 both he and Nicholas were committed to arranging some kind of transaction, preferably with Warner, that would launch them in the entertainment business. But, eager as Nicholas was for this to happen, he was not willing to cede his own primacy as part of the deal. Even if there was to be a sharing of power for a defined period, the ultimate succession of Time Inc.—in the person of Nicholas, already Munro's designated heir—was the sine qua non. Munro, too, was adamant about the succession.

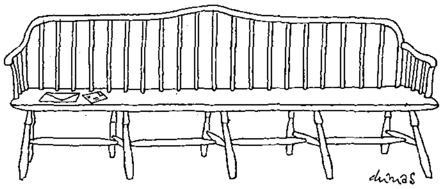
Discussions with other potential suitors foundered, at least in part because of this stipulation. Levin told me that merger discussions with Capital Cities/ABC, Inc., were halted when it was clear that no accord could be reached on this point, among others. Also, Martin Davis, the chairman and C.E.O. of Paramount Communications, Inc.—which ultimately brought suit against Time and Warner—later testified in a deposition that he had had a number of conversations with Munro about a merger of Time and Paramount but that when Munro broached the issue of co-C.E.O.s, and a prearranged succession plan, he had objected. As for co-C.E.O. relationships, Davis testified, "I pointed out from what I observed in the business world that I never saw one that worked. And I thought that in any organization, where there is always a measure of politics, all one does is engender further politics." Davis also testified, concerning Munro, "He seemed to be obsessed with who was going to succeed him, and—not who, but basically Nick Nicholas. But I did not feel it was my prerogative, or his, for that matter, to determine who was going to succeed whom. I felt very strongly, and I expressed that to him, that that was a board determination." (Munro testified that he did not recall such a conversation.)

But with Ross there was no problem. "Steve said early on—and kept saying—that he had no heir apparent, and Nick would be it," Munro told me recently. "That was as critical to making this deal happen as anything."

On March 4, 1989, two years after Ross had first met with Nicholas and Munro, Time's "transforming transaction" was announced: a stock-for-stock merger of Time Inc. and Warner Communications, Inc. Its corporate-governance plan was unusual. Initially, Ross and Munro would rule as co-C.E.O.s and co-chairmen; upon Munro's retirement, in 1990, Nicholas would become co-C.E.O. alongside Ross; and within five years Nicholas would become the company's sole C.E.O., while Ross would continue as chairman.

On June 7th, however, two weeks before Time and Warner shareholders were scheduled to vote on the merger, Paramount, Inc., threatened to foil the deal by making a $10.7-billion cash tender offer for Time, at a hundred and seventy-five dollars a share. In the face of Paramount's hostile offer, the proposed merger of Time and Warner was reconstituted as a bid of cash and securities for Warner by Time. It survived Paramount's challenge in the Delaware courts (where Time, like most major American companies, is incorporated), giving rise to a decision that has been widely hailed in corporate quarters as a reaffirmation of the rights of directors to manage companies, particularly in carrying out strategies for the long term. In the end, however, the Time-Warner deal, which will close on January 10th, stands as a testament not to any model of corporate governance but, rather, to the triumph of personality. One member of the Time Inc. board of directors told me after he met Ross, "Steve makes people feel like he sees things their way—it's his strength," and he added, referring to Paramount's effort, "If Martin Davis could have done it, *he* would have had Time."

REFLECTING on the intensity with which Nicholas, Munro, and Levin had pursued the Time-Warner deal, Heiskell told me, "In the eighties, the bottom line at Time Inc. was O.K. They had a machine in hand that was making decent money, and they could squeeze it to get more. But did they start something new? No. In the end, I think it became terribly important to them that this deal get done, because it would be either yet another failure—if it didn't get done—or their great success."



Doing a deal was, of course, the all-purpose panacea of the eighties. And the deal between Time and Warner was a further reflection of the spirit of the decade, inasmuch as it represented one of the great bastions of the establishment commingling with—and, as it evolves, perhaps yielding to—the flashy, come-lately entrepreneurs. "Warner is a company made up of executives with very strong ties to each other, mainly Jewish, who would appear to be parvenus, in a glitzy business," commented the investment banker Felix Rohatyn, of Lazard Frères, who advised Warner in this transaction. Rohatyn has known Ross since 1960 ("I negotiated my first deal for Ross on the back stairs of Campbell Funeral Home, while a funeral was going on in the front," he recalled), and has also been an adviser to Time Inc. "And Time is the most establishment, white-shoe company, whose investment bankers in this deal referred to them as 'the cathedral,' " Rohatyn continued, alluding to the famed "church and state" structure instituted by Henry Luce to insulate the editorial side of his publications from the business side. "I said to Bruce"—Bruce Wasserstein, an investment banker who was advising Time—" 'What are we, the synagogue?' " Because of this contrast, Rohatyn added, "I thought the deal wouldn't happen—right until the end. I expected them to be like the unlikely couple who are at the altar and, all of a sudden, opening their eyes, cry, 'I can't do this, Mother!' " Referring to Luce's two handpicked successors, *Time's* former editor-in-chief Hedley Donovan and Time Inc.'s former chairman and C.E.O. Heiskell, as well as to James Shepley, a former president of Time Inc., who died in 1988—all of whom were strongly opposed to the deal—Rohatyn said, "They represented the Old Guard at Time Inc. And if the board had been steeped in that kind of thinking the deal would never have worked."

The beginning of the end for the old Time Inc. came when Heiskell, who had pondered his choice of a successor for five years, selected Munro in 1980. Although Munro had started his career at Time on the business side of the magazine division, and had been the publisher of *Sports Illustrated* in the early seventies, it was his subsequent tenure as head of the video group that had placed him on Heiskell's short list of candidates. In the latter part of the seventies, the video group, thanks to HBO, had gone from losing several million dollars, in 1975 and 1976, to become the largest and fastest-growing profit producer in the company, contributing nearly fifty per cent of all Time Inc. earnings.

While the magazine division's earnings continued to rise in the early eighties, they were fuelled by the established magazines—*Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *People*—not the newer efforts. Over the years, Time Inc. had dabbled in many different areas—newspapers, moviemaking, forest products, broadcast-TV stations—but these had always been the poor relations, invested in only as a hedge for the magazines. (Luce had once rejected a deal to buy a movie studio, writing in a memo that if he had to invest in leisure he might consider horse and dog racing, but "would exclude the service of anesthetizing people by TV.") The core of the company, the very reason for its existence, the source of its pride and its famous "arrogance," had always been the magazines, and power within the corporation had derived from them. Now, however, it was the video group that seemed to be lighting the way to the company's future, and its personnel—Munro, Nicholas, Levin, and others, including lawyers, M.B.A.s, and accountants—who were finding their way to the executive suites on the thirty-fourth floor.

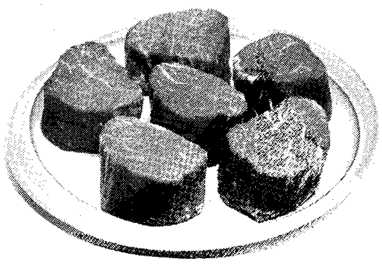
Munro, a pleasant, unaffected man who had done graduate work at Teachers College, Columbia University, and whom one might, indeed, take for a teacher rather than the C.E.O. of Time Inc., was ill prepared for the finance-driven environment of the eighties, and quickly came to rely on the numerically sophisticated Nicholas. Nicholas believed that the company should become more focussed, and the first move he urged on Munro—spinning off Temple-Inland, Inc., the forest-products division (which generated a third of Time's profits), in a clever way that spared Time from having to pay any capital-gains tax—won praise on Wall Street. After that success, Munro's reliance on Nicholas only increased. Meanwhile, Levin, who had also been part of Munro's video team, and whom Munro liked and respected, was associated with a couple of projects that failed—cable teletext and subscription television. As chairman of HBO in the early eighties, Levin also bore responsibility for a disastrous deal with Columbia Pictures that Nicholas ultimately renegotiated.

According to two former executives at Time Inc., Nicholas—sometimes known as Nick the Knife—was given to reminding Munro and others of his competitors' missteps. "The job he did on Gerry was the most brutal," one of them told me, referring to Levin. "Nick took some real errors, took some others that he claimed were errors, packaged them, and sold them to Munro and the board." Characteristically, according to this former Time executive, Nicholas masked his thrust slightly. " 'Gerry's such a terrific guy,' Nick would say. 'It's amazing that he could have done something so *terrible* as this Columbia Pictures deal.' "

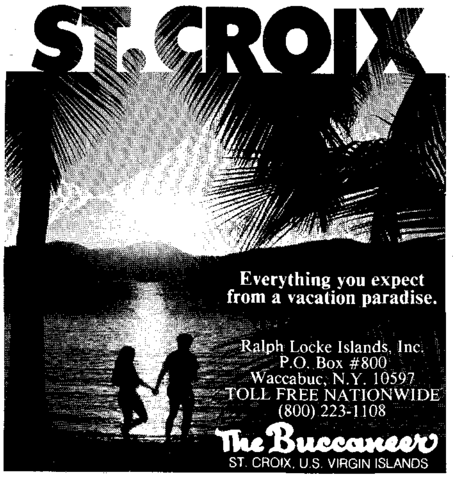
Nicholas was associated with no large-scale projects that failed. But it was sometimes said that his very caution led him into error. In 1985, he negotiated a deal in which Time's cable subsidiary, the American Television & Communications Corporation (A.T.C.), joined a consortium to buy the Westinghouse Group W cable operation. A.T.C. paid roughly nine hundred dollars per subscriber, and today each subscriber costs about twenty-five hundred dollars. But because Nicholas structured the deal as a joint venture Time received only fifty per cent of the bonanza. Moreover, in 1987 Time joined another consortium, which bought thirty-seven per cent of the Turner Broadcasting System (TBS), but there had been earlier opportunities to buy a stake in TBS—cheaper—which Nicholas had declined. "Nick's theory of business," one former Time Inc. executive says, "is not to be there for the mistake."

IN September, 1986, Richard Munro became chairman as well as C.E.O., and Nicholas became president. A skilled manager in earlier years, Munro—seeming exhausted by the problems of leading the company in the eighties—now yielded utterly to Nicholas. A former director recalls, "At a board meeting not long after Nicholas had become president, the directors had quite a discussion, and they said, 'Damn it, Dick, you've got to make it clear that *you're* running the

An Introduction to Elegance by
Classic Steaks of Omaha™
by Skylark Meats, Inc.



Receive six exquisite U.S.D.A. choice Filets Mignons, 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick, *Classic's* center-cut. Unconditional guarantee.
***Save $15!* Only $34.95**
(Plus $4.50 shipping) Limit 3.
Offer valid until February 4, 1990
To order your steaks,
or Free Catalog, call
1-800-28TASTE
VISA, MC, AMEX accepted



FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN
A unique and exciting gift.
Just add water. . .19 carefully selected bulbs (5 varieties) are potted, rooted, and ready to **bloom in stages** for weeks. Only **$24.00** ea.
NEW! Compliment your Dutch Garden with a beautifully hand-crafted New England Oxford Basket (not pictured). **$15.00** ea.
"Sorry, no orders after March 15"

Please send _____ Dutch Gardens @ $24.00 ea. ppd.
_____ Gardens w/basket @ $39.00 ea. ppd.
Total $ _____ ☐ Payment enc. ☐ MC ☐ Visa
Card# _____ Exp. _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES, INC.
PO Box 32 NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-4397

company, that the actions that are taken are yours.' "

As soon as Nicholas became president, he instituted a major cost-cutting program, which included layoffs of hundreds of employees in the magazine division, as well as cutbacks in its expense-account practices. These measures were a rude shock to that privileged sector, which had long enjoyed one of the cushiest domiciles in journalism, often referred to resentfully by some in other parts of the company as "the plantation." The journalists had been Luce's pampered favorites, and Donovan's and Heiskell's, too, but they were not Nicholas's. Nicholas's preoccupation was the bottom line: trying to boost earnings, in order to close the wide gap between Time's stock price and its breakup value, and thus make the company less vulnerable to takeover. Referring to his predecessors—particularly Heiskell, who headed the company from 1960 to 1980—Nicholas remarked to me, "It was a wonderful age. If you were managing a public company, you didn't have to explain anything to anybody. People from that time have no idea what it is like today." In its rapt fixation on its profit margins, Time under Nicholas was, of course, no different from a multitude of blue-chip companies that had been jolted out of complacency by the pandemic restructuring of the eighties. But under Luce and his handpicked successors the company had had "twin motivations," which one former Time executive has described as "to do journalism in the public interest—and to make a buck."

The money-making, however, was done chiefly in the service of the journalism—not the other way around. "Luce was almost arrogant in his treatment of the business people, and many of them resented this," a former high-ranking member of *Time's* editorial staff recalls. It was to insure that the editorial side would operate free from intrusion by the business side that Luce had drawn his line between "church" and "state." At the time he reigned as editor-in-chief and C.E.O., he himself, of course, embodied both.

With Donovan and Heiskell, the practice of church and state changed slightly, mainly by virtue of the fact that there were now two people at the top instead of one. "Hedley and I discussed nearly everything," Heiskell recalled. "Church and state, after all, had to meet somewhere, even if it was in a dark corner. Hedley, as editor-in-chief, did pretty much what he pleased, but we had to discuss things, and each know what the other was doing, or it would have fallen apart."

The parity that existed between the C.E.O. and the editor-in-chief during the Heiskell-Donovan years was in large measure a function of the attitudes, and the closeness, of the two men. Donovan presided over only about fifty per cent of Time Inc., whereas Heiskell oversaw the entire company, but both were imbued with the Lucean mission. (Heiskell had been a journalist, and was widely popular with the editorial staff.) Before Donovan retired, in 1979, he decided that if the concept of church and state was to be preserved it needed to become less personality-driven and more institutionalized. He therefore wrote what is now referred to as "the Donovan charter," a document, approved by the board, that decreed that the editor-in-chief would be responsible only to the board (of which he would be a member), not to the company's C.E.O., and that in editorial matters he would be the counterpart of the C.E.O.

Donovan was prescient. Whereas he and Heiskell had operated in friendly league, Donovan's chosen successor, Henry Grunwald, and Munro were utterly disjunctive. Grunwald, a Viennese immigrant with a formidable intellect, who was eminent on the New York social scene, intimidated and antagonized Munro. "Munro was petrified of Henry, and Henry really wasn't interested in what Munro, or others on the business side, thought," a former *Time* executive recalls. "He let it be a chasm. What evolved in top management was an antipathy toward the office of editor-in-chief."

That antipathy reached its peak after the Israeli general Ariel Sharon brought suit against *Time* for libel in a cover story, which had said that, before the Christian Phalangists mas-

SOFT FRUIT

Our lanes turn on the ends of fields—
a legacy of medieval
Danish land tenure, I'm told.
Hence the bends are atrocious—
folly to whip past, as two cars did
at midnight last Saturday,
doing at least eighty,
two blasts of noise and light,
two spasms, pangs, and gone—

except, just over a humpbacked bridge,
on the dark and silent bank
one car, upside down,
wheels softly astir
in a stink of burnt rubber,
and answering to flashlights and voices
two faces in the interior
peering out, with silly smiles:
safe, of course, perfectly intact—

in the dark of a bush
surrounded by frightful thorns
two ripe gooseberries hanging,
luscious, asking to be picked.

—Mairi MacInnes

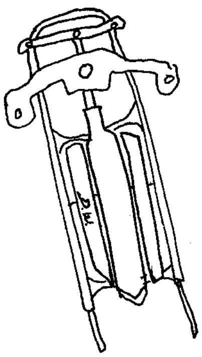
• •

sacred hundreds of refugees in camps outside Beirut, Sharon had "reportedly" discussed "the need to take revenge" against the Palestinians. *Time* defended the case vigorously, and it achieved a technical victory, but the jury, in January of 1985, reprimanded it for "careless reporting." The Time board was stung by the Sharon experience. "We got out of that on a technicality, and, had we had a chance to make that decision again, we would clearly have done it differently," Donald Perkins, who was a director of Time Inc. and is now a Time Warner director, told me recently. Commenting on the autonomy with which Grunwald had determined *Time's* strategy—to litigate rather than apologize—Perkins added, "I felt that the edit side wasn't reporting to *anyone*." Perkins undertook a reëxamination of the concept of church and state, carrying on extensive discussions with Grunwald and many others on the editorial side.

During the spring of 1987, there was considerable talk among management and the outside directors about removing the editor-in-chief from the board. According to one former Time executive, Nicholas was the prime force behind this idea, although—since Munro was still C.E.O.—it was Munro who urged it upon the directors. A former board member told me that Munro "saw editorial as a diversion, somewhere over there, with the editor-in-chief maybe having parity with the C.E.O. of the magazine division." Ultimately, the board resolved to settle for a revised Donovan charter that did not include removal of the editor-in-chief. "I concluded that if you started a company over again you would not start one with this arrangement," Perkins said. "How many companies the size of Time Inc. would have the editor-in-chief sit on the board—particularly when magazines form such a small part of the over-all company? But to change it now, and have the editor-in-chief report to the C.E.O., I thought would do more harm than good, because of the public perception, and the perception within the company."

The revised Donovan charter stated, among other things, that the editor-in-chief should work "in close consultation" with the C.E.O. of the magazine division and only "when appropriate" with the C.E.O. of Time Inc. Thus, the parity of the C.E.O. of Time Inc. and the editor-in-chief was no more; the editor-in-chief now shared power with the C.E.O. of the magazine division, which was merely one of the company's four operating subsidiaries.

Furthermore, while the board in the past had simply accepted Donovan's designation of Henry Grunwald as his successor, now, in Grunwald's selection of his own successor, it assumed a far more active role. There were two leading contenders for the job. One was Jason McManus, a former Rhodes Scholar, who had specialized in business reporting early in his career, as *Time's* first Common Market bureau chief; had been an excellent "Nation" editor of *Time* in the seventies; and was known for his keen sensitivity to company politics. One *Time* journalist, noting the procedure at *Time* (since altered) by which correspondents wrote their stories and then submitted them to "writers," who did extensive rewrites before passing them on to senior editors, recalls that years ago, as a writer, "Jason would go and look at the changes the editors had made in previous stories, and then he would write it exactly as he thought that editor would want. We all knew that Jason was going straight to the top." The other contender was Ray Cave, a talented journalist who, after spending much of his career at *Sports Illustrated*, had brought badly needed graphic changes to *Time* in the late seventies. Cave, however, was bristly and moody, possessed of a quick tongue and strong opinions. He was not cut from the same cloth as the corporate team players who inhabited the thirty-fourth floor, and Munro and Nicholas are said to have come to dislike him. (He may also have been somewhat tarred by the Sharon case.)



"Henry [Grunwald] was leaning more toward Ray Cave as his successor early on," Perkins recalls. "But he may have stepped back and looked at the candidates in different ways because of the questions the board was asking." One former board member told me, "When Dick [Munro] thought Grunwald was leaning toward Ray Cave, he did a hatchet job on Ray with the directors. He destroyed Cave's reputation with the board. He told the board that managing editors"—of the various magazines—"said they would quit if he was made editor-in-chief, which I know was not true. It was an unrelenting attack." This executive went so far as to say, "Grunwald never had a chance to weigh the two men evenly."

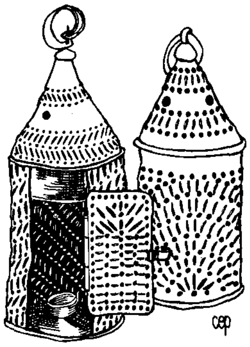
One high-ranking Time executive complained to me recently that it was typical of the company's traditionally genteel, nonconfrontational method of dealing with problems that, although Time's top management recognized the system of church and state as "antiquated," it was not attacked head on. "Instead of getting rid of the unworkable system, they chose the editor-in-chief who wouldn't cause them any trouble," he said.

That move was apparently seen by Nicholas and Munro as only an interim device, on the way to the full-scale demotion of the editor-in-chief—and the dismantling of the anachronism of Luce's church and state. One former director recalls Munro's telling him—after Munro finally agreed to allow McManus, as the new editor-in-chief, to join the board—"This can't go on. This is the last time."

BY early 1987, Nicholas was assiduously unshackling the company from its Lucean past and moving it toward its future as an entertainment-oriented company. It was a future that the messianic Luce would, of course, have deplored, but once Munro had taken the helm of Time Inc., and promoted his video-group teammates Nicholas and Levin, that future was destiny. Speaking about the direction in which he and Nicholas guided the company, Levin told me, "We felt a constitutional longing. We had spun off forest products in anticipation of doing something else—it was like an unfinished symphony. Our primary experience had been generated through HBO and cable. You couldn't help but be impressed by the rate of change and the power of the medium. It had made an indelible impression, become too important a part of our frame of reference to be ignored."

In August, 1987—months after

Nicholas and Levin resolved to complete Time Inc.'s evolution and the meetings with Ross had begun—Levin, who was to become Time's chief negotiator, wrote a lengthy confidential memo to Munro. He declared that their "primary long-term objective" should be to bring about the consolidation of Time Inc., Warner Communications, and the Turner Broadcasting System, in which Time Inc. then owned a stake, so that "the new Time Inc." would be "an entertainment oriented communications company," and he argued, "We are already on a course where most of our asset base and expansion possibilities center on entertainment. Publishing is more limited." He went on to say, "At long last, the company would be a major motion picture producer and distributor," and added that he now saw records and music publishing (a strong division of Warner Communications) as "a significant part of the entertainment mix." Warner would make a "unique" combination with Time Inc., he said, but if that combination was "not do-able, then the only other entertainment option I think we should explore would be G & W"—Gulf & Western, which has since been renamed Paramount. The major attraction of Gulf & Western was its ownership of Paramount Pictures; it also has interests in theatre operations in the United States, Canada, and overseas, and owns Madison Square Garden and Simon & Schuster (a company, I should note, that has published a book of mine). As an addendum, Levin wrote, "A word of caution and reality: neither our senior management nor our Board would presently proceed to the end result I have described."



Levin told me not long ago, "At that point, it was a highly controversial idea, because there was a feeling that such a combination was not appropriate for Time Inc. We had no experience in running a movie studio, so would we be overshadowed? Why change things? Why take the risk?"

In the fall of 1987, the focus of the discussions with Warner (of which Munro was keeping the outside directors apprised) was a joint venture that would combine Time's and Warner's cable systems, HBO, Warner Brothers Studio, and related entertainment properties, and leave aside Time's publishing division and Warner's record division—the most culturally antagonistic parts of the two companies. A joint venture of this magnitude implied, certainly in Levin's view, an eventual merger, perhaps five years hence; but it was a more gradual way of arriving at that result.

Ross, meanwhile, was continuing to underline his amenability to sharing power with Nicholas. During the summer, he had given Nicholas a copy of a *Fortune* article on an unusual but smooth-functioning arrangement at Unilever: two coequal chairmen, two headquarters, and two sets of shareholders. It was Ross's way of suggesting something that went further than a joint venture but was still short of a full merger.

Levin, intensely aware of how much spadework remained to be done at Time before a combination of Time and Warner could be achieved, was having difficulty reining in the eager Ross. In mid-November, following an informal get-together of key Time and Warner executives, and in preparation for a Munro-Ross meeting, Levin wrote Munro another memo—one of numerous instructive memos he wrote in the course of guiding Munro through this deal. "You need to reinforce the fact that our November 4 meeting at the Helmsley Palace was a good and satisfying *preliminary* step in 'getting to know each other,' " he wrote. "However, we are not ready . . . to want to work toward any combination now or devise any detailed structures or organizational formats. It is too early for that. For the time being, we want to remain totally flexible. . . . The key here is to keep our options open with Warner, cool Steve's ardor somewhat, but maintain a deepening relationship."

As it turned out, in June, 1988, after months of the Time executives' trying to fend off Ross's advances but still keep him on the hook, it was Nicholas—not Ross—who popped the question. He told Ross he wanted to skip the joint venture and go straight to a merger. It was, in fact, the more logical course; the joint venture would have created some knotty tax problems and, if the companies ultimately did merge in a stock-swap transaction, would have prohibited their doing so with a "pooling of interests"—an accounting method, permitted in stock-swap mergers, under which companies combine balance sheets without incurring taxable gains for themselves or their shareholders. Also, pooling evades the incurring of "good will"—the accounting difference between book value and purchase price, which must be amortized, or written off reported earnings, for up to forty years.

Given the logic of the merger, Ross's initiation of the courtship, and his relentless "ardor," it might seem surprising that it was Nicholas who ultimately proposed. Unless, of course, one believes that Ross, the consummate suitor, knew how important it was that Nicholas feel himself the agent of this transaction—and so simply waited for Nicholas to make his way, ineluctably, to that point.

It had been roughly fifteen months since Ross, in one of his early calls on Nicholas and Munro, walked down the block from the headquarters of Warner Communications to the Time & Life Building bearing a booklet with charts and a text that delineated the benefits of a joint venture. But, interminable as the process may have seemed to Ross, Nicholas could not have moved any sooner. Although he was in effect the company's C.E.O., he did not have the title, and could not deal with the board as though he did; therefore, he needed Munro's staunch commitment. And during the early months of the discussions Munro had hung back—uncertain about Time's metamorphosis into an entertainment-oriented company; feeling that he was its steward; nervous about betting the company.

Nicholas had also needed time to acclimate the board to the idea of a combination with Warner. Like so many corporate board members, the outside directors of Time Inc.—many of whom had been together on its board for well over a decade, and a couple of whom served on each other's boards—were a largely congenial, clubby group. Some of them were personally close to Time's management team. Indeed, the director David Kearns, the chairman and C.E.O. of the Xerox Corporation, and a good friend of Munro's, served on the compensation committee (which reviewed the executives' contracts in this deal), as did John Opel, the retired chairman and C.E.O. of I.B.M.; Munro sat on the I.B.M. board and had served on its compensation committee, and Nicholas had done the same on the board of Xerox. Moreover, many of the directors, being corporate executives themselves, shared a world view that deplores the hostile takeovers of the eighties and the short-term orientation that those takeovers have fostered—a world view that is, in a word, pro-management.

It was also, however, a board composed of enough figures of note in the business community—Opel; Kearns; James Beré, the chairman and C.E.O. of Borg-Warner; Michael Dingman, the chairman and C.E.O. of the Henley Group, Inc.; and others—so that it took itself, and its responsibilities (and liabilities), seriously. Unlike the Warner board, which was composed largely of Ross devotees, whom Ross dominated, many of the Time Inc. directors might heed the company's investment bankers and lawyers as much as they would Munro or Nicholas. And, because of the history of Time Inc., some of the directors seem to have felt that they were presiding over an institution as much as sitting on the board of a public company. It was, therefore—as Nicholas and, especially, Levin had long understood—a board that would require careful cultivation and persuasion. By the time the merger proposal reached the directors, the idea of a combination with Warner in a joint venture had been aired with them for more than a year. And the Lyford Cay report, which Nicholas, Munro, and Levin presented as a kind of in-house testimonial, had been produced.

The Lyford Cay task force, a group that included operating managers and a director, had been chosen by Munro, Nicholas, and Levin a year earlier and given the assignment of studying Time Inc.'s portfolio of businesses and growth opportunities. Its director was Time's then general counsel, William Guttman—who, before his appointment as head of this group, had, in meetings with Munro, Nicholas, and Levin, been a proponent of expansion in the area of video programming. One high-level Time executive remarked to me, "We basically knew where we wanted them to go. Bill Guttman was supervising, so they weren't going to go far afield." Among other conclusions, the report, produced in June, 1988, did endorse increasing the company's "ownership of video rights and creation of video programming."

Nicholas, Munro, and Levin used the report, both at the board level and —once the deal became public— within the company, to demonstrate what they claimed was independent in-house concurrence with their decision to steer the company in the direction of entertainment. In early June, about a month before the Time Inc. board meeting at which the merger of Time and Warner was proposed by management, Munro sent copies of the report to all the directors, and then he and Nicholas travelled around the country visiting some of the outside directors to discuss the report and the contemplated merger. Later, in interviews with me, two directors referred to the Lyford Cay study as something of a legitimizer.

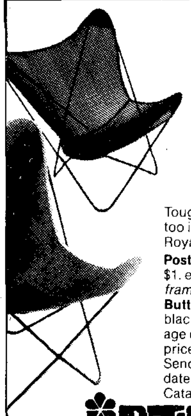
"I went home and read this lengthy report, and I decided that I supported it," the Time Inc. director Michael Dingman, who is now a Time Warner director, told me recently. "Essentially, it said that we have this tremendous distribution system established, and now we have to have more product—like movies. To me, the fact that this came up from the bottom of the company and said, 'This is the direction we have to go in,' was very significant."

AT the July, 1988, board meeting in which the merger was proposed, a threshold issue for the directors was what Munro has referred to as "the question of integrity"—one that had been raised in Levin's original memo, back in August of 1987. "Any inquiry of Steve's past must include an examination of the Westchester Premier Theatre scandal, although presumably that is behind him," Levin had written. "Also, there was a period of remarkable franchising success at Warner Cable, including a very close relationship with Donald Manes in Queens."

To many Ross observers, the Westchester Premier Theatre case hovers over him like an unappeased spirit,

F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G
GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOL
F GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF GOLF G

Unlimited Golf.
$140.00
Per Person, Per Night, Double Occupancy. 1/8/90-4/15/90.
Call 1-800-327-0396.
THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Golf Resort



TOUGH STUFF
Our cool as-a-breeze most-durable-ever PVC coated **polyester plastic butterfly cover**. It simply won't fade, rot, mildew or stretch, is triple stitched and doubly reinforced. And the open weave makes cool sitting even in the brightest sun. White, brown, sun yellow, vanilla, sand, tangerine or blue **$29.95.**
Tough **Welter-Weight Canvas Covers** too in Natural, Green, Lemon Yellow, Royal, Terra Cotta, or Brown **$27.95.**
Postage on all covers: $3.50 1st cover. $1. each additional. *Covers fit all size frames, satisfaction guaranteed.*
Butterfly Frames: Tubular steel; matte black. **Frame only $45 ea.** (7.50 postage ea.); add cover of your choice (& price of same) from above listings.
Send check, MO, Visa or MC (w/exp. date)Charge Orders can call (714) 661-3000.
Catalog $1.; Free with order.
THE Patio
P.O. Box 925
Dept. NY180
San Juan Capistrano,
CA 92693

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG. Send for it!
THE WIDEST SELECTION OF THE WIDEST SHOES ANYWHERE!
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69A . Hingham, MA 02043

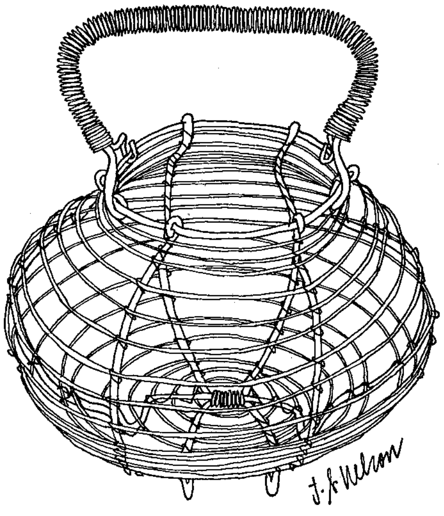
never laid to rest. It is, one says, "Steve Ross's Chappaquiddick." In 1981, a sometime Warner consultant, Leonard Horwitz, and a Warner executive, Jay Emmett (second to Ross in the company, and his close friend), pleaded guilty to a bribery-and-racketeering scheme. They confessed that they had taken bribes, paid with cash from Warner's own treasury (disbursed for phony expenses), in exchange for arranging for Warner to buy stock in the Westchester Premier Theatre—a shaky enterprise that had been infiltrated by organized-crime figures. In 1982, Warner's assistant treasurer, Solomon Weiss—with Emmett and Horwitz testifying against him—was convicted of mail fraud, racketeering, and perjury. After Weiss's conviction, an Assistant United States Attorney, Nathaniel Akerman, declared in court that "the real culprit was the chairman of the board of Warner Communications, and the investigation against him is still continuing." Akerman apparently hoped that Weiss, facing a possible prison term, would provide damning testimony against Ross. But Weiss did not, and received a sentence of five years' probation with community service. Finally, in 1985, the United States Attorney's office in the Southern District of New York announced that it had closed its investigation of Ross.

"One of the problems we've had in this whole transaction is that Steve is a misunderstood individual," Munro told me. "He has this aura, going back to the Westchester Theatre. But everyone looked at it; they couldn't come up with anything. So my view is, If he's not guilty he's innocent."

During July and August of 1988, Munro said, he "lived on the phone with the directors"; at Levin's behest, he took copious notes of the conversations, so as not to have to rely on memory, and reviewed them with Levin. "Those notes were critical," Levin told me recently. "There was a high premium on being extremely precise with respect to nuances." (Munro's notes, and the notes of other participants in the deal, later became part of the public record in the Delaware courts.) In one note, Dingman was reporting to Munro about conversations between James Shepley, the former president of Time Inc., and Arthur Temple, a Time Inc. director. "Shepley has been talking with Arthur and fanning the flames re: Ross," Munro wrote. "He's telling Arthur that Steve is mafia—(Remember the franchising days?)"

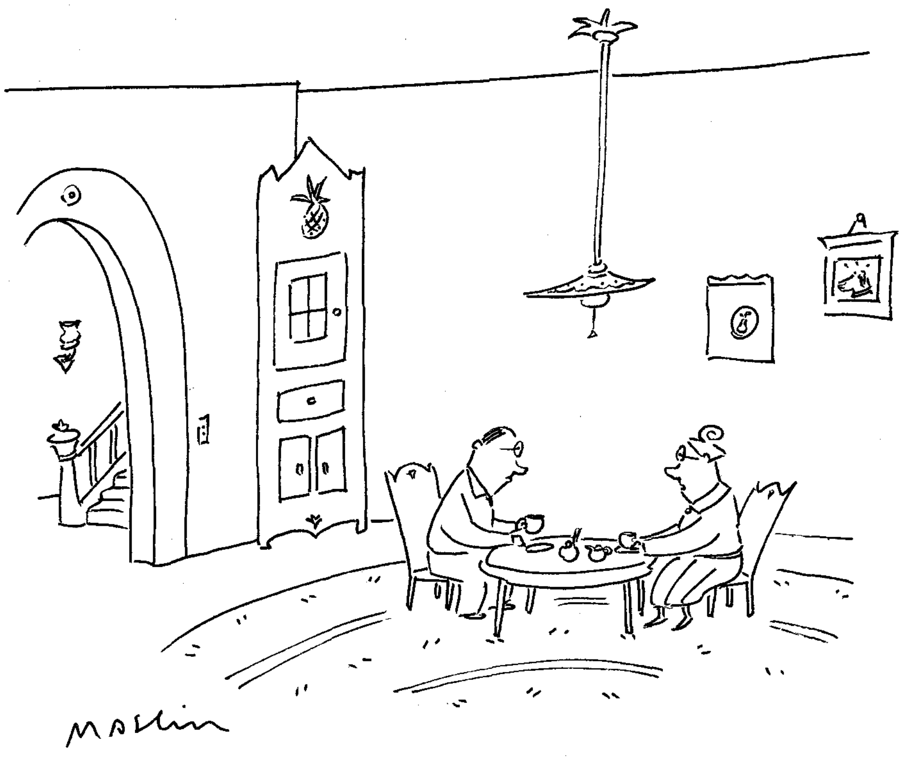
In reference to this written comment, Munro told me that in the early eighties Time was competing against Warner for cable franchises in various places, including Queens (hence Levin's observation about Donald Manes), and often lost. "We were convinced, because we lost, that they must be doing something evil," Munro said. After losing to Warner in Pittsburgh, Time sued Warner and the city of Pittsburgh, alleging improper bidding procedures, and then settled out of court. As Munro spent more time with Ross, he grew convinced, he told me, that "here was a guy altogether different than anyone had imagined him to be." He went on, "I think, in all our negotiations, he never went back on anything. He was fun to be with. And we talked to a large number of people about him. They said, 'Steve Ross is one of the finest men we've ever known.' "

Among those who, according to one lawyer involved in this deal, "legitimized Steve in the eyes of the people at Time" were two longtime advisers of his, Felix Rohatyn and Arthur Liman, a lawyer known for, among other things, his role as counsel for the Iran-Contra congressional committees. In Rohatyn's view, the innuendo about Ross and the Mafia, reflected in Munro's and Levin's notes, arose not only from the Westchester Premier Theatre but, almost as an occupational hazard, from the businesses in which Ross was involved in the sixties, such as building maintenance and parking. "Parking is a rough business," Rohatyn said. "Did some people's relatives have unsavory connections? Probably. Did some people who worked for Steve wrongly assume that he would want them to do certain things? Probably. But did *he* know? I just don't believe that he did."



Liman, who is a close friend of Ross's and, according to an associate of both men, "loves him like a brother," becomes rhapsodic when he speaks about Ross, describing him as "a builder," "a dreamer," and "the greatest dealmaker," who created here, in its original, debt-free version, "the greatest deal in history." Liman told me, "Every artist has to have one painting which is considered greater than all the others—for Picasso, for example, 'Guernica.' Well, Steve has created some wonderful paintings in his life—but this was the perfect one."

Liman has been at Ross's side as counsellor through the professional crises that have bedevilled his life over the last decade. (During that period, Warner has been the single largest client of Liman's law firm, Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison.) Liman was there for the Westchester Premier Theatre. He was there in December, 1982, when Atari suffered its severe fourth-quarter slump, instead of the record earnings the company had predicted, and Warner stock dropped thirty-three per cent in one day. Liman was there during a crisis in late 1983, when Rupert Murdoch was threatening to take over Warner, and another old friend of Liman's—Herbert Siegel, the chairman and C.E.O. of Chris-Craft—came in to rescue Ross, by acquiring a stake of roughly twenty-one per cent in Warner. And Liman was there through the vicious battles that subsequently erupted between Ross and Siegel. Siegel's concerns included—to name just a few—expenditures at the corporate level at Warner's New York headquarters, which he deemed too lavish; Warner's disclosure of information, which he deemed insufficient for a public company; and Ross's demand for a munificent ten-year contract, which he deemed exorbitant. In the face of Siegel's protests, however, the Warner directors remained steadfastly loyal to Ross. Ultimately—particularly once Ross had won his contract—Ross treated Siegel more as a nuisance than as a power to be reckoned with. Caesar Kimmel, a former Warner director, said of Ross's treatment of Siegel,



"You haven't been wearing the caftan I gave you for Christmas."

"Steve cut the legs out from under him."

Munro's impassioned defense of Ross on "the question of integrity" may have been his single greatest contribution to the deal. "As much as Nick and I tried to pull this off, Dick Munro's standing up and saying 'Steve Ross is a righteous soul' was critical," Levin told me. "The directors see me as an intellectual, Nick as hard-driving—but for them to hear it from Munro, who is the very symbol of integrity . . ."

One director who for a time remained unpersuaded on this and other issues was Henry (Hank) Luce III, son of the founder. After the July board meeting, Luce sent Munro a letter, quoting from his father's will ("Time Inc. is now, and is expected to continue to be, principally a journalistic enterprise and, as such, an enterprise operated in the public interest") and saying that he did not believe he could vote for the merger.

In a note on a subsequent phone conversation with Luce, Munro wrote, "He's bothered by—in addition to the point made in his letter—Ross's compensation, the 8-year contract, the ethics and foul tongues of Hollywood types, the Westchester Theatre scandal, and by employment contracts at Time Inc."

Other directors, too, were initially aghast at Ross's contract. It was the contract Ross had fought for so tenaciously against Siegel's objections: a ten-year contract (by 1988, two of its years had passed), with such lavish provisions—salary, bonus, deferred compensation, and long-term stock-based plans—that Ross was guaranteed a fortune even if the stock did not perform well (and a much greater fortune if it did). Ultimately in this deal, Ross's stock-based plans and those of all the key Warner executives would be paid out (some of Ross's over a period of years) at the very handsome deal price. And upon the consummation of the merger the clock would be reset, with a granting of stock options equivalent to what they had had before. (This was referred to, at Warner, as "the double dip.")

Eventually, the Time directors came to accept the compensation of Ross and his key executives as the way of life in the entertainment business and, therefore, the price of doing the deal. But they worried that that would make compensation levels at Time Inc. seem parsimonious by comparison, and so undercut the power of Time's top executives vis-à-vis their Warner peers. Solving this problem was, by and large, left to the future. Munro, Nicholas, and Levin must have recognized that they had to tread lightly here. Munro wrote in one of his notes, "Directors are watching Nick for signs of materialistic excess." And in a note on a conversation with the director Donald Perkins he wrote that Perkins "applauds our feelings that Nick and I should 'take less' and feels we should get rich if the deal succeeds, not for making the deal."

Even for just making it, however, the Time executives would not do badly, ultimately receiving new contracts of extraordinary length, on the rationale that theirs had to equal Ross's (which by the time the deal was done would be ten years in duration, with an additional five-year term as an adviser). Munro, who had intended to retire in 1990—and had been a complacently lame duck since 1986, when he appointed Nicholas—would still retire as chairman and C.E.O. but would be given a new, ten-year contract, to serve for the first five years as chairman of the executive committee and the next five as an adviser. In salary (with bonuses to be awarded at the board's discretion), Munro was to receive at least $7.5 million more than he would have if the deal with Warner had not occurred.

Nicholas and Levin, too, would be given newly extended contracts, now ten years in duration (with an additional five-year advisory term for Nicholas), which would guarantee Levin over $12 million, and Nicholas over $16 million (figures that do not include grants of options and restricted shares, issued at the board's discretion). If any of the three lost his job owing to a change in control or a breach of his employment agreement by the company, his situation would be dramatically better than it had been prior to the deal, inasmuch as he would now receive the full value of his ten-year contract.

Moreover, there would be an extraordinary grant of options and restricted shares in January, 1989, to Nicholas, Levin, and several other high-ranking Time executives (excluding Munro). Nicholas's grant would have an estimated value of about $8.4 million, and Levin's about $6.8 million. Since these grants were made while the deal was in negotiation, they could conceivably raise the question of a breach of fiduciary responsibility to shareholders by the Time directors. According to Levin, however, these grants had been under discussion for a year and a half, and "bore no relation to the Time-Warner deal." Still, to have issued grants at such a sensitive moment was, in the view of several securities lawyers, aggressive and ill considered from a standpoint of appearances, if not of the law.

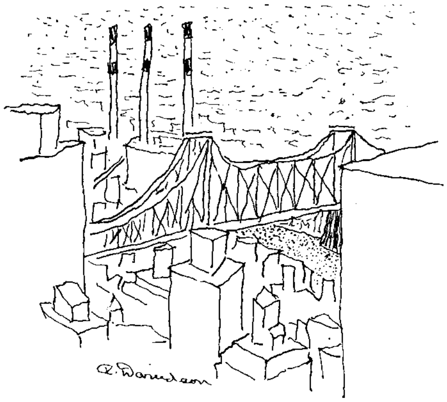
ARTHUR TEMPLE, who had told another director, according to Munro's notes, that he thought the Time executives were "fleecing their nests," was perceived by those executives as the deal's most formidable opponent on the board. Besides, Temple and Nicholas had long been open antagonists. (Some at Time attribute the bad blood to Nicholas's having promoted the spinoff of Temple-Inland.) The bulk of Munro's notes, in fact, deal in one way or another with Temple—other directors' reports of conversations with Temple, their views on the gravity of the threat he posed, and, ultimately, Munro's report on his own attempts to lobby Temple, during a trip to visit him in Texas. "I'm afraid I didn't make the sale but he's wavering and I think we have a slightly better than 50% shot at getting his support," Munro wrote. "And if we don't get it, I don't see Arthur mucking things up behind the scenes."

Temple, who had become the vice-chairman of Time Inc. and a director in 1973, when Time acquired Temple Industries, was the strongest holdover on the board from the Heiskell-Donovan-Shepley era. His biggest reservations about the deal were based on negative views of the entertainment industry and a consequent unwillingness to be associated with it. But he also had questions about how the cultures of the two companies could conceivably mesh. He worried about the disparity in compensation in the two companies. He was uneasy about Ross and the Westchester Premier Theatre. He mentioned that his view of Ross was also colored by how Ross had treated Warner's largest shareholder, Siegel. He doubted whether the succession arrangement that the other directors were so intent on—whereby Nicholas was to become the sole C.E.O.—would ever come to pass.

However, having expressed all this to Munro and others (and, later, in his deposition), Temple told them that he did not intend to be "a spoiler." As Temple—a substantial shareholder of Time Inc.—would testify in his deposition, "I wasn't particularly concerned about the order of succession. . . . It seemed to me that there was more discussion about that than there was about the content of the financial deal." He had told Munro, he continued, that before considering the questions of governance he wanted to know what "the financial terms of the deal are"—that "that's a bridge I want to cross first."

THE chief negotiators of the deal were Levin and Oded (Ed) Aboodi, who is Ross's key financial adviser. Many who have dealt with Aboodi praise his keen intelligence and his cleverness, and his personal kindness to his colleagues, but at times he evinces a disinclination to give a straight answer (his deposition was a paradigm of evasiveness) that can work against him in negotiations, since those with whom he is bartering may feel, as one Aboodi acquaintance has put it, "that he would not hesitate to send them right over the edge of a cliff."

Levin apparently did not feel that way. Praising the skills of his fellow-negotiator, he remarked, "Ed has an appreciation of the human being he is dealing with. Rather than try to gain leverage in an adversarial sense, he tries to assess what your needs and requirements are—not only from a business perspective but from a psychological perspective." Aboodi must have perceived—as had Temple—that the financial terms of this deal, from the Time standpoint, were a low priority. The extensive notes that Levin kept throughout the summer of 1988 make plain (as was also corroborated by later deposition testimony) that negotiations about price were left for last, and were seen as "almost irrelevant," as one Time director expressed it to me.



One note begins with the heading "Munro should meet Ross alone," and goes on to say, "This is Munro's deal" and "Co-CEO succession—inappropriate for Nick to hit head-on, Munro must do it." Then comes a "Review Issues list" for Munro (whose deal it purportedly was) in his coming meeting with Ross. No. 1 is co-C.E.O.s; No. 2, "Nick as president"; No. 3, the company's name ("Time/Warner Inc.—history and the alphabet require it"); No. 4, "central core staff"; and No. 5, exchange ratio.

What was planned was a stock-swap merger, in which every Warner share would be exchanged for some percentage of a newly issued Time Warner share. Several Time directors—most adamantly, Michael Dingman—had urged that the exchange be done on a "market-to-market" valuation of the two companies' stocks, without Time's paying any premium for Warner. (In Temple's view, Time's cashing out Ross's stock-based plans and those of other high-ranking Warner executives already constituted a rather heavy premium.) "Should be market to market," Levin wrote in the memo to prepare Munro for his Ross meeting. But, he added, "we should be flexible if he agrees to no. 1"—Nicholas's succession.

With the clear exception of Temple, the directors seem to have shared management's overriding preoccupation with succession. In this they were doubtless influenced by management but also by their own sense of the specialness of Time Inc.—what Donald Perkins referred to as its "almost spiritual value"—and therefore of their roles as its guardians.

They were, of course, not nearly so imbued with this sense as the earlier custodians of Time Inc.—people like Heiskell and Donovan, who, the directors knew, were strongly opposed to the deal, and to the notion of Time Inc.'s becoming an entertainment-oriented company. Jason McManus, on "assignment" from Levin, went to see Donovan to discuss the deal in the summer of 1988, and reported the conversation to Levin, who took notes on it. According to the notes, Donovan told McManus that Ross had had a "lifetime of bad press—something behind it"; that he did not buy "eat or be eaten," the takeover ultimatum that the Time management believed itself

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF COVERS FROM THE NEW YORKER

•1931•

January 3, Rea Irvin; January 10, Constantin Alajalov; January 17, Peter Arno; January 24, William Crawford Galbraith; January 31, Constantin Alajalov; February 14, Gardner Rea; February 21, Rea Irvin; February 28, I.G. Haupt; March 7, Helen Hokinson; March 14, Rea Irvin; March 21, Helen Hokinson; March 28, Ruth Cairns; April 4, I.G. Haupt; April 11, Peter Arno; April 18, Charles Dunelan; April 25, Helen Hokinson; May 2, I.G. Haupt; May 9, Helen Hokinson; May 16, I.G. Haupt; May 23, Garrett Price; May 30, Barney Tobey; June 6, I.G. Haupt; June 13, Helen Hokinson; June 20, S. Liam Dunne; June 27, Gardner Rea; July 4, I.G. Haupt; July 11, Rose Silver; July 18, Helen Hokinson; July 25, Gardner Rea; August 1, Rose Silver; August 8, I.G. Haupt; August 15, I.G. Haupt; August 22, Helen Hokinson; August 29, Constantin Alajalov; September 5, I.G. Haupt; September 12, Helen Hokinson; September 19, Adolf K. Kronengold; September 26, Rea Irvin; October 3, Helen Hokinson; October 10, I.G. Haupt; October 17, Adolf K. Kronengold; October 24, Rose Silver; October 31, Helen Hokinson; November 7, Margaret Schloeman; November 14, B.H. Jackson; November 21, Helen Hokinson; November 28, Harry Brown; December 5, Rea Irvin; December 12, I.G. Haupt; December 19, Peter Arno; December 26, Madeline S. Pereny

Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Ludwig Bemelmans, George Booth, Rea Irvin, Edward Koren, Helen Hokinson, Mary Petty, Gretchen Dow Simpson, William Steig, Saul Steinberg, James Thurber . . . All 160 *New Yorker* cover artists and all 3,277 covers they created have been brought together, for the first time and for your personal delight, in a single extravagant volume. Arranged chronologically by year from February 21, 1925, through February 20, 1989, the covers are printed in full color, each 2¼" x 3¼" (or larger). The 400-page volume measures nearly 12" x 12" x 2", is Smythe-sewn in a full-cloth binding, and includes a special introduction by John Updike. To order your own and holiday gift copies at a 20% savings off the $75 bookstore price, use the coupon below or call toll-free 800-453-5400.

Please send me ________ copies of The Complete Book of Covers from The New Yorker at $59.95* each, plus $7.00 shipping cost per book. My check or money order for $________ is enclosed.

Send order to:
The New Yorker, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Or for credit card orders, call toll-free 800-453-5400.

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City/State/Zip ________________________________

*Residents of CA, CO, GA, IL, IA, KY, MI, MA, NY, please add appropriate sales tax.
Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

515114

to face; that he thought the deal would diminish the scale of the magazines; and, finally, that his view was that "even if print is doomed—go down with the ship—strict construction of Luce."

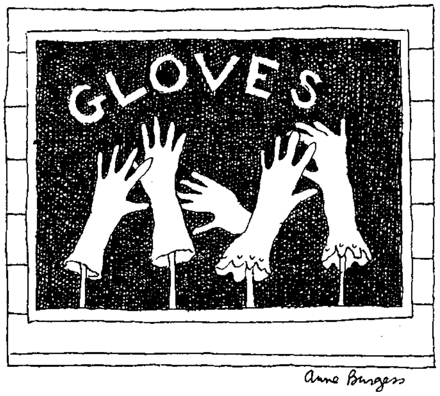
Donald Perkins told me that the opposition of Heiskell and Donovan did not perturb him or the other directors, because "they're in the past." The directors were willing to vote for the entertainment future that Nicholas, Munro, and Levin had pointed them toward, but at the same time it was apparently important to them that they not be perceived as having presided over the demise of Time Inc. Thus, their goal and management's were fused. Perkins recalled that many of the directors were skeptical about Ross's assurances that Nicholas would succeed him. Moreover, they took as instructive the experience of one of their fellow-directors. In 1985, with the merger of Signal Companies and the Allied Corporation, Michael Dingman had embarked on a relationship of shared power with Allied's Edward Hennessy, whom Dingman was slated ultimately to succeed as C.E.O. Within months, however, Dingman was out.

"If it's just a contract, it can always be breached—as in Dingman's case," a lawyer for Time Inc. who was involved in the deal told me. Therefore, Time's lawyers set about constructing a plan that would make Ross's guarantee ironclad. What they wanted to do was to incorporate it into the charter of the newly merged company, through a shareholder vote; violating it would be illegal under Delaware law, as distinct from breaching a contract, with damages paid. The lawyers drafted a four-page document, to be submitted for the shareholder vote, describing the Ross-Nicholas succession. Having designated the period from the time the merger became effective to the time of Ross's retirement as the "Transition Period," it spelled out in minute detail the rules for that period: the composition of committees, with their "Existing Time" and "New Time" directors; procedures for filling a committee vacancy and a board vacancy, and for the sale of a principal line of business. All the above, including the succession provision, could be achieved only by a vote of at least a supermajority, or two-thirds, of the board.

Munro sent the ironclad draft to the directors on August 4th, and within a week Ross terminated the negotiations. Later, in his deposition, he explained his action by saying that he "was getting a feeling that there was some sort of maybe even paranoia by the Time board, and I didn't think that would work beneficially over the long-term pull." About Ross's unwillingness to accept a fixed point for his retirement Munro told me, "Steve is the godfather of Warner. He built the company. It's hard to deal with stepping down."

Levin appears to have taken Ross's retreat at face value. His notes from a meeting with Aboodi in mid-August read, "If it is to happen, it will resurrect itself—no deal at this point—great missed opportunity." Groups from the two companies did meet, however, at Ross's home on September 1st—a session memorialized in Levin's notes, according to which the groups continued to discuss details of the transaction, including the usual issues of succession, compensation, and core staff. The notes suggest a transaction that may be suspended but is far from dead. At the end of them, Levin wrote, "How depressed Steve was. Steve not trying to take us over."

Ross now turned his attention to an already projected friendly acquisition by Warner of Lorimar Telepictures Corporation. While it had been anticipated that this deal would close in August, 1988, a lawsuit filed by Warner's largest shareholder, Chris-Craft, delayed the acquisition—and occupied Ross—through the fall. In early December, the case was resolved, and within a week Jonathan O'Herron, an investment banker at Lazard Frères who, earlier, had urged the Time-Warner deal upon Munro and some of the directors at Time, and who was a longtime friend of both Ross and the Time director Dingman, suggested to Dingman that they have dinner with Ross. "Jonathan really played the old-fashioned role of investment banker as matchmaker in this deal," one of the lawyers for Warner commented.



Anne Burgess

Dingman had, Munro told me, "instinctively been for the deal, from the start." That might seem surprising, given Dingman's unhappy experience with Hennessy. But, according to several friends, Dingman was avid for deals. ("Mike loves to make a deal, like some people love to play bridge," one said. "Life is dull without a deal.") Moreover, being a self-made entrepreneur, he was in some sense more akin to Ross than to some of his fellow board members from the corporate establishment. He did not share their misgivings about Ross. "I'm more concerned with keeping him than I am with worrying about making sure he leaves," Dingman told me. According to one of Dingman's friends, Dingman had said he believed that Time, unable to create new products, was badly in need of revitalization, and that Ross—who had created a charged environment in which his people, rewarded by bonuses and incentives, produced—would be the revitalizer. Rohatyn remarked of Dingman, "Mike thought this deal would be Time's *perestroika*."

At the dinner with O'Herron and Ross, at Ross's home, Dingman conveyed his enthusiasm—and that of his fellow-directors, too—for Ross's leadership. "Dingman told me, 'The board accepts you as co-C.E.O.—just not for an indefinite term,'" Ross recalled. "He said, 'They need you, they want you.'"

AT the end of February, the deal was done. Temple decided that he would vote for it and immediately resign from the board. Luce decided that he would vote for it, too. "To fight it would have meant mounting an enormous effort," Luce told me. "And it would have been a little lonely."

The exchange ratio was finally negotiated. One of the investment bankers said he believed that Ross had requested that no investment banker be present for the negotiation—if true, an unusual stipulation for a transaction of this magnitude. The participants, in any event, were Levin and Nicholas and Ross and Aboodi. The ratio this foursome arrived at was .465 shares of the new Time Warner stock for every share of Warner. O'Herron, one of

Warner's investment bankers, had told Warner directors before this negotiation that anything over .40 would be "fair" and anything over .45 "a hell of a deal."

The deal was described in a press release as an acquisition of Warner by Time, but in the main the governance structure implied an acquisition of Time by Warner. Warner's general counsel and chief financial officer would assume the same roles in the new Time Warner. Levin, as vice-chairman of Time Warner, would share that post with another vice-chairman, Martin Payson, who was Warner's general counsel. The all-important compensation committee would have more Warner directors than Time directors. (The entertainment committee would, too, but that would be counterbalanced by the editorial committee, which would have a majority of Time directors.) And Warner's accounting firm, Arthur Young, would become the accounting firm for Time Warner. (Subsequently, Arthur Young merged with Ernst & Whinney, Time Inc.'s accounting firm.)

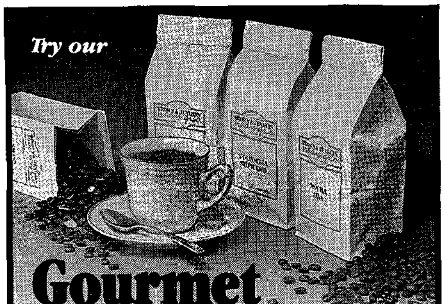
Moreover, at Ross's insistence the supermajority provisions, which in the summer-of-'88 discussions pertained not only to succession but to procedures regarding the board, the committees, and significant company transactions, had dropped away except in respect to the employment contracts of Ross, Munro, and Nicholas. Thus, in virtually all matters a simple majority of the board would suffice. The new board would be composed of twelve Time directors and twelve Warner directors. But with a Time director like Michael Dingman, and with no supermajority requirement, one could argue that Ross had already gained control.

The most important change, however, was that the ironclad provision to incorporate the succession and other governance protections into the charter with a shareholder vote was no more. This meant that the supermajority provisions on the employment contracts were mere artifacts: the contracts were only contracts; they could be breached and damages paid. The charter-incorporating provision, which would have set the succession in stone, dropped away at the very last moment of the negotiations, when, according to one lawyer involved in the deal, Warner's general counsel, Payson, told the negotiators for Time, "This is ridiculous. We're not doing it!"

In its place, Liman, with Levin, drafted a document that described Ross's intentions with regard to his retirement and his succession by Nicholas. That document, which was produced in the litigation, is entitled "Statement of Principles." "The merger is a true combination of two great companies," it begins. "For either company to be looked upon as anything but an equal partner in this transaction would sap that company of its vitality and destroy the very benefits and synergy that the combination is intended to achieve." So much for Time's claim that it was acquiring Warner. Regarding succession, the document reads, "It was not a condition of the negotiations that SJR [Ross] retire at the end of five years any more than it was a condition that RM [Munro] retire at any particular time. . . .When SJR resigns as co-CEO in 1994, NN [Nicholas] will become sole CEO and SJR will remain as sole Chairman of the Board of the combined companies and will continue to have an active role and provide leadership and guidance to the [Warner] businesses that he helped build."

Commenting on the fact that the document was not written in conventional legal language, one Time executive explained, "It tried to respect the sensibilities of Steve Ross. There's something traumatic about boilerplate —and Steve is such a sensitive soul." As to Ross's last-minute rejection of the ironclad provision, this executive told me, "Steve's feeling was 'My word is my bond.' "

Ross has generally chosen not to incur high levels of debt at Warner, preferring to do stock-for-stock, rather than debt-financed, acquisitions. In that as well as in many other ways, then, the Time-Warner merger bore his imprimatur. It was an anomaly in this leveraged age—a healthy anomaly, Ross, Munro, and others kept stressing in the weeks that followed the March 4th announcement of the merger. In testimony before Congress—many of whose members were eager to do something to curb the leveraged-buyout mania—Ross and Munro drove their point home: this was *not* a hostile takeover, *not* a leveraged transaction, *not* a bust-up-assets deal but, rather, a "grand-



Gourmet Coffee Sampler

and get an After Dinner Coffee FREE...

If you love a good cup of coffee, we want to be your source of truly **great** coffees—40 delicious coffees, fresh-roasted daily! Let us send you our Introductory Sampler at **special savings.** 12 oz. each of:
Colombia Supremo. A rich, full-flavored coffee from Colombia's most highly-prized beans.
Mocha Java. Genuine Ethiopian Mocha and Indonesian Java, skillfully blended for a smooth, creamy-rich taste.
Brown & Jenkins Special Blend. A delightful combination of medium & dark roasts. At breakfast, it'll make your day.

FREE if we hear from you now: 1/4 lb. of Vanilla Hazelnut Coffee.

BROWN & JENKINS Trading Co.
431 Pine St., Dept. 507, P.O.Box 1570, Burlington, VT 05402
—For new customers only—
YES, send me the FREE After Dinner Coffee along with:
☐ **Gourmet Coffee Sampler $10.95 plus $2 p/h.**
☐ **Decaf Coffee Sampler $12.95 plus $2 p/h.**
I've enclosed check or Visa/MC No. & exp. date.
I prefer: ☐ **Whole Bean** ☐ **Filter Grind**
Phone Orders: 1 800 456-JAVA
Name ____________
Address ____________
____________ Zip ____________
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND.

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF

CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

ZEUS • An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period. From the Louvre Museum, Paris. 10½" $130.00 P.P. in green bronze or sandstone finish.

GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

SHHHHHH HHHHHH.

(An un-convention-ally quiet hotel.)

C H I C A G O
CLARIDGE HOTEL
ON DEARBORN PARKWAY

1244 N. Dearborn Parkway Chicago IL 60610
Call 1-800-245-1258

old-style pooling-of-interests merger."

It would give birth to a behemoth, a company with a stock-market value of more than $15 billion and annual revenue exceeding $10 billion—far greater than, for example, those of Bertelsmann AG, of Germany, the world's largest media company. And, Ross and Munro argued before Congress, the new Time Warner, with its relatively debt-light balance sheet ($2.6 billion), would have not only the size but the financial flexibility necessary to compete in today's global market—a market that, they added pointedly, reaching for a congressional nerve, had recently seen a dramatic increase in foreign acquisitions of United States media and entertainment companies. The shoe would finally be on the other foot, as Time Warner would be primed—with its movie and television production, its direct marketing, and its record division—to take advantage of the deregulation of television markets in Western Europe, and of new markets for entertainment software in the Pacific Rim.

When Paramount made its hostile bid for Time, on June 7th, and Time countered by recasting its merger with Warner, making a $14 billion bid (in cash and securities) for the company, the deal was radically altered, in a variety of ways. It had now become the very kind of leveraged transaction that both Ross and Munro had deplored in their speeches before Congress, with long-term debt of not $2.6 billion but $11 billion. No longer a pooling-of-interests transaction, it would incur an enormous amount of good will, which would have to be amortized for many years, undermining the company's earnings.

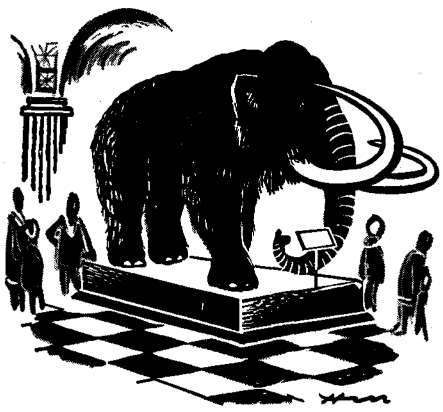
Warner shareholders would become richer, inasmuch as the price of Warner shares went from an estimated fifty to fifty-five dollars per share (based on the price at which Time stock was trading), in the prior stock-swap deal, to what Time said would be about seventy dollars. (More than half of the Warner shares would be purchased for seventy dollars in cash, and the rest exchanged for a complicated package of securities, in the transaction's "back end." However, those securities recently traded at only $61.75, sparking class-action lawsuits by Warner shareholders.)

And, finally, there was no longer any confusion about who was acquiring whom; Warner was incontrovertibly being acquired by Time.

But in one amazing way the deal did not change. The governance provisions, which—except for Nicholas's purported succession—implied the acquisition of Time by Warner, remained untouched. The Time-Warner deal may well signal the first time in corporate history that one company has acquired another and put in place a governance structure suggesting that the opposite occurred.

Once Paramount had made its bid, however, Time was at Warner's mercy. If it couldn't achieve the Warner transaction, then the managers' worst nightmare—that Time would be taken over and they would be thrown out, either by Paramount or by some higher bidder—would come true. And, even harder to bear, they would have brought it on themselves, through the very actions that they had undertaken in large measure to avoid it.

In theory, Time and Warner could have pursued their stock-for-stock transaction even in the face of the Paramount bid. But that merger required a shareholder vote—scheduled for two weeks from the time Paramount made its offer—while a cash tender offer did not. And, in general, the Time shareholders (many of whom had long been unhappy with the management of Time, and had become even more unhappy at the dilution of their shares in the rich deal given Warner) would not vote for this deal now. It offered them no cash—only some vague hope for future stock appreciation through the much touted but highly dubious alchemy of synergy—while Paramount was offering them a hundred and seventy-five dollars a share (ultimately sweetened to two hundred dollars a share) for shares that, in 1988, had traded at prices as low as $79. One lawyer on the Time-Warner team told me, "We *knew* we wouldn't get the vote—or, as I guess we said publicly, it was 'problematic.' "



When the Time-Warner team decided to skirt this roadblock by changing the form of the transaction from a stock-for-stock merger to a cash tender offer, which would not require a vote, their motivation was utterly transparent; and what was in effect a withdrawal of the vote became, in the view of lawyers involved on both sides of the Paramount litigation, the most difficult issue to defend, and one that could conceivably have caused the Delaware courts to rule differently.

"I expected a firestorm of protest from the shareholders after the withdrawal of the vote—even a worse one than actually occurred," a lawyer from the Time-Warner side told me. In an effort to counter that wave of protest, the lawyers for Time and Warner decided to obtain an affidavit from Gordon Crawford, an analyst in charge of media and entertainment investments for Capital Group, Inc., which became a substantial shareholder of Warner in 1972 and remains the largest institutional shareholder of Time, Warner, and Paramount. Crawford, an ardent Ross admirer, who was a loyalist during the Ross-Siegel confrontations, may have been the only major Time shareholder to support the deal publicly in both its permutations.

Crawford's affidavit attested to his preference for the Time-Warner combination over the Paramount bid, but the lawyers could not emphasize that too strongly, lest it become a two-edged sword. "Because if this shareholder could recognize the value of the deal, why couldn't all the rest?" one lawyer on the Time-Warner team asked rhetorically. "Why not let them vote?"

In Delaware Chancery Court, where Paramount sued to obtain an injunction restraining Time from buying Warner shares, Paramount argued, mainly, that Time had put itself up for sale in the original merger agreement, and therefore it was the responsibility of the Time directors to act to maximize immediate share value, essentially by auction.

Even if that was not the case, however—and Delaware Chancellor Edward Allen found that it was not—Paramount argued, Time's tender offer for Warner was a defensive, unreasonable response to Paramount's tender offer, and the shareholders could not lawfully be deprived of the right to choose between the Paramount and Warner alternatives. While Chancellor Allen agreed that the Time tender offer was defensive, he found that where a board "continues to manage the corporation for long-term profit pursuant to a preëxisting business plan that itself is not primarily a control device or scheme, the corporation has a legally cognizable interest in achieving that plan." He found Time's actions "reasonable in relation to the specific threat posed to the Warner merger by the Paramount offer."

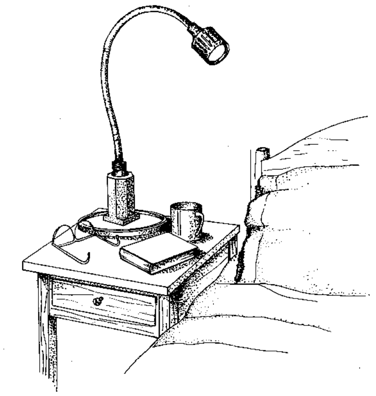
Chancellor Allen, who had earlier written decisions that expanded shareholders' rights—particularly shareholders' right to a choice between alternatives—had been feared by the Time and Warner lawyers. Once he had decided in their favor, however, most felt quite confident that the Delaware Supreme Court would affirm his decision. Still, one of the Supreme Court justices, Andrew Moore, was known to be especially angered by managements and directors who he felt had manipulated matters to their personal advantage. "As we were walking into the State Supreme Court," a lawyer on the Time-Warner team recalled, "one of the other litigators said to me, 'I don't know—I'm worried. Will Moore feel there have been corporate shenanigans?' "

This had been the theme of Paramount's briefs: that Time's management and directors had "abdicated their responsibilities to the Time shareholders in favor of the 'Time Culture' "—a phrase, "created by management and adopted by the directors," that "appears to involve little more than the preservation and enhancement of Time senior management positions" and "permeates every aspect of this case." Time had, therefore, been forced to defend the absolute primacy given to Nicholas's succession, from the earliest conversations that management had had about this deal, and also others, through the negotiations with Warner—in which everything, always, had been negotiable but this. It was not enough for the directors to say that they had not wanted to preside over the demise of Time Inc., or that they had felt to some degree entrusted with the preservation of a journalistic institution, and that they had hoped that Nicholas would somehow manage to preserve, in the context of this new entertainment giant, whatever had ineffably made Time Inc. Time Inc. That appears to have been how some of them, at least, felt—but it was a fuzzy sort of concept, particularly in contrast with their clearly delineated responsibility, as fiduciaries for Time's shareholders, to guard against management's entrenching itself (with ten-year contracts) to those shareholders' disadvantage.

What Time's management and directors now testified was that it was indeed vital for Time management to be the successor, because the Time culture—which they said was largely defined by editorial integrity, protected by the unique structure of church and state—had to be preserved. And this on account of not merely high-minded principle (though there was an abundance of that voiced) but the financial health of the enterprise (and, consequently, the shareholders' interests).

Thus, church and state, that "antiquated" concept which during the tenure of Munro and Nicholas had been maligned, attacked, and diminished, and had come within a hairbreadth of being dismantled utterly (with Munro and Nicholas's attempt to remove the editor-in-chief from the board), now became the rallying cry, the banner for the fight. In a letter to Martin Davis, Paramount's C.E.O., Munro wrote, "We cannot and will not ignore the public interest. The journalistic integrity of our publications—the independence of their editorial voice—isn't window-dressing. It's the essence of who we are and what we do . . . and we're determined to preserve it." And in his deposition Munro elaborated on this point. "I think because of the nature of the environment within our editorial ranks, i.e., our separation of church and state, that we are able to employ the finest journalists, produce the finest magazines and therefore return the most profits to the shareholders," he testified. "So I think we do take that quite seriously and I guess our feeling was that Gulf & Western [Paramount] might not be terribly sensitive to that."

Nicholas, too, testified in his deposition that he thought Paramount would undermine the integrity of Time's magazines and also its book business. "I



Read in Bed

The Sunnex may be the best light made for reading in bed. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page—not your partner. Exceptionally well made. In matte black.

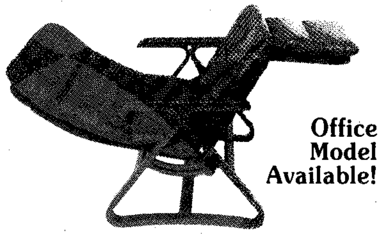
Nightstand Sunnex **$156 + $7.50** ship.
(27-inch flexible gooseneck, 8-inch base)
Floor Sunnex **$198 + $9** ship.
(55-inch gooseneck, 10-inch base)
Pair Savings **–$10** and use **$9** ship.
Extra Halogen Bulb **$9**

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYT, Delray, FL 33445

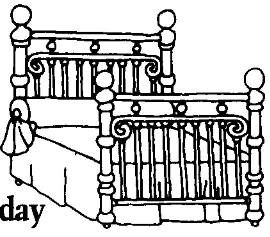
THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!

. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!



Office Model Available!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. 44, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940



Getaway to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor Veal Oscar, homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. **413-298-5545.** Mass. pike, Exit 2.

THE RED LION INN
Since 1773, Box NY1, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

think that in order to really understand what journalism is all about you have to be brought up in a journalistic environment. . . . I think it's something you begin to understand after you spend years with journalists, near them, listening to them, and being involved with them," testified Nicholas, who, of course, had come up on the video side of Time, and had never been associated with any of its magazines. "And I think that's an asset we Time Inc.-ers have, and, through no fault of his own, one that Mr. Davis lacks."

Nicholas assaulted Davis further with one of the gloved thrusts that he had become famous for within Time, and that, as he demonstrated repeatedly in his deposition, are reflexive with him. "I would compliment Martin Davis on the job he has done of kind of reshuffling the grab bag of assets that he was left with when he took over," Nicholas testified. "He has done a first-rate job of that, but Martin Davis is not a builder, as Steve Ross is, as we are."

Chancellor Allen was not impervious to the possibility that what had been dressed up as a commitment to protecting Time's editorial integrity (and, thereby, its economic viability) was really something else. "It is noteworthy . . . that Time's magazine business contributes about 40% to its gross income and will contribute about 20-25% of the revenue of a merged Time-Warner," he wrote. The decision went on:

> One is entitled to be suspicious, therefore, that some other motivation than protecting the journalistic integrity of Time and People Magazines may be at work in the insistence on assuring the integrity of the journalism for financial reasons. Not only did magazines not provide the dominant part of the income of the merged entity, but Time was not proposing to merge with a firm to whom the importance of expressive freedom is presumably unknown. How great a threat to 20% of the combined gross income did Warner represent? Yet maintaining a Time culture—all the outside directors except Temple agree—was the first and central requirement and could only be assured by securing the top job ultimately for Mr. Nicholas.
>
> There may be at work here a force more subtle than a desire to maintain a title or office in order to assure continued salary and perquisites. Many people commit a huge portion of their lives to a single large-scale business organization. They derive their identity in part from that organization and feel that they contribute to the identity of the firm. The mission of the firm is not seen by those involved with it as wholly economic, nor the continued existence of its distinctive identity as a matter of indifference.

It is doubtless true that Munro, besides being delighted to have a new contract that would earn him millions of dollars, cared deeply about Time Inc. and wanted to do the right thing by the company. It is doubtless true also that Nicholas, besides being pleased by his new contract, believed in his heart that he, and he alone, was qualified to lead Time into a stronger future—and, similarly, that Levin, besides being gratified at having resurrected his career and having achieved a new contract, loved Time Inc. and saw himself as the keeper of the flame.

That most people have mixed motivations but believe, often passionately, that their intentions are good ought not to cloud the picture. The deal that Time's managers were able to strike was not solely seigneurial, but it was seigneurial; it was not solely self-interested, but it was self-interested; and it was not solely venal, but it was venal. In the end, what was most remarkable about this mammoth struggle played out among three public companies, representing over $20 billion in market capitalization, was that Time's managers were able to preserve the exercise of their intensely personal preferences against all intrusions by another bidder, and even by their own shareholders, judicial scrutiny notwithstanding. Thus, those shareholders, whose stocks had been trading at about $105 before the deal became public, were denied the right to choose between the company's long-range promises and the cash offer of two hundred dollars a share (which if a contest had been allowed by the courts would in the view of some Time shareholders have gone as high as two hundred and twenty-five, or even two hundred and fifty, dollars). Today, the stock of Time Warner is trading at between a hundred and twenty and a hundred and twenty-five dollars a share.

WHAT Time's management and outside directors tried to sell to the courts was the notion that Time was a fundamentally different kind of company. There was some attempt in their depositions to define that specialness as related to Time's history, and its role as an American institution. But in the end the only articulation that had enough weight to make it into the legal briefs was this: that the uniqueness of Time Inc. sprang from its editorial integrity, and from the structure of church and state designed to protect it. This was not the legal argument of the case but a major theme of its factual rendition, and if the courts had rejected it (as the justification for the primacy given to succession) the case might, conceivably, have been decided differently.

To many current and former employees of Time Inc., who have watched Munro and Nicholas diminish the power of the editorial side and redirect the company into entertainment, it was richly ironic. One of them remarked to me, "Maybe Nick and Dick had to do what they did. I don't know, and I'm not saying it is necessarily wrong. But Time Inc. used to in fact be different—and today it *is* just another company."

While the church-and-state banner was held high in the court battles over this deal, it was hardly evident in the trenches. The original merger of Time and Warner was scheduled for announcement on Monday, March 6th, but on Saturday, March 4th, news of the deal leaked to the Los Angeles *Times*. Time Inc.'s editor-in-chief, Jason McManus, decided that *Time* (which goes to press Saturday night) should nevertheless not cover it. He had concluded that, because of the few hours available to report the story, "the first story would have been overwhelmingly favorable," he told me afterward. "And it would have been harder for *Time*, three or four days later, to have second thoughts about the deal, as some of the other papers did." So, he said, he opted for waiting a week, in the interests of coming up with a better-balanced story.

McManus has since been widely pilloried for this decision, both within *Time* and in the larger journalistic community. It was a decision that he discussed with Munro, Nicholas, and Levin, whose offices are not far from his. "It was Jason's call, one hundred per cent, but he gets input—he doesn't just stay in his office," Munro told me. "Nick and Jason and I spend a lot of time yakking. Nick and I agreed that he should not cover it. Gerry, however, was violently in favor of covering it." Levin said that he had indeed argued that "if church and state meant anything, we should be covering this deal."

Many at Time believe that McManus, who does, of course, still sit on the board, was so caught up in the business side of the deal that he lost his journalistic perspective. Throughout the subsequent months of battle, McManus continued in his dual role of a board member and the person ultimately in charge of what was printed in *Time* about the deal. Unsurprisingly, the stories—in *Fortune* as well as in *Time*—were pro-Time Inc.

McManus told me recently that he had given a lot of thought since the summer battle to "what it was that caused phrases like 'corporate lackey' to be applied to me," and he went on, "I have come to the reluctant conclusion that the only thing I could have done"—to escape such denigration within Time Inc.'s editorial division—"was to oppose the merger."

His opposition, of course, would not have had the force of the editor-in-chief's in the Heiskell-Donovan era; back then, it would have ended the deal. McManus acknowledged this difference, but portrayed it as evolutionary. "Unless you stopped the expansion into other areas"—such as cable—"you could not have prevented a de-facto diminution of the editor-in-chief's role," he said. "The fact that Donovan was able to preserve it"—even though magazines composed only about fifty per cent of the company then—"was due to his relationship with Heiskell."

While he would not have been able to stop the merger, he could have created a lot of turmoil, McManus said, and he explained, "Editorial integrity was an important issue in Delaware, and the company would not have had it"—as a weapon. "It would have changed the public-relations part of the battle somewhat. It would have made a mess, and, in the end, the journalists wouldn't have had an editor-in-chief." And the magazines, he added, might well have been sold following the merger.

"Hey, just wanted to say loved 'Merchant.'"

• •

This is a seductive line of reasoning for someone like McManus, generally inclined to accommodate and appease—that it is better to yield by degrees than to fight and lose all. But it hardly bodes well for the independence of the publishing division of the new Time Warner. A former high-ranking executive of Time has commented, "Jason feels his life is totally dependent on Nick's good graces, and he shows a lot more sensitivity to taking potentially troublesome stories to Nick—as Grunwald would not have. He is just generally much more willing to accommodate the business side."

McManus did not receive one of the new long-term contracts. It seemed odd, given the play that editorial integrity had been given in the legal battle, to have its theoretical champion so conspicuously absent, and may reflect some ambivalence on the thirty-fourth floor toward McManus, his accommodating nature notwithstanding. McManus, for his part, insisted to me that there was no need for him to have a new contract, since editorial integrity was protected institutionally by Nicholas's succession, and by the makeup of the editorial committee, which was to have a preponderance of Time directors.

With Nicholas as its protector, the already vestigial construct of church and state seems almost surely doomed. If the statement that Munro is reported to have made when McManus became a director proves accurate, McManus's successor will not have a seat on the board. And, as for the protective power of the editorial committee in the new entertainment titan, that committee seems unlikely to be anywhere near the hot center. When I asked Luce, who was pleased to be named its chairman, how it would function, he replied, "If Steve Ross were to say he wants a favorable review of 'Batman' in *Time*, and the reviewer feels oppressed and complains to the editor-in-chief—and if he gets in a fight with Ross—then the committee's job is to try to calm it down."

That, of course, would be the most flagrant sort of intrusion, and it is much feared in the editorial ranks at Time. But it is impatiently dismissed by Reginald Brack, the C.E.O. of the magazine division, a hard-selling executive who speaks rapidly and punctuates most sentences with a brief, tight smile. "If it happened, these loudmouths would be on the phone to you in two minutes," he declared. "It would be dumb!"

More subtle, and arguably far more pernicious, is the "incentivization" approach—rewarding top employees with bonuses and other perks—which

Ross is famous for, and Nicholas and Brack are known to favor. There is no more ardent avatar of "the new Time Inc." than Brack, a twenty-eight-year veteran of the business side and a Nicholas favorite. "We have brought the operation into today's reality," he declared, pointing to improved profit margins for the magazines (18 per cent, compared with an industry average of 9.9 per cent), and to lucrative "line extensions"—*Sports Illustrated for Kids* ("It's one of the most exciting magazines in America") and a special issue of *People* on Princess Diana ("That one issue made more money than *Vanity Fair* makes in a year").

Brack believes that a key element in the entrance into "today's reality" has been the introduction of incentives. In the last five years or so—sparked in part by the proliferation of leveraged buyouts and the concomitant phenomenon of management ownership—many of the *Fortune* 500 companies have changed their systems of compensation to reward employees with more substantial, performance-based equity participation (something Warner has long done), and at Time, too, under Nicholas, such incentives began to intensify. As Brack explains it, an editor's compensation is now calculated more like that of employees on the publishing side. In addition to a base salary, an editor receives an annual incentive bonus and stock options—both influenced to a much greater extent than they used to be by the profitability of the magazine division. And in Brack's view this has already produced a desirable result; he claims that the editors and publishers of Time Inc. have never worked so closely. Referring to the fact that there are more Warner than Time directors on the new Time Warner compensation committee, Brack said, "That does not trouble me one bit. I, for one, hope more of their thinking slides over here than the other way around."

Indeed, *Entertainment Weekly*, which is scheduled to make its début in February—the first major new publication to be launched since 1983's *TV-Cable Week*, which sank like a stone—will bring Time Inc. farther into the brave new world of incentive compensation. Key employees will trade Time Warner shares into a phantom-option plan in which the shares will be valued as though they were the stock of *Entertainment Weekly;* so those employees, as part of their long-term compensation, will, in effect, own a piece of the new magazine. "When Brack told me about this, I said 'Hooray! We've arrived!' " Time Warner's director Donald Perkins told me. "That's how you get terribly capable people to work in a corporate environment. Otherwise, they'd go out and be entrepreneurs."

Perhaps. But there is, of course, a difference between a Warner Records executive's prospering when the record business does well and the prospering of editorial people—senior reporters and editors—when their magazine does well. The environment that such a system creates is, in fact, the antithesis of church and state. What church and state recognized—and, in a sense, institutionalized—was the tension between the business and editorial sides. It is a naturally occurring and healthy tension, if one accepts the idea that the business side has constituencies—advertisers and readers—while the editorial side has a constituency of readers but, more important, has a societal role. (It may be important to publish a story even if it is one that will anger many people, or one that many will not read.) And church and state attempted to carve out a place where that role could be played, free from—or, at least, in the face of—business pressures. What the new incentive system fosters is not separateness but fusion. It attempts to create a Skinnerian world, in which editors are rewarded for viewing the world more as publishers do and penalized for viewing it less as they do. And, as editors know, souls can be sold piecemeal. It may be outside the pale for an editor to kill a bad review of a Warner Brothers movie, but not unthinkable to let the magazine's logo be used in an ad, or to run "advertorials" that tend to look more and more like the magazine's editorial text. One recent alumnus of *Time*, who sees changes of this kind already at work in Time Inc. magazines, told me, "The erosion is subtle, but it is there. It is a movement toward profit-centered thinking. It is not so much that you, as an editor, are not going to win these battles anymore—it is that you're not going to bring them."

HOWEVER hard Time and Warner executives fought Paramount's attempt to frustrate their long-sought union, that was a mere afternoon's skirmish compared with the long, arduous struggle that faces them now, as they attempt to combine the two companies, achieve the visions of the future which Ross has so mesmerizingly conjured up, and avoid being distracted and, ultimately, defeated by intramural battles. "It is a great merger," said Felix Rohatyn, who has been an adviser in hundreds of mergers over the past thirty years, "but the wild card is whether the managements will be able to work together and whether the boards will start thinking of themselves as one board. With all this debt, of course, the pressures will be much greater. Cuts will have to be made, and that will produce more friction." Rohatyn added, "I would have been much happier with the first deal." (In one budget-tightening effort, for example, *Time* in October stopped using non-contract free-lance correspondents as stringers—a move that prompted one of its reporters to remark recently to the New York *Times*, "The cost of the whole stringer business for a week is probably less than Steve Ross's salary in a day.")

Even for Munro, Nicholas, and Levin, who have had nearly three years in which to become acquainted with Ross, attending meetings at Warner has been rather like an expanded orientation week—all new and altogether different from anything in their experience. Munro, used to Time Inc. meetings, which, he says, are usually short and involve as few people as possible, admits that Warner meetings—typically with large groups and discussions at high volume that go on for hours—have been trying. According to one of his colleagues, the meetings "drive Munro crazy." "The results over there seem to have worked," Munro comments. "But there's got to be an easier way. As Gerry says, it's like sitting at a big family dinner, where everybody's talking at once, and if you don't speak up you don't get any food."

Time Inc. today is not the blue-blood bastion that it was twenty years ago, but it is still a remarkably genteel, upper-class kind of world. Its arrogance is intact, even though much that once distinguished the company has fallen away. Richard Stolley, who was the founding managing editor of *People* and is now Time's editorial director, told me an anecdote about Paramount that had made the rounds among Time staff members during the takeover battle and that involved some Paramount directors' perplexed reactions, at a board meeting, to the concept of church and state. He said, "Trying to explain church and state to those Paramount directors must have been like trying to explain a Slavic language."

◆

Stolley could as easily have made that comment about the Warner directors, of course. And while it is one thing to have to merge for compelling business reasons with people whom, if one were to be frank, one finds rather déclassé, it is quite another thing to recognize that those people—after having been acquired, at full price—have the upper hand in terms of money and power. It is the kind of recognition that would tend to inflame already existing prejudices. And it is precisely that view—essentially, that Time paid Warner to be taken over—which has much currency in the ranks of Time Inc. An in-house cartoon recently pictured Steve Ross at his desk grinning broadly and saying, "I got mine—and yours, too!"

The issue of comparative compensation is a sticky one in the new Time Warner—starting, as one might guess, at the top. From the payout of the stock-based plans, Ross will garner $193 million in this deal, and several of the key Warner corporate executives about $20 million each. Then—in the "double dip"—Ross and these executives will start life at Time Warner with new grants of stock options (1.8 million for Ross). When the outside Time directors were first presented with Ross's gilded contract, in the summer of 1988, they worried about whether the Time managers, in order to wield executive power effectively, would need to have their compensation exponentially increased. Chancellor Allen, paraphrasing the directors' concerns, wrote, "Would not such a change, however, affect morale throughout the organization; would it threaten injury to the perceived Time culture?" He concluded, on the basis of all the statements in the record before him, that "the 'Time culture' problem was defused when the outside directors understood that Munro and Nicholas would not seek as a result of the merger to have the basis upon which they are compensated substantially changed."

According to repeated references in Levin's notes, however, a drastic change was indeed contemplated (it was probably not conveyed to the outside directors), but it would take place *after* the merger. "Nick—less equity than Steve—then gets equal when becomes C.E.O.," Levin wrote. And later that summer, reporting on a meeting with Aboodi, he wrote, "Compensation—understands Nick needs to transition to Steve—he'd like it faster than we would in closing the gap." When Levin was asked about these notes, he said, "The Aboodi-Ross view was that Nick should have the same as Steve. That was not my view, not Nick's. We don't believe now that Nick should get what Steve does." Ross confirmed that he believed then—and does today—that Nicholas, as his co-C.E.O., should be equally compensated.

In an attempt to douse the flames of resentment among the Time troops, who lost the chance to sell their stock at two hundred dollars a share (or, probably, more) and watched the management that blocked that offer profit mightily with extended contracts (not to mention remuneration comparable to Ross's that may well be just around the bend for Nicholas), the Time Warner board voted, this past September, to issue packages of stock options and restricted shares to several hundred mid-level employees. "We don't want people at Time to feel despondent, that they were screwed," Munro told me.

Munro and other Time people have repeatedly stressed that Warner compensation is so lavish because Warner is in the entertainment business, where even Ross's $193 million (which doesn't include salary and bonus) may not be a record breaker. But that argument only exacerbates the envy at HBO, which is, of course, entertainment, too. And, in the wake of this deal, tension at HBO is running high for another reason as well. Whereas HBO was Time's star performer in ca-

Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917

Try a little tenderness

Candlelight, soft music, and magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**

#464 Eight (5 oz.) Filet Mignons, 1" thick
(reg. $61.95).................................**$39.95**
(plus $5.50 shipping/handling)

YOU SAVE $22.00!
(Limit of 2, Please)
OFFER VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL JAN. 31, 1990.
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
CALL Free 1-800-228-9055
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.

Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1471 / 4400 So. 96th St. / Omaha, NE 68127

TASIS: American Education with a European Flavor

SWITZERLAND ● ENGLAND ● FRANCE ● GREECE

- First independent American co-ed boarding/day school in Europe.
- Beautiful campuses near Lugano, London, Paris and Athens.
- Grades Pre-K - 12, U.S. college prep curriculum, AP courses.
- Small classes, dedicated faculty, family-style community.
- Extensive travel, sports, arts, cultural programs.
- Unique **PG Program** offering college-level study and course-related travel.
- **Summer Programs:** Foreign languages, academic credit and enrichment courses, study skills, children's camp. Ages 6 - 18

TASIS
TASIS Europe, Ext 42,
326 East 69th Street,
New York, NY 10021,
Tel: (212) 570 1066
Fax: (212) 249-3097

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition.
50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

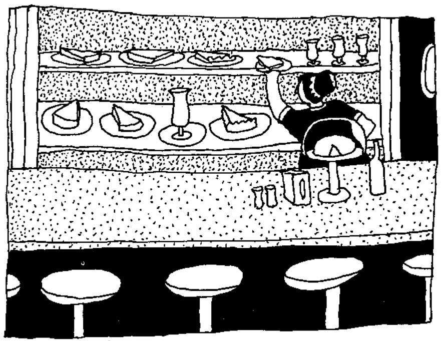
ble's pioneering era, in the late seventies and early eighties, it now faces a marketplace in which—as it competes with videocassettes, pay-per-view programming, and advertiser-supported programming such as Ted Turner's TBS—its profit margins have been badly squeezed. Indeed, Munro testified in his deposition that HBO "has been marvelously successful," but "I would dare say its future may be behind it," and he added, "It's got to do something for an encore here."

HBO's chairman, Michael Fuchs, has been eagerly focussing on that encore for some time; he wants to make movies not only for pay TV but for theatrical release. If it hadn't been for the perceived threat of takeover, which lent an urgency to the situation, Fuchs's clear preference would have been for Time Inc. to expand into the entertainment business not through the Warner deal but by building HBO and making smaller acquisitions. In the summer of 1988, when the deal was being negotiated, Ross, Nicholas, and Fuchs met in Los Angeles with Warner Brothers' C.E.O., Robert Daly, and its president, Terry Semel. Fuchs argued that HBO should have a comedy label at the Warner Brothers studio, and should start making movies—perhaps four or five a year in the beginning—for theatrical release. Daly and Semel were vehemently opposed. Daly and Semel won.

HBO is therefore far closer to a dead-end position now than it would have been if the deal had not occurred. But Fuchs is a power to be reckoned with at Time, and not someone whom Nicholas would lightly lose. So the first major turf battle has begun. To hear its shapers tell it, the new Time Warner will be a paean to synergy (although, according to the Lyford Cay Strategy Report, Time has been unsuccessful at creating any synergy even between its own divisions). However, one Time executive, listing the divisions of Time and Warner, has commented, "Publishing and records are off by themselves. The cable divisions fit together like an Erector Set. HBO and Warner Brothers are the one area where there is actual potential for synergy, and instead what you have is an ego clash."

Another ego clash exists, inevitably, at the level of the vice-chairmen—between the two of them. According to a former Time executive, Levin, who became Time's vice-chairman when he rejoined the board, in July, 1988 (after having been ousted eighteen months earlier), was "humiliated" when Ross insisted that Martin Payson, the Warner general counsel, also be a vice-chairman of the new Time Warner. Lately, the Time management, in an effort to counter its employees' perception that Warner has taken them over, has been spreading the word that although Levin and Payson—upon the deal's closing, on January 10th—will both be vice-chairmen, Levin has been "given the nod," by Arthur Liman, to the effect that within about a year Levin will occupy that position alone, and both Payson, as Time Warner's general counsel, and Bert Wasserman, as its chief financial officer, will then report to him. Liman says that this is "absolutely untrue." However, a high-ranking Time executive confirmed the account, commenting, "The title of vice-chairman is an honorific one for Marty."

It is possible, however, that the only telling part of this story is that Liman is so empowered. As 1989 drew to a close, shifts within the legal ranks indicated a solidifying of Warner's (and Paul, Weiss's) primacy. Philip Lochner, the former general counsel of Time Inc., who was demoted to deputy general counsel in the merger, was being considered for the post of a commissioner of the Securities and Exchange Commission and is likely to leave Time Warner early this year. More significantly, over the next twelve months Cravath, Swaine & Moore, Time Inc.'s chief outside counsel since the days of Henry Luce, will probably be eased out of most corporate work at the parent-company level of Time Warner, though it will continue to do work at the divisional level of Time, according to sources at and sources close to Cravath. Initially, at least, the major corporate work will be done by Paul, Weiss. "Ross is not comfortable with Cravath," one attorney told me. "The Cravath lawyers tried to protect Time's interest, and the Time executives just abdicated, so it went the way Ross wanted. To the extent that Ross and other former Warner executives are in control—and that is what seems to be happening; at meetings these days, it is always the Warner people who are asserting themselves—the migration will be away from Cravath, which is properly viewed as a Time firm." Payson said that it is "absolutely not true" that Cravath is being eased out of the major corporate work.

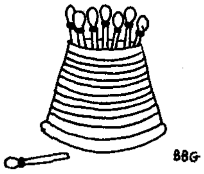


That there would be mortal rivalry between Fuchs, at HBO, and Daly and Semel, at Warner Brothers, and between Levin and Payson, and, probably, between scores of others, was predictable. Internal struggles are, historically, the reason that many mergers of major companies have failed. In some instances, however, the saving grace has been a C.E.O. so nearly omnipotent that he has been able to quell unrest, drive productivity, and, ultimately, create an atmosphere in which the once separate companies function as one.

IT may be that Ross will rise to the challenge. But he has committed himself to a form of shared power, as co-C.E.O., so his moves must be subtle, adroit, not bold. Any suggestion of a power struggle at the top can only intensify the rivalries below. And while Time's management capitulated mightily in order to gain this deal, it is not at all clear, now that the deal has been gained, that the management means simply to surrender.

What is fundamentally at issue now is Time's way of being in the world. This was always the thorniest question about combining these two companies' alien cultures. For the most important difference in the two is probably not class, or personal style, but corporate style: Time is institutional, accustomed to formal corporate governance, while Warner is entrepreneurial, loose, freewheeling, and, at the corporate level, utterly controlled by Ross, who distributes his largesse to his favored as he sees fit. Its negotiation of this deal, for example, was vintage Warner. To begin with, it outnegotiated Time. Even Chancellor Allen felt impelled to comment, in a rather unusual aside, that "determination of the legal issues . . . does not require this court to try to evaluate, in light of the evidence, whether Mr. Ross and his negotiator, Mr. Aboodi, outnegotiated Time's Mr. Levin and Mr. Nicholas in this transaction." But it was Aboodi's role that is most salient to the Warner culture.

Aboodi was the chief negotiator for Warner, and the most important merger adviser. While it is true that Rohatyn and his partners at Lazard Frères were involved, their role was negligible compared with Aboodi's. A longtime associate of Aboodi and Ross says, "Ross uses Ed instead of an outside investment banker, because he can be better controlled."



Aboodi, who had worked on Warner matters since about 1966 as an accountant at Arthur Young, left the accounting firm in 1980 and started his own investment firm, Alpine Capital Group. He is what he calls "a non-exclusive" employee of Warner—that is, he is free to work for others—but he spends by far the greater part of his time on business for Warner and Ross. This unconventional arrangement allows him to be compensated differently from a regular employee; for example, his salary is $150,000 a year, but he is being paid $8 million for his work on the deal with Time. This entrepreneurial arrangement has other benefits. It would have been awkward for Warner Communications to reëmploy Solomon Weiss, the former Warner assistant treasurer who was convicted of stealing from the company. But Weiss now does consulting for Aboodi at Aboodi's firm, situated in the offices of Warner Communications.

Moreover, the $8 million that Aboodi, to judge from his testimony, is collecting almost entirely himself is not all that he will have garnered from the deal. Levin's notes on the negotiations make repeated mention of "the Aboodi Fund"—an investment vehicle in which Warner, as part of the merged entity, would invest as much as $150 million. Aboodi denied in his deposition that this fund was part of the deal, and stressed that he would be co-managing it with Wertheim Schroder, an investment-banking firm. However, it was presented to the Time board as one of the elements of the deal when the board voted on the merger. Furthermore, in the record of that board meeting and in the numerous references to the Aboodi Fund in Levin's notes there was never any mention of Wertheim Schroder. Aboodi apparently decided to co-manage the fund with Wertheim after the merger was announced—perhaps in a late attempt to improve appearances.

"Ed Aboodi and Arthur Liman serve and service Steve Ross in a personal way," a Time executive told me. "They've done a good job of handling that, but obviously a system where someone is so personally dominant is not a system of checks and balances." This executive acknowledged that Ross expects Time to become more like Warner, and that Ross believes the Time board has leaned too heavily on its advisers—investment bankers and lawyers (who, for example, came up with the charter provision that Ross defeated)—instead of taking direction from a strong C.E.O. "But the Time Inc. side of management will be running the board more than Steve will," the executive told me. "Even though he's sixty-two years old, and very wise, Steve Ross is going to be exposed to a whole round of experience he hasn't had. He is not used to a board he doesn't control. But that was the tradeoff he made here. A very significant one."

So far, however—in the nearly three-year history of the deal—there has been no evidence that Time can wrest anything from Ross that he does not want to give. He gave Nicholas the position of co-C.E.O. and the promise of succession (as long as it wasn't incorporated in the charter), but why not? It may, paradoxically, have been easier to give it to Nicholas than it would have been to give it to a stronger, more likely candidate. For with Nicholas—as with others whom Ross promoted over the years to the "Office of the President" at Warner—Ross knew there could be no real competition.

The two men are a study in contrasts, but the contrasts are by and large not the kind that bespeak a successful odd couple, except, perhaps, in this sense: Ross loves deals and big-picture plans, and is content to leave day-to-day operating matters to others, while those are the very matters that engross Nicholas. In all other respects, their differences are suggestive less of a

The J. Peterman coat.
Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

High count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Lightweight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes XXS, XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price $184. We pay shipping.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

J. Peterman

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 268-2006 (from Kentucky).
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
© 1990 The J. Peterman Company

Top o' the Cove

As special as La Jolla

Wine Spectator Grand Award Winner
Voted Most Romantic Dining,
San Diego Magazine 1984-88

(619) 454-7779

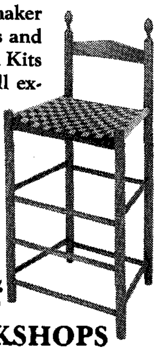
Sunsets, complimentary

SHAKER FURNITURE

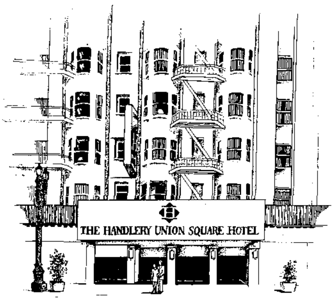
An exciting collection of Shaker dining chairs, tables, beds and other furniture available in Kits or completely finished. All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. Pegs, pegboard, Shaker baskets, oval boxes and dolls.

Large selection of replacement chair tape.

New 48 page color catalog and 12 tape samples $1.00



SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 1028-NY10, Concord, MA 01742
(617) 646-8985


THE HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL

WE ACCOMMODATE
IN SAN FRANCISCO

Anticipate comfort and service
beyond your expectations.

HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL
FAMILY RUN FOR OVER 80 YEARS
351 Geary Street
San Francisco, CA 94102
(800) 223-0888 or (415) 781-7800

To receive our discount corporate rate, mention you saw this ad in The New Yorker.

While in San Diego, stay at
The Handlery Stardust Hotel & Country Club.

Free Catalog

Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled, or as pre-drilled, precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.

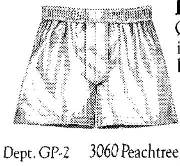
WOOD CLASSICS
R#1, Box 0Y2, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 255-7871

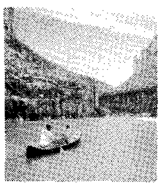
THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT EVER MADE.

Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Sea-island cotton® boxer shorts you can't buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:

THE GREEN POND COMPANY®

Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND





CANYONS of the RIO GRANDE

Sunrise County Canoe, foremost wilderness river guides of Maine & Canada, now offering expeditions on the remote, spectacular and legendary Lower Canyons of the Rio Grande. Finest food, instruction and company. Springtime on the desert; week long trips mid-March through mid-April. MAY to OCTOBER: Maine, Quebec, Labrador and The Yukon. Color catalogue.

SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS
Cathance Lake, Grove Post, Maine 04638 (207-454-7708)

complementary pairing than of a flagrantly unequal match. Ross, an imposing physical presence, is lively, and emanates a charm that many find seductive; Nicholas is diminutive, remote, transparently calculating, and mechanistic. Ross has made his key people multimillionaires, and they are devoutly loyal—a cult of personality, in fact, has grown up around him. Nicholas is surrounded by executives who make prosaic incomes, and at least some of whom are envious of the deal he cut for himself and fear him more than they like him.

Ross's credo is that it is sins of omission, not commission, that kill you in business, so he wants his people to be unafraid of error and comforted by his presence ("You have to be solid, you have to be a rock, you have to be a father—you have to encourage them to make mistakes, and they will, because they know you're there," Ross declares), while Nicholas, at least in the view of some who have worked with him, has spent his career trying to avoid mistakes. When Ross's employees do make mistakes, according to Robert Daly, the C.E.O. of Warner Brothers, Ross doesn't dwell on them but looks ahead (" 'What's on next year's slate?' he'll say," Daly told me), while Nicholas has been known to needle others for their mistakes for years.

If Nicholas were to assume control, the drastic difference in temperament between him and Ross would be quickly felt at the Warner Brothers studio. "Look at the people who have succeeded in the movie business in the last twenty years—Steve Ross, Charlie Bluhdorn [the chairman and C.E.O. of Gulf & Western], Lew Wasserman the chairman and C.E.O. of MCA]," Daly said. "What did those three have? The intelligence and the financing and the guts required to stay at the table and play. Everyone else with limited financing and limited guts has failed."

This was his own chief concern about the merger, added Daly, who, until Nicholas appeared, was believed by some at Warner to be Ross's likely heir. "We kept asking, Would anything change that would affect the guts to stay at the table?" In the end, Ross persuaded Daly and Semel (both of whom were sufficiently financially independent, thanks to their years at Warner Brothers, so that they could easily have quit) that nothing would change. They would continue to have the autonomy they were accustomed to: they, and only they, would decide what movies would be made. And their bonuses would continue to be awarded at Ross's sole discretion. (The merger, also, was not without recompense: according to Levin's notes, Daly and Semel together owned about two million stock options—which would likely give them a combined profit of about $70 million.)

But the peace that Daly and Semel made with the merger was, in effect, conditional upon Ross's continuing in control. In this, they are not alone at Warner. One Warner associate remarked, on being asked about Nicholas's purported succession as sole C.E.O. in five years, "Five years is a long time. In five years, Nicholas may not even be in the company."

AT his deposition, Ross referred—as he likes to do these days, in order to counter skepticism about the viability of co-C.E.O.s—to the "wonderful experience" he had sharing power with William Frankel as co-C.E.O. of Warner from 1967 until 1972, when Frankel died. But Rohatyn, who was an adviser to the company then, told me that Frankel—an elderly man who had been the owner of an office-cleaning company that merged with Warner—was "irrelevant"; that "he did very little."

Perhaps the only thing more remarkable than Ross's protestations is the trust that Nicholas—a singularly untrusting sort of person—appears to have placed in them. Unless, of course, he hasn't. Nicholas, who is fifty, may, rather, have simply decided that the mortality tables were on his side. One of Levin's notes describes Nicholas's attitude toward the succession issue as "Let nature take its course"—a reference, Levin explained, to Ross's age. As the deal was entering the later stages of negotiation, Nicholas held a meeting with a group of high-level executives, many of whom had been expressing to him their skepticism about Ross's promise that Nicholas would succeed him. Nicholas is said to have told the group not to worry, because Ross was sixty-two years old and in poor health. Ross's agreeing to Nicholas's succession finally came to be read in Time's upper echelons as a sign that Ross was "coming to terms with his mortality"; the deal, it was further said, was Ross's "living will."

If Nicholas became fixated on—and drew comfort from—the state of Ross's health, it may have been with some encouragement from Ross. Ross, who often mentions a heart attack he had in the early eighties, does have health problems. But, according to a couple of people who have dealt with him over the years, he and his advisers (most notably Liman) have often attempted to play that to Ross's advantage—in negotiations, for example, by trying to induce the other party, out of sympathy, to take a less hard line.

Ross, of course, *is* mortal. But he is also the quintessential survivor. He has survived tragedies in his personal relationships; his close friend Jay Emmett's wearing a wire and testifying against Weiss; the experience of being a target in a criminal investigation that continued for years; the debacle of Atari, which threatened to destroy Warner Communications; the onslaught of Rupert Murdoch; and the subsequent five-year struggle with Herbert Siegel. Out of all this has come Ross's apotheosis—as he now assumes dominion over the largest media-entertainment company in the world.

This triumph, moreover, has given him an enormous charge. Ross's excitement is almost combustive these days as he ranges over the numerous possibilities for worldwide expansion—with Warner's international presence and Time's direct-marketing expertise; with the size he's finally achieved in cable, his long-loved, favorite medium. But one point he wants to make crystal clear: those who interpret his having agreed to Nicholas's succession as a sign of his coming to terms with his mortality are wrong. "I will be there," Ross declared. "I will be there as co-C.E.O. for five years, and then I will be there as chairman of the board, and Nick will be the C.E.O. I don't want the day-to-day responsibilities. I want to plan. I want to dream. But I will be there."

Having scaled this peak, Ross will undoubtedly remain there. He did not climb so far only to descend. "It is a remarkable thing for him, to be co-C.E.O. of this company," Levin says, a trifle wistfully. "There is only one Time Inc."

Ross could not agree more. "Time," he says warmly, "has such pizzazz."

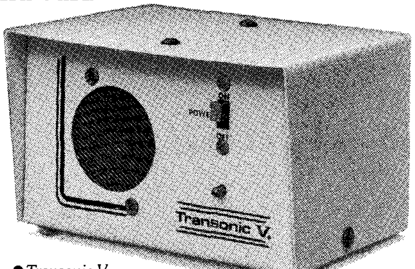
—CONNIE BRUCK

Rid your home or plant of pests and varmints with . . .

Transonic V

Just $69.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



●*Transonic V* is an industrial-type unit, the most powerful you can get. It's a humane, clean, and effective system to get rid of your pests–once and for all.

Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas, spiders and other pests make life miserable at home or at the plant. Old fashioned poisons get rid of them — but only temporarily, and they are a hazard to you and to your pets. *Transonic V* works on a different principle: It delivers a tremendous blast of ultrasound that is inaudible to humans and pets, but that sounds like an onrushing 747 jet to pests. It so totally disrupts their nervous system that they'll leave your home within a few weeks — never to return. There is nothing to prepare, nothing to set up — no poison and no mess. Pests just disappear.

Transonic V is an industrial-type unit that protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). It has six variable pitch and "loudness" settings. You can even adjust it to keep larger pests, such as raccoons, pigeons or rabbits at bay. Since it's clad in a steel housing, you can even use it outdoors.

Transonic V has been designed to work in restaurants, factories and food processing plants. It's that powerful. We offer this top-of-the-line industrial unit for just $69.95. But here's an even better deal: ***Buy two for just $139.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments — absolutely FREE!*** Get rid of those nasty pests once and for all. Get the best — get *Transonic V* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1802A174**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this. UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Transonic V*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Mr. Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

From the kitchen of the famous
GREEN TURTLE INN . . .

- Turtle Soup
- Turtle Chowder
- Conch Chowder
- Manhattan Clam Chowder
- New England Fish Chowder
- New England Clam Chowder
- Key Lime Pie Filling

Mix or match a 6-pack (16 oz. cans)
(includes shipping) **$14.50**

GREEN TURTLE CANNERY
P.O. Box 585, Islamorada, Florida Keys 33036
Dept. N (305) 664-9595

GOLD AND LEATHER
AND VERY NEW YORKER

Organize your life as you go, with *The New Yorker's* distinctive pocket diary for 1990; gilt-edged and thumb-tabbed, in flexible leather binding, with *The New Yorker's* exclusive About Town telephone-and-address listings in the front.

Please send me ________ copies of the pocket-edition *New Yorker Diary for 1990*, bound in leather, at $10.00*, plus $1.00 shipping and handling.

Name ________

Address ________

City/State/Zip ________

*Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax.

Make checks payable to: *The New Yorker* and mail to:
The New Yorker, P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. 020271

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

SNOWFLAKE EARRINGS

#A-17, pierced, sterling: $31 ppd.
14K: $180 ppd. Matching pin avail.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
7/8" dia.
TORYS
1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST
Catalog upon request
106 Washington St., Dept N, Marblehead, MA 01945

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Melodrama/Cartoon/Mess

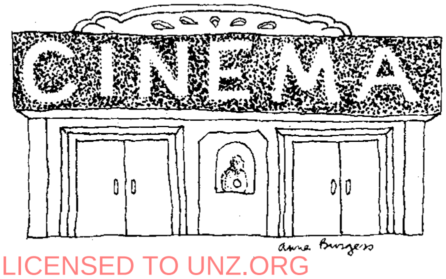
A FEW years ago, the TV news was dominated by images of the big, square head of John Demjanjuk, the Ukrainian immigrant who, after decades as a Cleveland autoworker, was accused of being Ivan the Terrible of Treblinka. We watched as aged victims swore that Demjanjuk was their torturer, and we listened as he protested that it was all a case of mistaken identity, with papers rigged against him by the Soviet bloc. The new Costa-Gavras movie, "Music Box," presents us with a fictional case based on Demjanjuk, and it has that same kind of fascination. Can the witnesses who testify against the retired Chicago steelworker Mike Laszlo (Armin Mueller-Stahl) be mistaken, or was he, in his youth, the monster they describe? Jessica Lange plays Laszlo's daughter, Ann Talbot, who is a lawyer and is defending him at a hearing that could cost him his citizenship; if he loses, he'll be sent back to Hungary, where the Communist government is waiting to try him for war crimes. Ann believes that the case was instigated because her father has been active in demonstrations against Hungarian dignitaries who have come on visits to the United States, and she may be right about that. But is there another man hidden inside the kindly father she has always known?

The emotional core of the movie is that during the trial, as the Second World War victims give their accounts of what the sadistic young police officer did to them, Ann begins to lose faith in her father's innocence. She's a skilled attorney, and she presses on, but everything she has believed about the upright, honorable widower who raised her shifts and crumbles.

When the cast and the script are right for Costa-Gavras—as they are here—he has the knack of giving tempo and urgency to courtroom scenes. Others try for it; he really does it. This melodrama has the pull of a thriller. Shot in and around Chicago and in Budapest, it has no flashbacks and none of the usual shock apparatus of movies about wartime atrocities: the impact of "Music Box" comes from the testimony (and behavior) of the elderly witnesses. We take in what they're saying, and we watch Ann taking it in. Costa-Gavras provides a low-key, controlled atmosphere, and Jessica Lange fills it with passion that's begging for release. In a recent interview, she was quoted as saying, "I love the sound of the cello." That's her emotional sound in this role: intelligent, searching, womanly.

Everyone I know wishes we could see Lange in more fluffy-blonde comedy roles. (We long for another "Tootsie.") But she has been developing a deeper range. Her character here doesn't have the dimensions of her Frances Farmer, but within the limits of a melodrama she verges on the astounding. Lange is one of those star performers—Diane Keaton is another—whose characters don't necessarily come on as stars. Ann Talbot is a brunette in plain business suits, and her being slightly worn makes her beauty more accessible. Her curly hair suggests a bad perm; it sticks out in funny ways and has no shine, no highlights. (It's as if there were no hairdresser on the set.) Ann is a busy woman with other things to think about, and we get to see the workings of her mind. The competitive smartness of the opposing lawyers is always part of the drama of good courtroom movies, and Ann, working against a rather surly government attorney (Frederic Forrest), springs traps with crisp efficiency.

Costa-Gavras is a remarkably lucid storyteller. He doesn't dawdle, and you have to pay close attention to the courtroom evidence: things are planted very fast, and if you're not on your toes you'll lose out when the payoffs come. There's an excitement in this tightly constructed narrative: it builds, and the complications draw it even tighter. But you're conscious of how the film is setting you up; the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas (who's the son of Hungarian refugees), lays things out almost too professionally. His commercialism can be like cold water in the face, after you've watched a procession of wonderfully varied character actors putting a lifetime of training into a few minutes of testimony. (Two of the most moving are Sol Frieder, as Istvan Boday, a bald old man with a goatee, who describes the murder of his family on the banks of the Danube, and Elzbieta Czyzewska, as a precise, closed-faced woman who describes how she was raped.) Eszterhas uses historical crimes very astutely, but he forces them into an entertainment package alongside old-Hollywood devices. The final plot developments (after the music box makes its appearance) are overextended, and they feel fake. The focus of the material goes wrong: what we're watching is suddenly too much about Ann's suffering—movie-star suffering.



Costa-Gavras seems to have little pockets of innocence about how Americans live. There is nothing here as far out of kilter as a lot of the stuff in "Betrayed" was, but a weirdly misconceived black character, Georgine (Cheryl Lynn Bruce), who's some sort of crack legal investigator, floats around and seems to function as Ann's all-purpose aide. (In one scene, she turns up in African robes; she outdresses her boss.) But Costa-Gavras has his wits about him in the key relationships. The German actor Armin Mueller-Stahl keeps the father from becoming too easy for the audience to decipher: he's a formal, Old World father—you never feel you know him. (So you understand his daughter's not knowing him.) And the film balances the daughter's smart toughness in her cross-examinations with the father's handsome, cold-blue-eyed righteousness. I expected Costa-Gavras and Eszterhas to show us some connection between the father's mental dexterity and the daughter's choice of career, but maybe we were meant to pick that up for ourselves. What counts is the Old World, New World texture that Jessica Lange brings to toughness. Her beautiful throatiness counts. She has the will and the technique to take a role that's really no more than a function of melodrama and turn this movie into a cello concerto.

I'VE heard it said that Michael Moore's muckraking documentary "Roger & Me" is scathing and

Voltairean. I've read that Michael Moore is "a satirist of the Reagan period equal in talent to Mencken and [Sinclair] Lewis," and "an irrepressible new humorist in the tradition of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward." But the film I saw was shallow and facetious, a piece of gonzo demagoguery that made me feel cheap for laughing.

"Sorry we're late, but that's our style."

• •

Roger is Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, in Moore's account, closed eleven GM plants in Flint, Michigan, in 1986 (despite big profits), laid off thirty thousand workers, and set up plants in Mexico, where the wage rate was seventy cents an hour. In the film, he's directly responsible for bringing about the city's (unconvincingly speedy) deterioration. Flint, GM's birthplace, is also Michael Moore's home town, and Moore, a journalist, previously inexperienced in film, set out, with a camera crew, ostensibly to persuade Roger Smith to come to Flint and see the human results of his policies. This mock mission is the peg that Moore hangs the picture on: he pursues Roger Smith over a span of two and a half years, from February, 1987, to August, 1989. Moore, who directed, produced, and wrote the film, and is its star, has defined his approach: "I knew the theme would be 'looking for Roger' and showing what was happening in Flint during this time period."

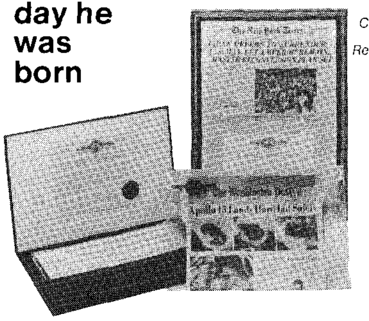
What happens is that Moore, a big, shambling joker in windbreaker and baseball cap, narrates his analysis of the ironies and idiocies of what's going on, and deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges, as filler. He asks them broad questions about the high rate of unemployment and the soaring crime rate, and their responses make them look like phonies or stupes; those who try to block his path or duck his queries appear to be flunkies. Low-level GM public-relations people make squirmy, evasive statements; elderly women on a golf course are confused as to what's wanted of them; visiting entertainers are cheery and optimistic; Miss Michigan, who is about to take part in the Miss America Pageant, tries to look concerned and smiles her prettiest. What does Moore expect? Why are these people being made targets for the audience's laughter? The camera makes brutal fun of a woman who's trying to earn money as an Amway color consultant, and it stares blankly at a woman who's supplementing her government checks by raising rabbits. (For a minute or two, we seem to be watching an Errol Morris movie.) Moore's final jab is at a woman with a Jewish name, whose job promoting the attractions of the city has been eliminated. He asks her what she's going to do next. When she says she's going to Tel Aviv, Moore seems to be drawing the conclusion that the rats are deserting the ship; something distasteful hovers over the closing credits.

Moore is the only one the movie takes straight. (Almost everybody else is a fun-house case.) This standup crusader appears to be the only person in town who's awake to the destruction of what used to be a thriving community. And we in the audience are expected to identify with his puckish sanity. The way he tells it, the people who run the town are incompetent twerps. (That's always popular with movie audiences.) He reports that the civic leaders have been thinking about solutions for the decay of the city and have come up with lamebrained fantasy schemes to attract tourism: a Hyatt Regency hotel and convention center; AutoWorld, a theme park; the Water Street Pavilion, a mall. The three projects are actually built; roughly a hundred and fifty million dollars is poured in, and all three are fiascoes.

I had stopped believing what Moore was saying very early; he was just too glib. Later, when he told us about the tourist schemes, I began to feel I was watching a film version of the thirties best-seller "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity," and I began to wonder how so much of what was being reported had actually taken place in the two and a half years of shooting the film. So I wasn't surprised when I read Harlan Jacobson's article in the November-December, 1989, *Film Comment* and learned that Moore had compressed the events of many years and fiddled with the time sequence. For example, the eleven plant closings announced in 1986 were

Give him the *actual* newspaper printed the day he was born

FREE Catalog Upon Request



Now you can purchase a well-preserved, ***authentic*** edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. *Not* reproductions or just front pages, these are *COMPLETE, ACTUAL* newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, holidays, business functions*** and other special occasions.

Newspaper In **Clear Vinyl Portfolio $34.50***

Newspaper in Personalized Presentation Case $65.00**

(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)

Newspaper in **Classic, Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50*****

It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint. We're Old News!

Ideal Gift for Valentine's Day

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 183
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 183

By mail: **Historic Newspaper Archives**
Dept. 83, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, N.J. 07065
*Add $3.95 UPS, ** Add $4.95 UPS. *** Add $6.95 UPS.
● UPS charges for Continental U.S.A. only ●
Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.)
Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher.

If a family member should require extended care for a psychiatric illness, you may want to consider the Greystone Program as an alternative to hospitalization. Since 1980, we have been providing services for a small group of residents in a warm, distinctive setting within our arboretum-like campus. The Greystone Program emphasizes personalized care in the Quaker tradition of respect for the individual. For more information, call (215) 831-4779 or write Barbara Hines, R.N.,M.S.N., The Greystone Program at Friends Hospital, 4809 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

YOUR HEARTS DESIRE

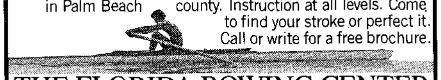
1½" long

Heart Bar Pin
in Sterling $35.
$3 Shipping. Check or M.O.
Brochure Available.

JEFF DEEGAN DESIGNS
22 OVERHILL ROAD
PROVIDENCE, RI 02906
401 831 6246

OARSMANSHIP

The perfect sport. At America's premier sculling school in Palm Beach county. Instruction at all levels. Come to find your stroke or perfect it. Call or write for a free brochure.



THE FLORIDA ROWING CENTER
1140 Fifth Avenue N.Y., NY 10128 (212) 996-1196

in four states; the thirty thousand jobs were lost in Flint over a period of a dozen years; and the tourist attractions were constructed and failed well before the 1986 shutdowns that they are said to be a response to. Or let's take a smaller example of Moore at play. We're told that Ronald Reagan visited the devastated city, and we hear about what we assume is the President's response to the crisis. He had a pizza with twelve unemployed workers and advised them to move to Texas; we're told that during lunch the cash register was lifted from the pizza parlor. That's good for a few more laughs. But Reagan visited the city in 1980, when he wasn't yet President—he was a candidate. And the cash register had been taken two days earlier.

Whatever the reasons for the GM shutdowns, the company had a moral and financial responsibility to join with government agencies and the United Automobile Workers in arranging for the laid-off workers to reënter the labor force. Moore doesn't get into this—at least, not directly. Possibly he thought that he'd lose the audience's attention if he did. Maybe he thought that it was implicit in the gimmick of his wanting to show Roger the damage the company has done, but it's almost perverse of him to pretend that what's happened is all Roger Smith's fault, and to tell the story in cartoon form.

The movie is an aw-shucks, cracker-barrel pastiche. In Moore's jocular pursuit of Roger, he chases gags and improvises his own version of history. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. The picture is like the work of a slick ad exec. It does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.

WAS there no one among Steven Spielberg's associates with the intellectual stature to convince him that his having cried at "A Guy Named Joe" when he was twelve was not a good enough reason for him to remake it? True, there are flukes, and his remake, "Always," might have worked at the box office and been acclaimed. But it could have worked only as a piece of gloppy, down-home mysticism—something unworthy of Spielberg's talent—or as a comedy about what the movie had once meant to him. Actually, it may be a sign of his mental health that he couldn't put much conviction into it. The 1943 picture—a Second World War morale booster about a flier (Spencer Tracy) who returns from death to watch unseen over the woman he loves (Irene Dunne) and encourage her romance with a younger flier (Van Johnson)—has been transposed to the present-day wilderness-fire-fighting service. Spielberg has caught the surface mechanics of forties movies. But he seems to have no grasp of how they worked—of the simplicity that made them affecting. He starts out with too much danger in one episode after another, and he overcooks everything, in a fast, stressful style. All he seems to want to do in each scene is get an audience reaction.

Balanchine had a simple explanation for his choreographic genius with dancers: I give them what they do best. Spielberg gives his stars, Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter, nothing of what they do best. Dreyfuss, a put-on artist, is just too light for his role as a daredevil hero; his transitions are too facile. He has been made creamy-skinned and is photographed romantically, but he has no heroic presence. And when he and Holly Hunter sit in the bar at the airbase (where the heroine works, too) looking into each other's eyes longingly, there's nothing happening. (Spielberg has piled modern movie conventions right onto earlier conventions. After the tender thirties-forties scenes, the two characters go back to her place and sleep together, as they've apparently been doing all along.) Holly Hunter is a quick and direct actress, who comes at us with an excess of personality. Spielberg puts her in endless closeups, and there's not enough going on underneath. Photographed unflatteringly, she has so little color in her anxious face and she's so twisted with emotion that she begins to seem like a brown twig. A bland, glassy-faced new actor, Brad Johnson, is the shy pilot who succeeds the Dreyfuss character in the heroine's affections. Commenting on how handsome he is, she says he's like something she won in a raffle. But what you win in a raffle is a turkey.

There is one sequence in the movie that works: Hunter dances alone, thinking of her dead lover, and his ghost dances with her—of course, without touching. Almost everything else seems grandiloquent, rushed, confusing. The very first shot is of two fishermen in a boat on a lake: a plane, swooping off, comes right at them, and they dive into the water. Was the pilot a lunatic? Did the fishermen drown? Basically, it's just a visual gag. Probably Spielberg wanted to see if he could do his own version of the crop-dusting scene from "North by Northwest." Dreyfuss gives Hunter a white evening dress, and when she puts it on, the dirty-faced men in the airbase bar are awed by her "girl clothes"; crowds of men part for her, as if she were a miraculous vision, and the firefighters line up in the washroom to get the grease off their hands so they can take turns dancing with her, to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It's a fantasy sequence in a wartime musical, except that it's rhythmless and all wrong. There are at least a battalion's worth of firefighters in the scene; we know that these men wouldn't be covered with grease when they sit drinking beer at night; and the white dress is a fright, though it hugs Hunter's breasts and can help to sell the movie. Everything seems off. One moment, Brad Johnson is the goofus who can't follow orders; the next, he's the top flying ace. There's nothing in between. (This guy is a real find: you look at him and you want to know, "Does he sing?")

Audrey Hepburn, who plays Dreyfuss's supervisory angel, delivers transcendental inanities in the cadences that have stoned audiences at the Academy Awards and other film-industry shebangs; people see her, rise to their feet, and applaud. She's become a ceremonial icon, ravishing and hollow. Where has the actress gone—the one who gave a magnificent performance in "The Nun's Story"? There's no hint of her in this self-parody. But then, what Spielberg wants is the glowing goddess. John Goodman appears as Dreyfuss's best friend, and is turned into a fat-jolly-buddy icon. He saves himself from darlingness, but just barely.

Now that Spielberg is no longer twelve, hasn't he noticed that there's a voyeuristic queasiness in the idea of playing Cupid to the girl you loved and lost, and fixing her up with the next guy? In 1943, it was the finality of death that was being repressed. What the New Age hell is being repressed now? —PAULINE KAEL

Direct From

The New Yorker

Reader Services

To hear personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages of The New Yorker, call:

1 • 800 • 2tilley

COACH LEATHERWARE CO. ☎ *30075*

THE WIGWAM Arizona's Golf Resort ☎ *30054*

Chrysler *Test Drive Program* ☎ *30016*

I ♥ NY® *Winter Vacations* ☎ *30045*

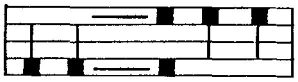
GODIVA Chocolatier ☎ *30048*

THE MARK A New York Hotel. ☎ *30065*

ADVERTISEMENT

BOOKS

The Romance of the Piano



CAN a shower of music fall into a primeval jungle, when there is nobody there to hear it? Lack of listeners did not deter Louis Moreau Gottschalk, living on the edge of a Guadeloupe volcano in 1859, from giving piano recitals to the universe:

> Every evening I moved my piano out upon the terrace, and there, in view of the most beautiful scenery in the world, which was bathed in the serene and limpid atmosphere of the tropics, I played, *for myself alone*, everything that the scene opened before me inspired—and what a scene! Imagine a gigantic amphitheater, such as an army of Titans might have carved out in the mountains; to the right and left virgin forests filled with wild and distant harmonies . . . farther on, the green savannas [and] the immensity of the ocean, whose line of deep blue forms the horizon. . . . I let my fingers run over the keyboard, wrapped up in the contemplation of these marvels.

The yearning to relate creativity and Creation was shared by all Romantic musicians from Beethoven to Busoni. These two pianist-composers loom a century apart, like Alpha and Omega, at either end of Dieter Hildebrandt's "Pianoforte: A Social History of the Piano" (translated from the German by Harriet Goodman; George Braziller; $19.95). As Busoni might say, between them they made Gottschalk possible.

Gottschalk, born in New Orleans in 1829, was the quintessential pianistic troubadour, moving gracefully from the salons of Paris (with Chopin's blessing) via Guadeloupe to the Civil War battlefront, and thence to the far West, where he discovered that his music had charms to soothe the breasts even of savage miners. Wherever he went, he was followed by a pair of ten-foot Chickerings—"cowardly mastodons," he called them affectionately, "possess[ing] a charming and obedient docility to the least movement of my fingers."

Just the other day, at Nordstrom's department store in Palo Alto, California, I heard a Gottschalkian shower of notes falling across a wilderness of nylon and, searching out the source, found a young pianist playing one of these same Chickerings, beautifully restored and perfuming the air with the sounds of the past. Mr. Hildebrandt devotes a witty chapter to Chickerings and Pickerings, and to Steinways and Steinwegs and Bechsteins and Bachsteins and Brechsteins and all the other permutations of a nineteenth-century market that might be compared, in its explosive demographics, with that of the personal computer today. (Indeed, there are parallels to ponder between keyboard hermits like Alkan and Godowsky, endlessly devising new figurations of black and white, and the sleepless programmers of Silicon Valley, juggling 0s and 1s.)

The author, who lives in Berlin, makes use of sources unfamiliar to English-speaking readers. Thus he is able to paint delightfully fresh portraits of Carl Czerny, the first millionaire piano pedagogue; Hermann Wolff, the pioneer concert agent; and *Kitschkomponistin* Thekla von Badarzevska-Baranovska, who used to be, he assures us, a household name "in Europe, Asia, and the two Americas." But Mr. Hildebrandt's real achievement is to show how the piano became, in his phrase, "the unsung hero" of nineteenth-century liberalism, starting from the night when Beethoven roared at a talkative audience of Viennese aristocrats, "I do not play for such swine!"

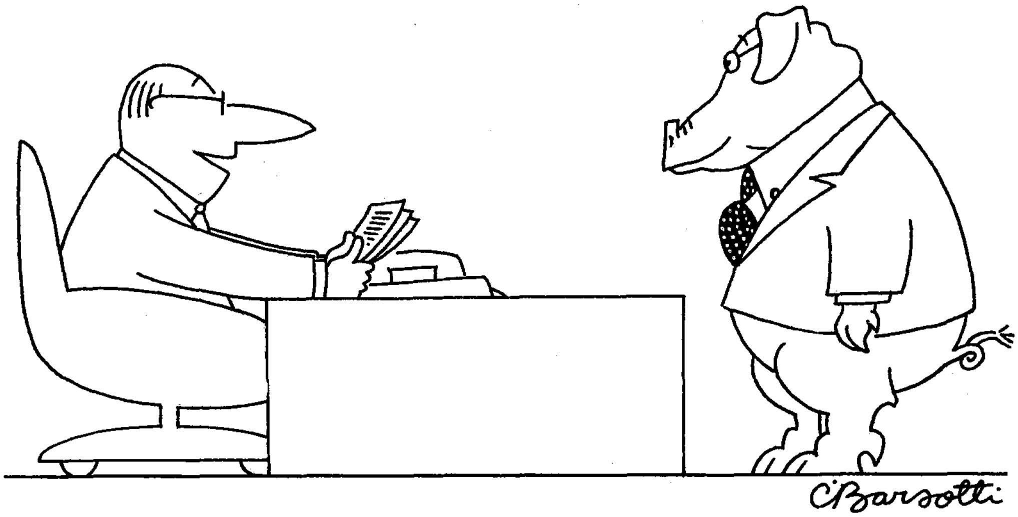
The hush following that shout was as intense, probably, as the silence Gottschalk broke over Guadeloupe sixty years later. It had the same virgin quality, a sense of receptiveness to the Romantic seed. The fact that Beethoven's listeners were awed, not angry, indicated that cultural revolution was at hand. They begged him to continue. Exulting, he refused.

"It was not just a question of denying princes their *divertissement*," Mr. Hildebrandt comments. "Music now refused to serve any social function whatsoever." A dilettante prince wishing to join Beethoven in a piano quintet would have to acknowledge his leadership; and if Spohr was on first violin he must play second fiddle, and like it.

As the piano grew larger in size and tone—Beethoven's big Broadwood of 1817 was specially built to penetrate his deafness—it dominated musical discourse to the point that the piano concerto became, under Chopin, little more than an extended solo, performed with the harmonious acquiescence of the orchestra. Forgotten, in the intoxication of this new Romantic freedom, was the concerto's classical origin in the antithesis of orator and crowd. Brahms, more democratic than the megalomaniac Pole, restored a sense of struggle to the contending forces, but even he originally conceived of his D-Minor Concerto as a battle between—two pianos.

The author devotes a chapter each to the above pianist-composers, as well as to Schubert, Clara and Robert Schumann, Liszt, and the *fin-de-siècle* virtuosi, culminating in Busoni. The double distinction "pianist-composer" is important, because pianism came to affect not only the forms of nineteenth-century music but the very texture of music itself. Although Mozart was a superb pianist, his melodies tend to be vocal in style, just as Haydn's relate to wind and string instruments, and Bach's to no instrument in particular. Beethoven, whether he was writing a Mass or a violin duo, "thought" at the keyboard, and, even when he could no longer hear what he was playing, his intervals and harmonies were shaped by the layout of keys and the sonority of hammered strings. This style of composition lasted through Busoni, who both ended and transcended it. Hence many of the Romantic Era's most colorful orchestral works, from the "Eroica" Symphony to the "Enigma" Variations, were originally conceived as a chiaroscuro of ivory and ebony. Non-pianist-composers, like Berlioz, Wagner, Bruckner, and Verdi, wrote quite differently, and it could be argued (though not by Mr. Hildebrandt) that they were purer musicians for it.

FRANZ SCHUBERT was probably the least virtuosic of the pianist-composers. He once tried to perform his own "Wanderer" Fantasy, but gave up with an oath: "Let the devil play the stuff!" It may be significant that "An mein Klavier" is one of his least inspired songs, whereas "An die Musik" reverently invokes art as art. Yet lack of technique did not stop Schubert strumming all night when he could: the evidence is that he had to be pried off the stool at parties. He composed an enormous amount of music for the piano, including three of the greatest sonatas ever written. Mr. Hildebrandt suggests that the "paroxysm" that interrupts the andantino of the A-Major Sonata, opus posthumous, is a revolt against "eternal torture at the keyboard." If so, it is a very pianistic paroxysm, consisting of scales, trills, tremolos, and the like, and it melts into a reprise that fairly wallows in pedal effects.



"Well, you certainly seem to have a lot to offer this company, and, of course, the truffles are a hell of a plus."

• •

The author is more convincing when he detects a fundamental dualism in Schubert's music, a "shifting quality," most apparent in its equivocations between major and minor. Being a writer of literary as well as musical sensibility, he notes the teen-age composer's use of the phrase *traurig traulich* ("solemn and congenial") in a diary entry describing a conversation near the grave of his mother, one spring evening in 1816:

> For Schubert that was not a contradiction in terms. For him it was a natural combination, a twilight mood of the soul: it was his minor key. Anywhere else in the musical world a minor key will mark a gloomy, threatening, ominous passage, but Schubert found comfort in that mode, just as he did on his evening stroll. A Schubert minor makes harmony with man "in the darknesses of this life." . . . Beware of the moment when that harmony is shattered, when the minor consonance between life and music is abandoned . . . then the pain really bites, and the sudden clarity is sheer torture.

At this point, Mr. Hildebrandt cites a lyric in "Winterreise" that drives Schubert from D minor into the "warm" key of E-flat major. No other writer, to my knowledge, has managed to explain why the brightening of the harmony here *sounds* so deathly cold. In another imaginative leap, he likens Schubert's death to that of the Last of the Mohicans—not melodramatically but aptly, for about the only thing that comforted the syphilitic composer in his last hours was the prose of James Fenimore Cooper.

An amusing chapter, "Accomplice in Catastrophe," discusses the intimate relations between the piano and the Romantic novel. (Here I must complain about the misleading subtitle given this book by its American publishers. The original German, "Der Roman des Klaviers im 19. Jahrhundert," is more beguiling and more precise, *Roman* connoting both an affair of the heart and the progress of a hero.) We are reminded that some of the century's most famous female pianists were Elizabeth Bennet, Becky Sharp, Jane Eyre, and Emma Bovary. Then there was the prodigy Hanno Buddenbrook: Mr. Hildebrandt wickedly recalls rather more of his orgasm at the keyboard than is good for Thomas Mann's reputation. No matter that the harmonic progression described is actually the final cadence of "Tristan"; there is ample evidence here that the piano by mid-century had become a focus of passion for the repressed European bourgeoisie. All those finger-tangling, thigh-rubbing Schubert duets!

The most amorous of the pianist-composers was Robert Schumann, who used his instrument as a sort of mahogany fax machine, sending love messages to Clara Wieck. She was already a better pianist at fifteen than he was at twenty-six, and had no difficulty interpreting his musical ciphers. (See, for example, the accented notes in the Introduction to his F-Sharp-Minor Sonata, which the cryptologist Eric Sams has decoded as "Ill. Oh Clara, shall I win you?") Some of these ciphers, often involving groups of notes whose letter names spell words, are deliberately obscure; Clara's jealous father was a pianist, too, and the lovers did not want him to "eavesdrop" on their romance. Schumann was unable, however, to disguise the rapturous nature of the music that bears the messages along, like flotsam on a flood. Friedrich Wieck understood well enough. As all the world knows, Robert and Clara overcame his objections, and married for life; but by then Schumann's habit of private keyboard musings was almost a substitute for speech. He would sit for hours, lips pursed shut, monitoring a musical conversation between Florestan and Eusebius, as he called the active and the passive sides of his personality. As he grew older, and general paresis swelled his brain, he became taciturn, then totally silent. It is poignant to read elsewhere in this book that the reverse was true of Clara: "At the age of nine she played like a born musician, yet she could hardly talk. Even when directly addressed she often reacted like a deaf-mute." The time would come when she had to speak for her husband as wife, manager, and nurse, compromising her own career as one of the century's finest pianists.

The ambiguities of Schubert and Schumann, so characteristic of the Romantic imagination (one thinks of Keats enraptured by the sight of wind blowing grasses dark and bright), had no terrors for Franz Liszt, who played their music—indeed, all music—better than anyone else alive. Even Chopin jealously confessed, "I should like to rob him of the way he plays my studies." Liszt himself was not so much a dual as a *trifurquée* (his own word) personality, tossed between the three poles of pianism, composition, and religion. In a lesser man, the tension between these extremes would have caused early collapse, but he balanced them superbly most of his long life. Only toward the end, as his physical constitution weakened, did the strain begin to show, and he wrote some of the bleakest, blackest music before Bartók. (To hear Maurizio Pollini play his elegy "R.W.—Venezia" is to understand Oliver Wendell Holmes' description of old age as a giant dog that gets into a room with you and grows until there is no longer any space to breathe.)

Mr. Hildebrandt does not deal with this later aspect of Liszt, preferring to portray him in his youth as a concert pianist of sunny brilliance and power. Even as a boy in Hungary, Liszt seemed to be both spiritually and physically possessed by the music that flowed through him. "He was a pale, weak-looking child," Czerny remembered, "and while he played he swayed about on the stool as if drunk, so that I often feared he would fall to the floor." The pallor was deceptive. Liszt was indefatigable and indestructible. During his brief professional career (he retired from paid performances at thirty-five), he appeared some three thousand times across Europe and Asia Minor, travelling "not like a king, but *as* a king," subjugating pianos, women, and even parliaments with a power that none could withstand.

Liszt was the first virtuoso to prove that the piano could hold its own onstage, in what he called "soliloquies," or "recitals." Tall, spare, insolently elegant, he would stroll to the keyboard and draw off his white gloves, waiting for silence. Then the long blond hair went flying and the thin arms came down, producing such volumes of tone as to make an orchestra seem puny in comparison. He once caused a sensation by playing his own arrangement of Berlioz's "March to the Scaffold" immediately after the composer had conducted the original. "*Le concert*," he joked, "*c'est moi.*"

The effect was a trick, of course. What made Liszt's arrangement *sound* so overwhelming was that it concentrated something more diffuse—"photographed" it, as Charles Hallé said, "in the minutest detail on the ear of his listener." All eyes were drawn to Liszt as the only moving, gyrating thing on a stage normally occupied by a hundred stolid players. As he swayed and stamped, nostrils flaring and eyes glazed with passion, he seemed to be not so much playing as played by an electric surge of creativity.

Declining, in 1847, to "recite" anymore for money, so as to concentrate on his own compositions, Liszt by no means ceased to be a medium for the music of others. He published the transcriptions of Schubert songs and Beethoven symphonies that had won him fame on tour, and for the rest of his life continued to pour out a stream of "arrangements," "paraphrases," and "reminiscences" of music by composers as various as Bach and Glinka. So freely did this vast harmony of foreign notes mix with his own that he must have felt at times that he was "fertilizing the universe"—to borrow a phrase from the late pianist Julius Katchen.

Liszt's operatic potpourris fell into disrepute after his death, and have only recently regained the attention of serious pianists, like Claudio Arrau and Alfred Brendel. Although many of these reductions still sound meretricious, some of the greatest achieve true Romantic synthesis, transforming the vulgar into the sublime. The B-major lento of the "Reminiscences de 'Norma,' " for example, achieves a spaciousness and a profundity quite beyond the reach of Bellini. Busoni remarked that any listener left unmoved by this passage "has not yet arrived at Liszt."

BY now, it will have been noticed that the name of Ferruccio Busoni has appeared regularly in this review, as it does in Mr. Hildebrandt's book and in any real discussion of the Romantic piano. Busoni, who as a child heard Liszt play, and who died in 1924, just before the onset of electrical recording, was probably the greatest pianist who ever lived. He had all of Liszt's technique and more, plus an almost terrifying presence and an Olympian intellect. Ironically, his fame as a pianist—not to mention the enduring fascination of his character—has always obscured what he considered to be his true identity, as a composer. To this day, his visionary, translucent music eludes the majority of listeners.

Busoni himself, in Antony Beaumont's recent translation and edition of his "Selected Letters" (Columbia; $47.50), sardonically jokes about his predicament. "I have written out the score of the orchestral introduction to my new stage work," he wrote on August 10, 1917. "Now I am to transform myself into a pianist again, bringing on a fit of nausea, as in the case of Dr. Jekyll. (Only that opinions differ as to which part of me is Mr. Hyde.)"

The stage work in question was his unfinished masterpiece "Doktor Faust." Mr. Beaumont has shown in an earlier study, "Busoni the Composer" (Indiana; $32.50), that Faustian themes of barter and renunciation obsessed Busoni from the age of sixteen, when he wrote a song about a fisherman who sold his soul for treasure. Young Ferruccio was already aware that he was going to have to support himself and his impecunious parents as a concert pianist. Part of him—his father's warm Italian side—liked this idea; all pianists love to play, and he was already a great one. But his other, coolly cerebral side, inherited from his German mother, longed for an environment of rare books and manuscript paper, wherein he could freely roam "The Realm of Music."

Busoni, then, was as divided a soul as any of his Romantic predecessors. In him, the major-minor shiftings of Schubert, the cryptic inner dialogues of Schumann, Brahms' struggle between heart and head, and Liszt's driving desire for "transcendence" of the flesh were compounded to such a degree that "Doktor Faust," when he came to write it, amounted to a spiritual self-portrait.

He grew into an unforgettably handsome and attractive man, a lover of *la dolce vita*, a devoted husband and father, and an intellectual capable of holding his own in five languages on subjects ranging from philology to Buddhism. He was a prodigious correspondent: Mr. Beaumont estimates that he wrote at least fifty thousand letters. The three hundred and fifty-two collected here do not include any to his wife, Gerda, perhaps because a selection was published in the nineteen-thirties. It seems a pity not to have republished at least some of them, and Mr. Beaumont admits that the present selection reads somewhat impersonally as a result. Even so, it is of extreme interest. Over three-fourths of these letters have never been published in any language, and an important appendix, "The Schoenberg-Busoni Correspondence, 1903-1919," appears for the first time in English.

Mr. Beaumont, who is a graceful translator and an omniscient editor, notes in his introduction that Busoni was a man of "elegant outspokenness." One soon detects the other essentials of a born correspondent: perception, reflection, spontaneity (no hint here of the deadly booming tone that comes of writing for future publication), and wit. As an example of the last, I might quote Busoni's delicious description of a visit from Richard Strauss:

> A strong gust of wind has just blown in from Germany... R.S. appeared just like the ostrich [*Straussvogel*] from which he takes his name, partly in brilliant plumage, partly—bald; the largest of his species, yet not aggressive in appearance; the only vertebrate bird that doesn't fly; exotic yet without humour; in a word: an ostrich and not an eagle.

The alkali of such passages helps neutralize the acid of frequent explosions of anger against established sentiment, as in the following, written on the centenary of Richard Wagner:

> It has been my cruel, inescapable fate to have been born and brought up, and quite possibly also to have to take my leave, with *Wagner*. . . . Is there not a tacit agreement amongst thousands who stand and fall only with him, to adhere to Wagner alone? It seems astonishing that a little, contemptible Saxon, with boring music and some strokes of genius, could call an international society of this magnitude into being. One is reminded of that rather restricted Jewish rabbi from Nazareth, who had to suffer for the sake of an extension of the ecumenical power of Rome.

Busoni's was certainly a giant ego, complete with messiah complex; but, like the restricted rabbi, he sought understanding rather than power. There is a persistent feeling of impatience in these letters, of frustration at the shortness of life compared with the vastness of his dreams, and regret for past opportunities missed—by friends if not by himself. Revisiting Russia for the first time in twenty years, he recoiled when women he had tried to kiss in youth now sought to press their wrinkles upon him: "The aged faces of former acquaintances are frightful, merciless, worse than rust and verdigris. . . . I, who cannot bear to look back!"

As a former prodigy who felt he had missed childhood, he was almost pathologically upset by early death. The suicide of his pupil O'Neil Phillips evoked an outburst worthy of Lambert Strether: "Let us rejoice in life, let us remain faithful—every hour is a gift."

One is aware as one reads that Busoni indeed lived every hour of his fifty-eight years as "a gift." Faustian torments or no, he gave of himself unstintingly at master classes in Vienna, Bologna, and Berlin, in mammoth recitals (at least twice the length pianists manage today), in concerts of the works of his struggling contemporaries, in editing and book collecting and writing such visionary works as "Outline of a New Aesthetic of Music" (1907). Given the peripatetic quality of his life—he rarely stayed in the same place more than a few months—the wonder is that he managed to compose so much. "Doktor Faust," which Mr. Beaumont calls "one of the great and rare masterpieces of twentieth-century opera," was preceded by no fewer than twenty-three published "satellite works," not including two whole operas that were themselves variations on the theme of Faust.

For all his achievement, Busoni emerges in these pages as a tragic figure, denied the catharsis that Faust wins in the final (uncompleted) scene of his opera. The Great War devastated his cosmopolitan spirit and forced him to seek sanctuary, first in New York and then in Zurich. He wrote Jella Oppenheimer that Switzerland shared his attitude of "incomprehension" toward the war: "*Here* the 'spirit' may not be 'lifted,' but at least 'the view is free.' "

To which of his parental homelands could he, in all conscience, return when the killing stopped? The truth, he admitted sadly, "is that I have no home at all." When Italy declared war on Germany, Busoni began to die psychologically; it was as if the battle between his extremes had broken out on a global scale, threatening the end of civilized equilibrium.

The war, however, had at least one beneficial effect, in that it forced him to abandon the concert circuit and face up to his long-delayed magnum opus. Toward the end of 1914, "a strange

Be an Oxford Scholar

Join the 21st Oxford/Berkeley Program for adults this summer.

Participate in small-group seminars taught by Oxford dons. Choose among 24 courses, including Shakespeare, reason and morality, the English country house, British art, Virginia Woolf, and the international economy.

Join in the life of this community of scholars. Study at the Bodleian Library. Live in one of the most beautiful of the Oxford colleges with its own lake, gardens, and playing fields, in the most illustrious university city in the world.

Two 3-week sessions, July 2 to August 11, 1990.

For a brochure:

(415) 642-3112, ext. 8

Call weekdays, 8 to 5

Or send this coupon with name & address to: Marketing Dept. 8A, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720.

UC Berkeley Extension

Educational & cultural programs for adults

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection

RED PHOENIX A NOVEL LARRY BOND

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-3333

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

and shuddering Faustus-feeling" possessed him. The approach of the solstice always stimulated Busoni's creative instincts: on December 21st, a visionary, five-part drama, grounded not in Goethe but in the sixteenth-century Faust puppet plays, "came together like a vision" in his head. Almost in a trance, Busoni began to write. On the third night of Christmas, the poem of "Doktor Faust" was finished. "If the work evolves as it should, it will offer as much to the layman as the connoisseur. What a gift!"

That word again. But the gift, once vouchsafed, was soon withdrawn, and Busoni made no musical progress until the summer of 1916, when he began to "hear" bells mixed with the sounds of high strings, organ, and glass harmonica. These sounds, rich in overtones, formed a hazy nimbus from which his vocal score emerged. Appropriately, the first cries to penetrate the haze were chiming plaints of "*Pax! Pax! Pax!*"

Busoni believed that the composer was nothing but a cosmic eavesdropper, attuned to the "Good and Great Universal Music" that floated, free of form, beyond the limits of time and space. One's challenge was to hear this music ever more clearly, and to render it in a form that came as close as possible to its inhuman perfection. Busoni had conceived his theory as a young pianist, when it occurred to him that no matter how correctly he played a printed piece he could not help but reshape it with every inflection of his fingers. To interpret was to transcribe. Later, when he came to edit the works of Bach, he decided there was no such thing as an urtext. Notation, too, was transcription, an attempt to confine, in black-and-white prison clothes, the pure "child" that was music.

He was therefore not surprised, as the composition of "Doktor Faust" progressed, to find fragments of seventeenth-century Venetian polyphony in it—fragments he recognized as such only when Hugo Leichtentritt sent him the madrigals of Monteverdi. "Although I scarcely knew this old Italian music, I identify myself very closely with it: there must be a tinge of atavism lying dormant in me."

BUSONI's notion of the *Einheit* (oneness) of music is most evident in Mr. Beaumont's appendix devoted to the correspondence with Schoenberg. That waspish, egomaniacal genius presents the only intellect in these pages comparable to Busoni's own. Their relationship, built on mutual attraction and repulsion, was in every way a clash of giants. If Schoenberg was in the end the greater composer, Busoni was unquestionably the greater human being, always willing in the midst of his own struggles for acceptance to promote the music of another. "Maybe I, some later Siegfried," he wrote, "shall succeed in penetrating the fiery barrier which makes your work inaccessible, and in awakening it from its slumber of unperformedness."

Although Schoenberg tolerated Busoni's efforts to win him publishing contracts and teaching positions, he wanted above all to have Busoni the pianist advertise his music by playing it. He sent him the first two pieces of his Opus 11, cannily adding that they could be played only by a seer, "somebody who can indeed imbue the works of another with so much of his own imagination that a perfection emerges."

Busoni replied that the piano pieces "interest me intensely," yet he was loath to perform them as written. The second piece seemed to prove his theory that a composer's notation was only an approximation of the ideal. He proceeded to "rescore" it as *he* heard it in his head, adding some exquisitely pianistic sonorities, and was surprised when Schoenberg reacted like a whipped racehorse.

"Above all," the younger man wrote, "you are certainly doing me an injustice." Busoni's atmospherics, beautiful in themselves, were inimical to the "sombre, compressed" colors he wanted. "I am no pianist," he admitted, yet he would not retract his demand that the instrument give him a crescendo *after* a chord had been struck. If the piano could not follow him into rule-breaking areas of creativity (as the canvas had followed Picasso and Braque), then maybe it had become an obsolete medium of expression. Almost in defiance, he sent Busoni his latest piece, Opus 11, No. 3.

In Mr. Hildebrandt's book, there is a quote from Alfred Brendel to the effect that music had been waiting for this piece ever since Schubert's "paroxysm" in the summer of 1828. Until now, Romanticism had remained proof against Modernism, and tonality had not quite given way to atonality. Then, on August 20, 1909, Busoni opened Schoenberg's letter bomb, and the packed dissonances exploded in his face. Temporarily deafened, he complained that he could hear nothing new, while "the 'asceticism' . . . of the piano writing seems to me a pointless avoidance of foregone achievements."

The conservatism of this criticism seems strange when we read, in Mr. Beaumont's earlier book, that Busoni had just begun to compose atonally himself. But his style was evolutionary rather than revolutionary; he liked to refine, not destroy. He never did play the Opus 11 pieces in public, although he continued sincerely to study and praise Schoenberg's compositions. Schoenberg showed no reciprocal generosity, and came to regret it later, when he heard Busoni's "Berceuse Élégiaque" for the first time. "Downright moving piece," he noted in his diary. "Deeply felt. I have been most unjust to him."

In the waning days of the prewar period, Busoni organized a performance of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" in his Berlin house. It was one of the last occasions when young Germans and Austrians and Hungarians could gather for civilized purpose, united by common manners and progressive tastes. Busoni never forgot it. "It was an ideal musical afternoon; a highly ingenious new work, a perfect ensemble, afterwards stimulating exchange of ideas, tea and cigarettes and charming, intelligent women. This is the way in which art should be presented—and no other.—"

Five years later, when times like that seemed as *perdu* as Proust's, Busoni pondered how to express in music a complete collapse of Romantic notions of good and evil, to be followed, he hoped, by a new, childlike classicism (*Junge Klassizität*). He was thinking of the final allegory in "Doktor Faust," wherein the magician cheats Mephistopheles by dying in the depth of winter, and passing his soul to a naked youth who walks off inviolate into the snow.

The scene was never written;

Busoni soon had to resume his career as a pianist, and illness gradually weakened his power to compose. But he did write an orchestral study for it, in the form of a sublime Sarabande, which he considered to be the best music he ever wrote. It was received with puzzlement at a postwar concert in London, and when Frederick Delius said condescendingly that he "liked" it, Busoni turned his back and wept.

Like Faust, he was destined to die of heart failure, poverty-stricken and disappointed. There is some debate as to which naked youth, if any, inherited his spiritual legacy. Kurt Weill, his pupil, was too worldly; Berg too sensuous; Schoenberg too formulaic. Perhaps only Anton Webern achieved Busoni's ideal of refining music to its "essence."

The manuscript score of the Sarabande is prefaced with a symbol (illustrated on the first page of this article) that Busoni never explained. Mr. Beaumont guesses that it shows "the extremes of our dualistic world," opposed, like yin and yang, at either end of the stave, and separated—or bridged—by "the first two paces which bound the gap between good and evil."

Maybe Busoni was just trying out a new pen. But, since he has given us freedom to dream, I like to think that the symbol reflects the black-and-white geometry of the piano, the cage of keys and bars against which Schubert briefly bashed his head; that the archaic notes proclaim that *der Roman des Klaviers* is finally over; and that the radiant space around it represents Busoni's longed-for realm of "Good and Great Universal Music," where all melodies and all instruments "resonate together and at once, carry you, entwine themselves round you, brush against you—melodies of love and sorrow, of spring and winter, of melancholy and high spirits . . . the feelings of a million beings in a million epochs."

—EDMUND MORRIS

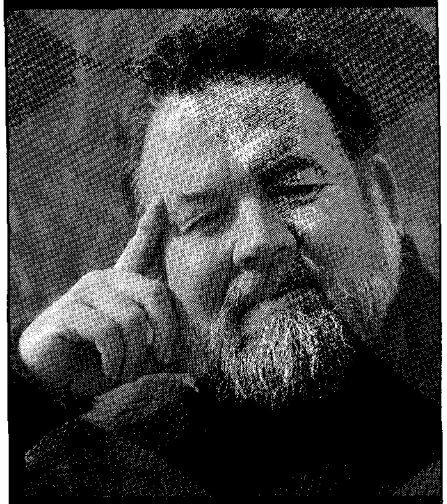
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CANNIBAL KISS, by Daniel Odier, translated from the French by Lanie Goodman (Random House; $16.95). A delirious series of vignettes set in Pensacola, Memphis, Kansas City, Hollywood, and several stops in between, "Cannibal Kiss" asks us to imagine that the strings-pulling relationship between a writer and his novel is reversed, "that the flesh and blood of the author dissolves into the edifice" of the work. The edifice, meanwhile, takes on flesh and blood in the form of the novel's main character, Bird (as in Charlie Parker), a young woman fond of jumping from high places, who acquires a life of her own when the writer's work is completed. While Bird and the writer explore the various affinities between textuality and sexuality, they are trailed by the Chameleon, a voyeuristic reader, who ends the novel by flying off in a helicopter, having "finally decided that he's seen enough." Odier's touch is silky, and his characters are gorgeous layabouts who eat mangoes, drink pulque, smoke grass, listen to jazz, and tool around in an old Dodge. The book may sound experimental, but it's not. Odier is enraptured by cliché; for the most part, he manages to make the spirit contagious, and the result is this strange joyride.

ONCE UPON A TIME ON THE BANKS, by Cathie Pelletier (Viking; $19.95). Unremitting meanspiritedness generates most of the humor in this lively account of the three weeks before a big wedding in a Maine border town. The bride's mother hates the groom, and the bride, who likes to answer questions with a crisp "Affirmative," is none too sure about him, either. Scheming drives the essentially plotless chronicle with the force of rocket fuel: everyone is given problems of a tragicomic, urgent nature. A cousin can't resist the blandishments of his busty secretary, though these will cost him an independent share of his father's undertaking business. The cousin's son has a marijuana habit to contend with (it is 1969), while his mother longs to leave the Portland of her husband's funeral home and return to her native Mattagash, the scene of the wedding, permanently. Cruising through it all like a couple of evil demiurges are the Gifford brothers, with whom neither hubcaps nor their own daughters are safe. One might wish for smoother meshing when all the players gather for the big event; there are small anachronisms, and more frequently mentioned than is altogether amusing are frost heaves, potholes, and pee in

ANDRE DUBUS



SELECTED STORIES

Twenty-three stories representing the best work of one of the finest and most emotionally revealing writers in America.

"Stunning . . . a fine, deeply rewarding collection from one of this country's ablest writers."
—ANNE TYLER

"Dubus is the sort of writer who instructs the heart."
—ATLANTIC MONTHLY

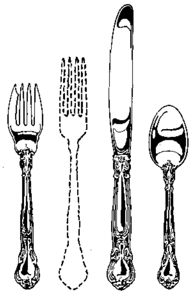
"For the lyricism and directness of his language, the richness and precision of his observations, and the generosity of his vision, he is among the best."
—VILLAGE VOICE

"Dubus's characters resemble those of Raymond Carver . . . but the stories stand alone in their idiosyncratic spiritual cast."
—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Photo © Marion Ettlinger

NOW IN PAPERBACK

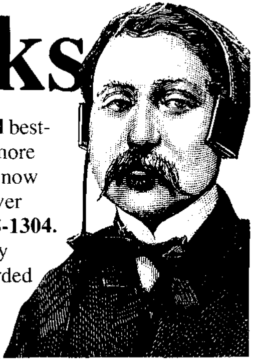
VINTAGE CONTEMPORARIES
A Random House Company



MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.



Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409 Charlotte Hall MD 20622

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

THE BBC DOES IT!
Learn how in London. Write, direct, produce an original video screenplay with BBC's former Head of Staff Training, members of the BBC and RADA. College credit.
ANGLO AMERICAN MEDIA (212) 737-1559
12 East 86th St. #408 New York, NY 10028

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

the snow. But these are quibbles with a generous and genuine entertainment.

GENERAL

THE GODWINS AND THE SHELLEYS: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMILY, by William St. Clair (Norton; $32.50). The cast of characters in this multiple biography is dominated by the redoubtable William Godwin (1756-1836), the philosopher and leading spirit of the radical English intellectuals who rallied to the ideals of the French Revolution and sought, at considerable risk to their livelihoods and their lives, to liberalize British political life and thought. Other principals are Mary Wollstonecraft, the writer and feminist, whom Godwin married, and their daughter, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. There is also the poet and romantic rebel Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was a disciple of Godwin, and his friend, until he ran off with the sixteen-year-old Mary. Mr. St. Clair, a British Treasury official and a prize-winning author, has broadened his scope to include a host of Godwin's friends, associates, and admirers—among them were Coleridge, Wordsworth, the Lambs, William Hazlitt, Tom Paine, and Byron—and he conveys an insightful idea of the temper of intellectual life in England at a time of revolutionary ferment and savage reaction. Illustrations.

JUST LOOKING, by John Updike (Knopf; $35). In this beautifully illustrated book, the author turns his eye from the mixed-up appearances of life to the distilled objects of the museum, and describes for us, among other things, Modigliani's "Le Grand Nu," Vermeer's "View of Delft," some Renoir girls, a show of Fairfield Porter paintings, and a couple of his own early cartoons. Mr. Updike seems slightly less inclined to give to works of the avant-garde in art the patient scrutiny that he has given to its productions in literature. Though he disclaims any theoretical or historical "vision" for these writings, he supplies at least two aphorisms: that modern art is "a religion reassembled from the fragments of our daily life, in an atmosphere of gaiety and diligence," and that "beauty and its fanatic pursuit persist even into the attenuated metaphysical ruin of the twentieth century." He also shows that he possesses to a supreme degree the ability to see for himself, and then to describe what he has seen so truly that afterward the reader is almost unable to see things in any other way.

LETTERS OF LEONARD WOOLF, edited by Frederic Spotts (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $29.95). Elegant even when angry, Leonard Woolf wrote the letters gathered here over the first seven decades of the century, when there was ample occasion for outrage and despair. In 1905 we see him, fresh out of Cambridge and posted to Ceylon, articulate his new expertise on the varieties of colonial/imperial melancholia. And over the years—whether he is dealing with Ceylon, Palestine, or Hungary, the League of Nations or the Labour Party, his wife's great illness or a failed manuscript for the Hogarth Press—he writes with a rigorous straightforwardness and a light-handed loyalty that convey the terms of his own provisional truce with "what we always were cursing, the infinity of desire & the finite satisfaction." Repeatedly, perhaps as a result of the tension, he hits the right, revelatory word. Mr. Spotts, who culled these six hundred-odd letters from the eight thousand-odd that survive, has provided unobtrusive introductory essays, a biographical appendix, and just the number of footnotes to allow a reader to decipher private vocabularies and take in the correspondence—especially when Woolf begins to "think aloud on paper"—as if it had arrived in the day's mail. Photographs.

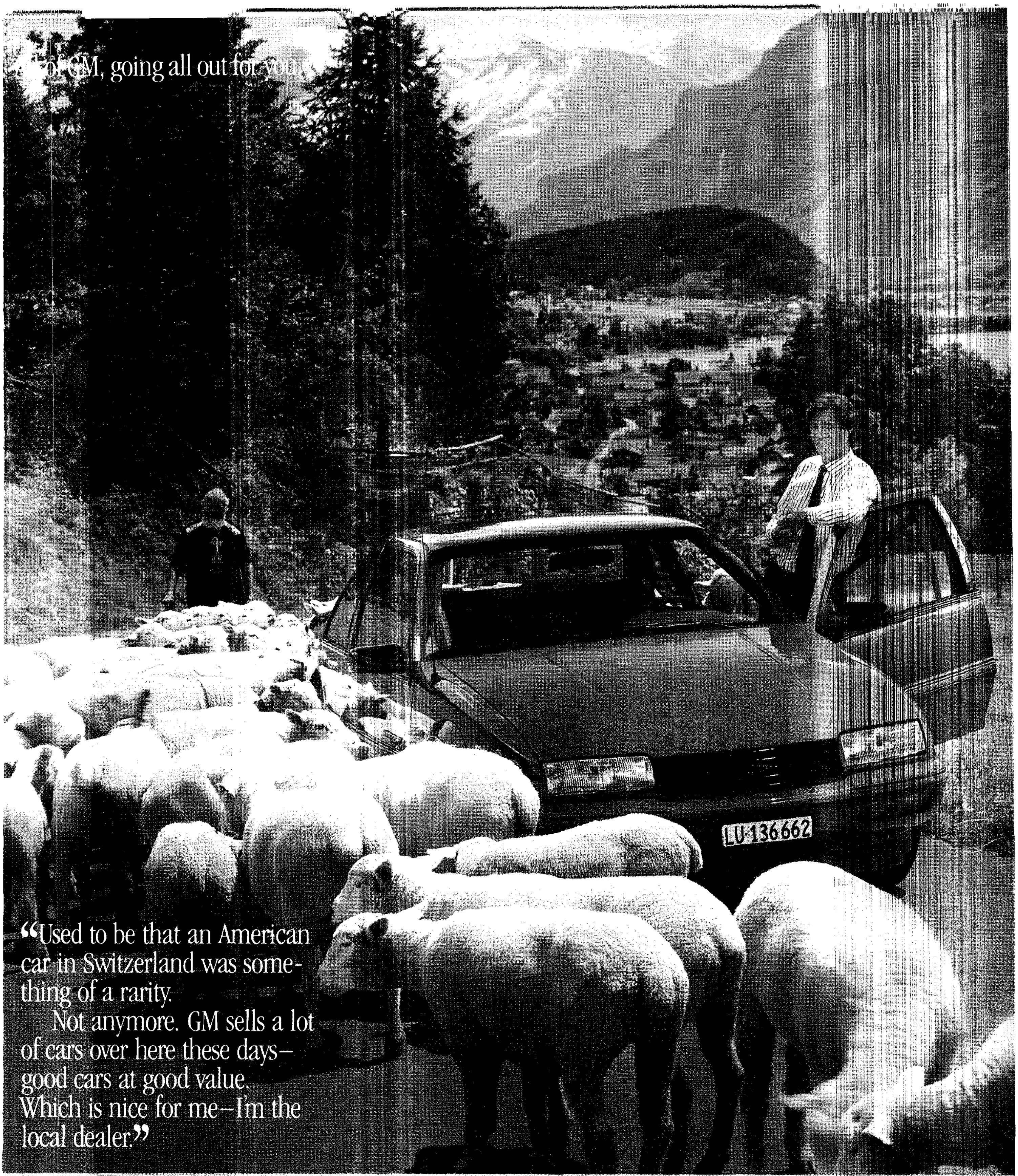
•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Chris Dufresne in the Los Angeles Times*]

MINNEAPOLIS—The Rams swore they would never forget Buffalo, and the memories of a last-minute loss there on Oct. 16 that stuck to their insides like clumps of oatmeal, a taste so bitter it could not be duplicated, a feeling so strong it could not be tolerated.

The Rams wore the wounds of that loss, a gut-wrencher of ulcer-raising proportions, like lockets around their necks, hoping it would remain close to their hearts and serve warning to a game's funny bounces and its sometimes humorless conclusions.



“Used to be that an American car in Switzerland was something of a rarity.

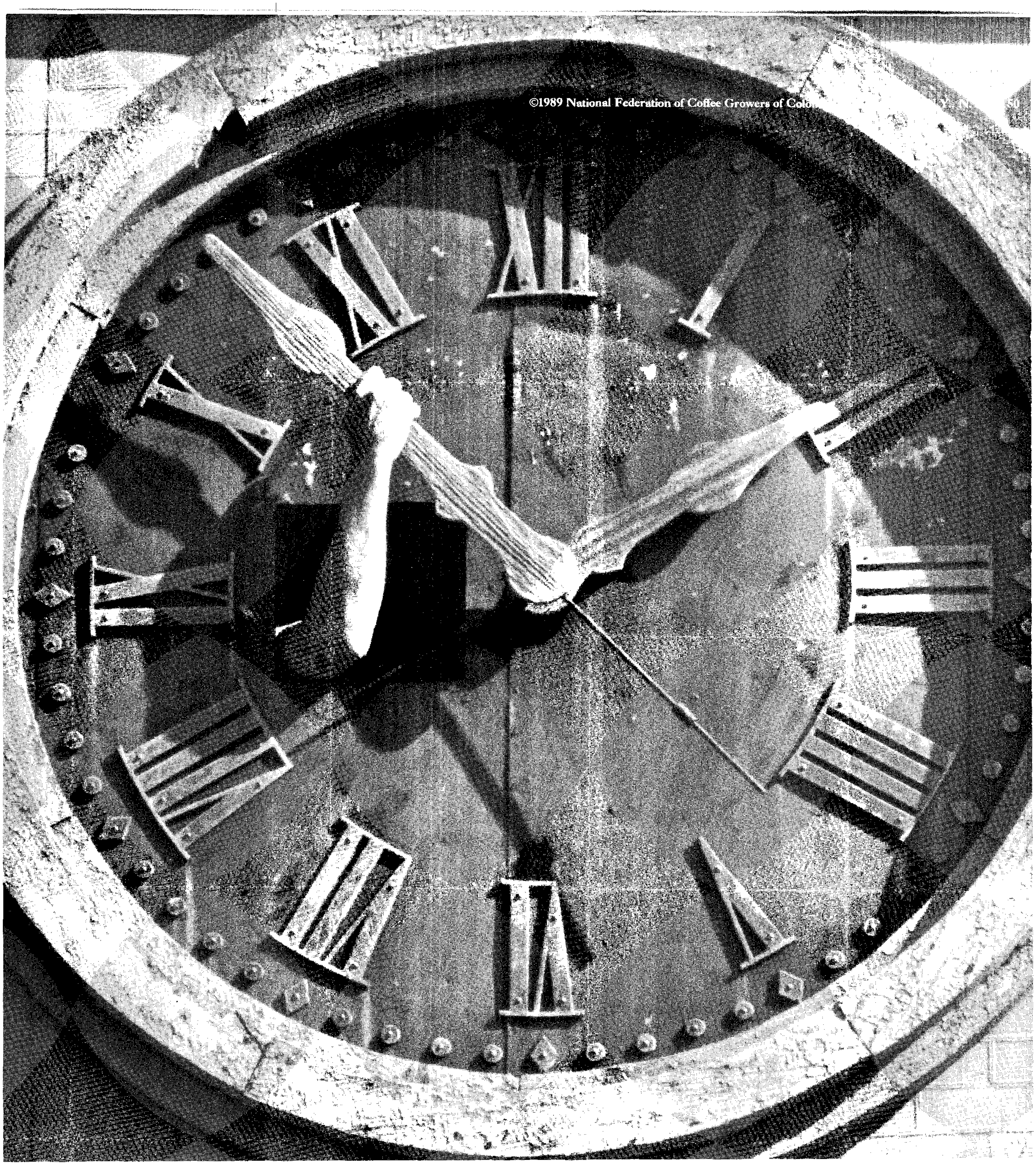
Not anymore. GM sells a lot of cars over here these days—good cars at good value. Which is nice for me—I'm the local dealer.”

Fact: GM exports more cars around the world from North America than any other car manufacturer.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet Beretta

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck



Some people can't wait for their next coffee break.

100% Colombian Coffee

The richest coffee in the world.™

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas